

GOING TO JERUSALEM

'Almost as Difficult and Dangerous a Task Today as in Bygone Centuries—In British Military Headquarters Still is Found the Picture of Ex-Emperor William Side by Side With God—The Home of the Jewish Race Will be Forever Free, Thanks to the Might of the British Empire—By William D. McCrackan, C.S.B.

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We have all played the game of going to Jerusalem, and at present the parlor game is easier than the actual trip to the Holy City. These are the days of the winding up of the war. There are many loose ends to be tied, and until the knots are good and fast, war regulations and armies of occupation are the order of the day.

As I write, nothing has been officially and internationally settled about Palestine. The British army—thanks to God—is in possession. The Turks are out. But the Peace Conference has not settled the status of Palestine as yet, and so going to Jerusalem is still somewhat of a game of chance, and a difficult one at that.

How soon present conditions may change—tomorrow, next week or next year, will not apparently depend as much upon Jerusalem as upon Paris. The questions involved are supposed to belong to the grand liquidation of war claims and to depend for their solution upon conflicting national ambitions. This is the common belief.

As a matter of fact the future of Palestine has long since been determined by prophecy. It is to be restored to the Twelve Tribes of Israel; and this is the time of restoration. The Ishmael-Esau days have passed irrevocably. As soon as it is possible to get back to Jerusalem, the British will permit the Arab heel upon the neck of Palestine.

The world clock cannot be set back. The prophecies of Daniel, and the word of Jesus in John in the Apocalypse forbid the further punishment of the Twelve Tribes, for they are now called to rule, where they once starved. The first attempt to nullify the word of the Hebrew prophecies failed with the Turkish-German treachery was punished. Today the British commanding general sits in the German Hospital, which was built as a Turkish-German stronghold to threaten Jerusalem. The picture of William the Second side by side with God is shown as a curiosity, and the other German strongholds, cannibalized as charitable institutions with Turkish connivance, are put to decent local uses.

Jerusalem will never again feel the rule of the oppressor and the high-sounding headline, but will be a sheepfold under its own good shepherd, appointed from time of old to rule in equity and freedom.

The British Empire watches over Jerusalem. The little British Military Cemetery on the hillside leading to the Mount of Olives seals the right of the English-speaking race to preside over the future of the Holy City. Those who gave their lives to take Jerusalem have a right to be heard, and their cry to the world is to restore Israel. Already they have given water and a reasonable cleanliness to a city which under Turkish slavery drank from foul cisterns and lived in filth. The British have lifted the fear from Jerusa-

lem, which hung like a heavy pall over the land—fear of disease and death, fear of violent conversions, fear of injustice in the courts and degradation in the army, fear of being thought prosperous by robber pashas, fear for the safety of woman and child, fear for honor and for permission to worship the true God. This fear is gone, thanks to the British army of occupation. The streets are safe for women; a man's gains are his own; his family is free to develop talents and capabilities; there is no longer a virtue to make a poor month. The tax gatherer does not use a whip.

But just because Jerusalem has some good water now, piped from beyond Bethlehem on the way to Hebron, and because the street sweepers are early at their tasks and householders can rid their premises of refuse, this does not mean that going to Jerusalem is yet an easy task.

Until the question of the near East is settled in Paris or Geneva, permission to go to Jerusalem must be granted by the military authorities, in the case of Americans by the British military and consular officials in New York. Our party was months in obtaining the necessary permits, although going to Jerusalem for educational and relief work.

There are, of course, several ways of reaching Palestine from the United States; but unless a direct steamer can be procured to one of the Palestine ports, such as Jaffa, Haifa, or Beyrouth, which is at present a very rare chance, the natural way to Jerusalem is via France, Italy, Greece, or through Constantinople and the still disturbed regions of Asia Minor.

Choosing France, the traveller must have his passport vized by the French consul at the American port of embarkation. In France itself there must be a visa on arrival and another on departure. The most convenient French harbor for sailings to Palestine is Marseilles, and there we were fortunate in obtaining passage on a P. & O. liner, now used as a troopship. Only a very limited number of civilians was permitted on the ship, and there was much necessary red tape in boarding the vessel.

The landing in Alexandria presents special difficulties at this time on account of the late Nationalist disturbances in Egypt. Special permits must be issued, addresses given, and eventual destination carefully indicated.

The British have had disagreeable experiences with harmless looking travellers who turned out to be Turkish spies and instigators of disturbances.

The new railroad from Egypt across the desert to Jerusalem was what made the conquest of Palestine a military possibility. It is still under military control, and used principally for moving troops and their supplies. Civilians who obtain permission to use this road must naturally expect to submit to military exigencies; they may only use the railroad on certain days, and must have permits and seats assigned to them by a special department in Cairo.

From Cairo to Jerusalem there is a succession of difficulties which no tourist would care to brave, and which only those who have urgent business in Jerusalem should wish to face.

Having been provided with permits, a definite time of departure from Cairo is selected for you. At Kantara, West on the Suez Canal you get out of the train with all your belongings, to cross the canal to Kantara East; but before doing that another permit must be obtained from a military officer who swelters in a shack under the outrageous desert sun.

You are then loaded, bag and baggage, into what an American calls a truck and our British cousins call a torry, along with a motley collection of Syrians, Hebrews, Armenians, etc., and transported, with unmanageable jolting in the hot sun and most pernicious flies across the canal by a drawbridge constructed of pontoons.

At this hour of the closing of the war the motor seems to be let the worn out be worn out still, and let the rickety be rickety still. Comfort apparently does not rank as a military necessity, nor pride of appearance either, in these utilitarian days.

Once across the Canal the traveller finds a vast camp strung over the blazing sands, where the thermometer sometimes registers 120 degrees in the shade. Another hot way may be there by the lorry, before a cupacious tent, where an intelligence officer once more passes in review passports and permits and grants permission to buy railroad tickets to Jerusalem.

The formalities over, the time is seen to be 3.30 p. m. But the train does not leave until 11.30 p. m., and where, oh where, shall the long drawn hours be spent? There is a shelter, which has a sand floor in which are fleas, but it also contains chairs and tables and (hither the lorry—a Peerless by the way—transports the muddled, huddled civilians who are playing at going to Jerusalem.

Refreshments of a kind are procurable at the shelter, while the Egyptian custom house officials occupy the tedious hours pretending to examine baggage for contraband.

At length the desert day closes down with a pleasant breeze from the Canal. There is a shrill, exciting whistle of the usual European train variety, and the train that is to take us at least as far as Ludd on the way to Jerusalem, piled up at the platform—an obviously military train that looks tired from too much war.

of the permits, and that is another tedious business. "Then there is a confused dash for the train, something like an old-fashioned go-as-you-please race. Everything seems to go vice versa. The one car reserved for first-class passengers is worse than second class, and turns out to have no lights, the gas tank being "finished," as the Egyptian train despatcher explains. But this is all in the game of going to Jerusalem under war conditions. Someone finds a candle, and a primitive meal is eaten, of provisions brought from Cairo and now invisible in the dark from quantities of gritty sand. The train does not get into motion until after midnight, being military and therefore eying printed time-tables and schedules but all is forgotten and forgiven them, because at last we are really going to Jerusalem.

But not so fast as hope expected! Day dawns as the train reaches Gaza, the small oasis by the sea where the British after two failures finally gained a foothold in Palestine—Gaza, where Samson once carried off the gates. Thence up to Ludd the train leaves the desert, and dawdles among rolling lands not unlike the range country of our own Far West.

And at Ludd we change trains. The game had probably grown too easy. Lest the pilgrims lapse into too luxurious ease the struggle is renewed at this point for the final mounting into the heights of Judea. One more, bag and baggage, the civilians are hustled across the tracks, into a narrow gauge train.

By some oversight our porter—oh, yes, there are porters, and they yell and sweat—plunges us into a carriage that has been reserved for officers, and when we are settled in our party, a young assistant railway transportation officer comes and informs us that we must move—cheerful news, considering that every other compartment in the train has now been pre-empted by Partisans, Medes and Elamites.

However, there is a quality in the British character that we dare bank on. There are ladies in our party, and "women and children first" is one of the first articles of British faith. A glance at the ladies causes the officer to modify his statement into an invitation to us all to remain where we are unless the seats shall be urgently required for military purposes. And you may be sure that no British soldier would relinquish the space occupied by ladies.

So we stay there, and the train mounts to long windings to the rocky ridges, the backbone of Palestine, the mountains of Judea, where is perched the city that David fortified, Solomon beautified, Roman, Saracen and Crusader destroyed, and that has now seen its last capture. Today it stands under the protection of its best friends and well wishers, the British, the King-folk of Judah and Benjamin, who have come from the Isles of the Sea—"The lion and the young lions"—Anglo-Israelite. Henceforward Jerusalem is to shine from her hills a beacon light to the world, restored, forgiven, and freed forever from the foot of the conqueror. She is to become Zion, the blessed, the greatest beloved.

The game of going to Jerusalem under war restrictions is worth the candle even as a human achievement, but the real going to Jerusalem is an experience which all must have sooner or later. Every lover of God and man must some day rise above the ease of Egypt, pass through the desert of disappointed material desires into the mountains of exalted thinking, crowned by the new Jerusalem, the city foursquare, where dwell the called, the chosen, the faithful. This city is fair and white in the pellucid atmosphere of divine intelligence, in the calm of true love and the final rejoicing of innocence which has been thrice refined through the human footsteps of humility, self-knowledge and compassion.

When the French assumed control of Morocco and arranged a settlement with Mulai-Abd-el-Hafid, the sultan who abdicated the throne in 1912, a host of his creditors appeared. The most difficult claim to settle, writes Mr. W. B. Harris in Asia, was that of the Spanish dentist who had purchased a lion for the royal menagerie and had not been paid for the beast.

The dentist's claim involved complications. The ex-sultan had admired the dentist's chair and had ordered and paid for a throne that was to be constructed on the same mechanical principles. The throne had never been delivered; so Mulai Hafid had a counterclaim. An interview was arranged between the ex-sultan and the dentist. Each was coached in the part he was to play; the dentist rehearsed plaintive appeals to the generosity of the former sovereign, and Mulai Hafid rehearsed a "gracious" reply.

Mulai Hafid was seated on a divan studiously reading a book when the dentist entered and made his obeisance. The obeisance, polite but not very deep, did not meet with the majesty's approval. Instead of smiling, as arranged, the ex-sultan continued to read half aloud in a singsong drawl.

A long pause followed; then one of the suite said, "My Lord the King, the dentist is here."

Without raising his eyes from his book, the ex-sultan asked: "Has he brought my mechanical throne?"

Now, that was not on the programme at all. There was to have been no mention of dentist-chair thrones or lions—simply a reconciliation. A sum of money was to have been promised to the dentist and an abandonment of the claim and counter-claim was to have followed. But before anyone could intervene, the dentist shouted: "Pay me for my lion!"

The fat was in the fire. The atmosphere boiled with vituperative allusions to lions and dentist thrones, until Mr. Harris restrained the infuriated potentate and attendants removed the struggling dentist from the presence chamber.

By dint of great exertion Mr. Harris brought about a settlement. The ex-sultan did not get his throne, nor did he pay for the lion, which had died in the meantime. The dentist received a certain sum of money in payment of all his claims.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.
Old New Englanders are occasionally brought to realize the changes in the population of New England with a suddenness that makes them gasp. They may have known, theoretically, about the influx of foreigners, but it is often only some illuminating small circumstance that really opens their eyes to the true state of affairs.

A lady of colonial English stock, travelling recently in her native Massachusetts, fell into a pleasant acquaintance with a pretty young woman from the Middle West, who had but recently moved to a famous manufacturing centre.

"And how do you like New England?" inquired the New Englander.

"Well—I don't like it," admitted the younger matron. She hastened to add politely, in explanation, "You see, I

don't speak French."

Another New Englander, an elderly woman long absent from her native state, returned to pass her declining years in the little town of her birth. The railway station is on the outskirts of the village, and the cemetery lies on a hill by the roadside. She noticed it as she passed in the one ancient hack the place boasted, and signalled the driver to stop, while she descended, to look for a moment upon the monument to her parents and grandparents. As she turned away from it, she noticed a group of children with their hands full of buttercups and daisies. Peering through misty glasses she spoke to them:

"If I hadn't been away so many years I should know who you little folks are; as it is, I can make a good guess that some of you must be Rogerses, if you aren't Haggoods or Holloways. Give me a poxy and tell me your first names, dears, and then I shall feel I'm really home at last."

They were very polite children, and they understood English. The oldest little girl at once offered her bunch of daisies and shyly introduced her companions, pointing to each as she gave the name:

"Me, Euphrosyne; him, Demetrius; him, Athanasius; her—and her—and her—Sophia, Philomena, Anastasia, Rhodoclea."

"They were neither Haggoods, nor Holloways, nor Rogerses, they were Greeks."

"Some," answered the barefooted boy. "What do you catch?"

"You said 'fishin', not 'ketchin'." The teacher was giving the class a natural history lecture on Australia.

"There is one animal," she said, "none of you have mentioned. It does not stand up on its legs all the time. It 'Any fishing around here?'"

does not walk like other animals, but takes the hind legs first. What is it?"

And the class yolled with one voice: "Carlie Caplin."



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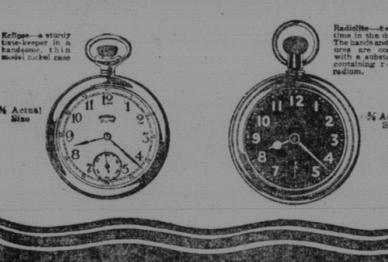
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BUCKLE VS. STACK.
Case of J. H. Buckle vs. Stack on review yesterday morning before Judge Armstrong. This action for trespass brought by registrate Adatus, Brookville. It that Mrs. Stack presented before the magistrate at 7 Atlantic Standard time and at the case had been disposed Dayilabi Saving time. His found that the legal time in this was that of the striate mer, west longitude, and that the of magistrates to hold courts other time was illegal. The it of the stipendiary magis- therefore set aside, with D. Mulla, K. C., for plaintiff; and on for defendant.

Colonel Good, who has been some time in St. John, re- to the Hospital at Halifax last