

NOTES AND COMMENTS

One of the pleasures that are denied to the city and town boys has been indulged in again by farm lads who happen to live in certain parts of this country.

To be in the "sugar bush" when the spring is beginning and nature is unfolding her most delightful wonders is an experience that is never likely to be forgotten by the boy who is fortunate enough to be permitted to assist in gathering the sap and boiling it down, first to syrup and then to sugar.

To go into the bush on a morning when the sap has been frozen in the pails and to find it beginning to melt under the rays of the approaching sun is a treat that it is a pity any boy should have to miss.

People who make maple sugar for the market have been compelled, like the dairymen, to adopt scientific methods. The sap is first gathered in pails which are covered so that no leaves or dirt can get into them.

If any effort were made to develop sugar maple groves they could doubtless be made profitable in many parts of Canada.

ELECTRICITY FOR DINNER.

Will electricity be the food of the future? Already it has been proved that it can act as a substitute for food to a certain extent.

For a long time scientists have been looking for a cure which would do away with some of the multiple ailments of the human body, and have been universally of the opinion that if food could be in a more condensed form it would be absorbed with less fatigue and discomfort.

His method is called "diethermy," and he applies frequent currents to the human body, so that instead of heat having to be produced from food materials, which need to be consumed and burned in the system, and thus give rise to much overwork of the organs, the artificial method produces the same heat at much less injurious cost of the general condition of health.

He applied the first test to a man who was in bad physical condition. The patient at the time was eating too much animal food, but was unable to work, was sensitive to heat and cold, and could not walk 30 feet without aid.

A married woman's description of her ideal man isn't anything like the one she got.

DEMANDED LIFE FOR LIFE

ARAB SOUGHT VENGEANCE FOR DEATH OF A SON.

Railroad in Egypt Regarded by Natives as Creation of Evil Spirits.

Alzakin, the former traffic inspector of the Egyptian Delta railway, leaned back in his chair and drew several long, meditative pulls on his narghleh.

"When the Egyptian railroad was first put through," he said, "the natives regarded it as a creation of evil spirits. They not only disapproved of it, but they attacked its employees."

"It was not unusual for a band of natives to gallop up on their swift Arabian horses, coming apparently from out of the sands of the desert, and then, as they rode alongside the train, take a pot shot at us, wheeling and going off at a gallop the moment the shots had been fired from their long-barreled guns.

"The road had been built by France when it held its protectorate over Egypt. It was a narrow-gauge line, and it was not a particularly difficult task to make trolleys for the men who were trying to keep things running straight."

On Top of the Little Chap. His father, it chanced, was working in the palm grove and saw it all.

"A couple of days later the father called at the office of the general manager with a dozen of his clansmen, all armed with their long rifles with inlaid stocks and chased barrels. It was the policy then to attempt to conciliate the natives, and the general manager promptly made an offer to settle."

"Money damages, however, were not what the Arabs wanted. They spurned the offer with contempt and demanded that the engineer be given up to them so that they could take his life in place of that of the boy. That was a compensation that the general manager could not concede; in fact, he had already transferred the engineer to another part of the line, fearing the natives might try to wreak vengeance."

"The delegation finally left when they found that the man would not be produced, but they left with threatening gestures and warnings that 'Arabs never forget.'"

"A month later I was riding on a train which was nearing Beltan, on the main line. At the junction there was a triangle of tracks, the main line and the Kafir Hamza section coming together at the point. A crossing track from one to the other formed the base of the triangle."

"The train from Kafir Hamza, to which my car was attached, was due at the junction three minutes ahead of a train on the main line, and both were due at Beltan the same number of minutes apart. We had the right of way, and unless we were very much behind time the main-line train was always held for us."

"There was no telegraph, you know, and the length of time that the other train would be held depended largely on the discretion of the signalman at the junction."

"I was not surprised that we were signalled to proceed, although we were five minutes behind time. This was largely due to the weather, which was foggy that morning."

"You have never seen one of our Egyptian fogs. They are worse than any I have seen in this country. The mists lie close to the ground and seem to be held down by the trees, where there is any foliage. Not until the sun gets high do they begin to swirl about in the air and finally ascend to the heavens like so many white-robed spirits."

minute later to see it settle and slide so that the door opening came directly over us as we lay together, and save for the heel of one shoe, which was caught by the edge of the doorway, I was absolutely untouched."

"When we climbed out and had attended to the injured among the passengers I began to think about that signalman. He was nowhere to be found, and we at first concluded that, appalled at the result of his stupidity, he had run away. Later, though, we found him. He was trussed up with ropes, like a turkey ready for roasting, and was lying on his face in a tangle of vines a quarter of a mile from the junction."

"It was some time before the poor fellow could talk. Then he told us that shortly after he came on duty that morning a band of Arabs appeared out of the fog, fell upon him, and binding him so that he could not get loose, carried him to where he lay."

"My mind went back at once to the Arab whose boy had been run over a few weeks before, and I realized that this was the way in which he had wreaked his vengeance upon the railroad. It was he who had given us the signal to proceed and who had switched the main-line train on the crossover track so as to wreck the other."

"He had succeeded, for the cotton-fields which surrounded the junction point were stained red where the injured had been laid, and the smoke which curled up from the wreckage testified that a good many of the piastres of the Egyptian Delta railroad had vanished that morning."

"It was not surprising that the engineer thought the Arab the regular signalman, for in their native costume, heads swathed in white linen and the figure entirely concealed, one Egyptian looks very much like another, especially in a thick fog. The rascal must have watched the passing of the trains at that point for days in order to know just how he could effect the most damage in the shortest possible time."

MR. CLEMENS'S APPOINTMENT.

Mr. Lewis W. Clemens, president of the Canadian Travel Club, has had the honor to be appointed a member of the West India Committee, London, England. Mr. Clemens has for six years been identified with the development of closer relations between the British West Indies and Canada.



Mr. Lewis W. Clemens.

ed him to represent their tourist interests at the Toronto Exhibition last year, for he is known that visitors are to the West Indies what new citizens are to Canada, and the governments of the West Indies are all vitally interested in supplying information to intending visitors, and he is at present occupied in working out a comprehensive plan for the free distribution in Canada of authentic information for the island of Jamaica, where he has spent much time."

Mr. Clemens was born in Port Perry, Ontario, and studied art in Toronto, New York, London and Paris, but has since turned his attention chiefly to travel and writing. In addition to being president of the Canadian Travel Club, he was elected some time ago Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute.

For several years Mr. Clemens has been making a thorough study of conditions, etc., in Jamaica, and is there at the present time.

Alfonso An Exquisite.

His Spanish Majesty keeps from 40 to 50 suits in use, and a number of them may, in some little points, such as the cut of the revers, or in the height of waistcoat, go out of fashion before they have been worn more than two or three times, and in such a case they would be promptly put out of the royal wardrobe, for King Alfonso, perhaps on account of his youth, is more punctilious about being dressed in the most up-to-date modes than any other European monarch.

Malignous.

Gladys—I refused Fred two weeks ago, and he has been drinking heavily ever since.

CAIRO - JERUSALEM - DAMASCUS

(By Dr. Marshall P. Talling, B.A., Toronto.)

Cairo, the ancient capital of the Pharaohs, where Joseph achieved greatness and Moses slept amidst the burlihusas, has a population of 275,000 and is the largest city in Egypt.

Jerusalem, the city of David, of Solomon and Jesus, 3,000 feet above the burlihusas, has a population of 275,000 and is the largest city in Palestine.

Damascus, "the oldest city in the world," celebrated for its fabrics and unrivaled swords, associated with St. Paul's conversion and the burial place of Saladin, has a population of 300,000 and is the greatest city of Syria.

Until recently, all were ruled by the Turk. Two of them are still under Turkish dominion. They all speak with voices of great antiquity and each has a message of its own. As the Nile is the explanation of Egypt, so the first high ground on the Nile is the explanation of Cairo. The city is thirty miles from the sea and is located at the head of a fan-shaped delta. Just as London Tower was built on the first high ground up the Thames and determined the location of England's capital, so Cairo clusters about a magnificent elevation, with its citadel commanding the river valley.

Industry, activity, cheerfulness are characteristic of the Cairoese. The people have to work. Irrigation is a successful, but toilsome, method of agriculture. But it keeps men from the dry rot of idleness and its vices, and develops commendable qualities.

Cairo is a delightful place to visit. It has all the attractions of antiquity, oriental color, and a polyglot population. Then it is up to date and prosperous. One may ride a camel if he cares to, but he prefers he may use the railroad, street cars, steam launch or automobile. Everything is here richly to enjoy—electric lights and telephones, and all blends harmoniously with the most picturesque Oriental antiquity to be seen in the globe. The people are neither quarrelsome nor morose, but sunny, jovial and—dirty, of course—but intensely interesting and attractive.

One can get the news at Cairo much as you can in London or Toronto. Papers are sold in the streets in various tongues, and Arab youths with bare feet and Occidental energy trudge round the city screaming extra editions. Egypt is alive and doing things. Egypt is a surprise and a transport. It is a wonderful country and undoubtedly has a promising future.

Damascus, like Cairo, is at the head of an immense fertile plain. It is surrounded on three sides by mountains and through the city pours the fresh swift waters of the Abana River. As at Salt Lake City, the waters are conducted to all parts of the city and bubble up at hundreds of fountains—not beautiful, indeed, but useful. A little below the city flows the Pharpar, and these two streams, like the Nile, are employed to irrigate a territory as beautiful as it is extensive, and so unlike Palestine. It is forested and re-forested, affording the people a constant supply of timber. This timber is chiefly poplar and walnut, the former very rapid in growth and used extensively in building.

But Damascus is much more than an agricultural centre, it is an immense industrial and commercial city. Damascus is the Manchester of Syria. The range of its manufactures is almost endless. We visited a brass factory, where the employees were numbered by the hundred. But most of the work is done along the streets or bazaars, where the foods manufactured are offered for sale. Furniture, carpets, silks, jewelry, silverware, trunks, valises and trinkets of endless design give employment to the natives and importance to the place. Methods of manufacture are most primitive, and children of tender age lend their quota to the total. Electric light and street cars make the place look modern, but electric power is not used industrially, nor is the telephone permitted here nor elsewhere by the Turkish authority; streets are narrow and filthy, and this city more than any that I have seen is infested by homeless, hungry and unrelenting dogs, who make the day unpleasant and the night hideous. Nevertheless, Damascus is a city of commendable enterprise. Its people are occupied and Turkish misrule, notwithstanding it, enjoys a prosperity that is manifest and enjoyable.

Damascus has been alive a long time, and has promise of a long and useful career.

Jerusalem owes nothing to the river or the sea. Its site was not chosen for commercial or industrial reasons. It was selected for strategic position. Jerusalem was originally a fort, and like Stirling or Edinburgh, owes its location to its value as a place of defense. David, a fighting man, who won his kingdom by war and retained it by the sword, held it for a stronghold. Solomon made it a splendor. Israel made it a glory as the centre of a great spiritual revelation and from

the loins of His great ancestor Jesus came—the incarnation of the Father and the world's great sacrifice. Jerusalem, once a fortified stronghold and the centre of Israelitic worship, has become a sacred city for a large section of mankind. But what supports Jerusalem? Not agriculture, for the great plains of Palestine are tributary to other centres. But if Jerusalem be not sustained by agriculture, neither is it by commerce, as Nablous, nor by industry, as Bethlehem, which is the head of the mother-of-pearl manufactory for the country. Jerusalem is not a place of business. Half of its population is supported in whole, or in part, by remittances from foreign lands. And its magnificent buildings, churches, monasteries, hospitals, schools and hostels are built in the same way. Its streets are lined by beggars and indigent people. Jerusalem has no electric light, no street cars, no motor cars, and no telephone. Think of a city of 100,000 people without a daily paper! Jerusalem has but two weekly weeklies, which have no way of securing foreign news. The only "foreign news" that reaches Jerusalem comes once a week in half a dozen sheets, like hand bills, containing abbreviated "Reuter" telegrams and news as censored. Jerusalem is rent by racial and religious divisions. Mohammedans, Hebrews and Christians; and the Christians are so sharply divided that at the Holy Sepulchre peace is preserved by Moslem soldiers. What is the future of Jerusalem to be? The people commonly and bluntly express the hope that "England" will take Palestine and do for it what she has for Egypt. The Zionists look forward to making it again the Hebrew Capital of the world and are praying still for their long-looked-for Messiah. Many Christians expect Jesus to return to Jerusalem to set up a temporal kingdom. Disregarding its future, the Jerusalem of the present is unenviably unique, and the Christians who ought to be its light and adorning have made their centre—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—a place for the disposal of relics, for the cultivation of superstition; and the collection of gratuities from devout pilgrims. Yes, and a place of sharp conflict and unchristian feeling. Over this same Jerusalem must our Saviour still be weeping. The most pathetic sight this city affords is not its idleness, nor filth, nor faction, but its place of wailing. One cannot reflect upon its influence on the Hebrews and Mohammedans who daily regard it without feeling.

The Lost Shipmate. Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away, Youth, in his ignorant faith and his bright array. The tides go out; the tides come flooding in; Still the old years die and the new begin; But Youth— Somewhere we lost each other, last year or yesterday.

Somewhere he failed me. Down at the harbor-side, I waited for him a little, where the anchored argosies ride. I thought he came—the steady "trade" blew free— I thought he came; 'twas but the shadow of me! And Youth— Somewhere he turned and left me, about the turn of the tide. Perhaps I shall find him. It may be he waits for me, Sipping those wines we knew, beside some tropic sea. The tides still serve, and I am out and away To search the spicy harbors of yesterday, For Youth, Where the lamps of the town are yellow beyond the lamps of the quay.

Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away— Youth, with his ignorant heart and his bright array. Was it in Bados? God, I would pay to know! Was it on Spanish Hill, where the roses blow! Ah, Youth! Shall I hear your laughter to-morrow, in painted Olivio!

Somewhere I failed him. Somewhere I let him depart— Youth, who would only sleep for the morn's fresh start. The tides slipped out, the tides washed out and in, And Youth and I rejoiced in their wretched din. Ah, Youth! Shall I find you south of the Gulf? —or are you dead in my heart!

—Theodore Goodridge Roberts, in April Canadian Magazine.

Thibet's Legend of Eden. The followers of the Dalai Lama, in Thibet, have a legend that in the first great Garden a sweet-tasting plant grew out of the ground. One man tasted of this plant, and the other did likewise, when all virtue and good fortune ceased. Ages passed, and this plant grew no more. Mankind fed upon a kind of red butter, then upon grass, and at last they had to cultivate the soil. Virtue had departed from the earth, violence, murder and faithlessness increased.

How to Be Happy. Mrs. Naggs—John, have you read "How to be Happy Though Married?" Naggs—Of course not. I know how without reading it. Mrs. Naggs—Well, how? Naggs—Get a divorce.

In 12 marriages out of every 100 one of the parties has been married before.

THE GREAT PURPOSE OF LIFE

The Present Is the Battle Ground On Which Your Soul May Win Its Right to Live

What is the purpose of life? If one of you should reply that life's purpose is to achieve happiness then you must tell me why the lives of men and women are visited with so much unhappiness and misery. This query cannot be answered by declaring that for the major portion of his unhappiness man is directly and personally responsible. Even if this indictment was true the purpose of life, according to the theory of happiness as its end, has failed utterly of fulfillment.

If the purpose of life is to be good then why are the ways of goodness left in such obscurity, made so positively difficult? Why should it seem to be necessary for the best intentioned person to make so many and such painful blunders? Why are the abnormal ways of life made so attractive, the glitter, the emptiness, the waste of health and strength? Why, why is it all so easy? Why are right and wrong inevitably so mixed that nothing seems entirely right, nothing all wrong, and we are compelled accordingly to choose the lesser of two evils.

These are all tremendous questions and they all concern the purpose of life. God means us to ask them. I am sure of that and to keep on asking. Answer in its entirety may not be given, but I believe we shall be able to see from which direction the answer is to come and we may even see it coming now, though afar off.

In the First Place we may all agree that men's faces are turned toward the future. The future is never long forgotten. We look at our business plan for growth and development in the years to come. Their future is our chief concern. In a certain sense we are never contented with things as they are. The present lacks completeness. The prizes of life, the objects most to be desired, lie in the beyond. Ambition keeps us on our tiptoes, peering into the years to come.

Now I think there is something noble and stimulating in this forward look. Things beyond our reach require effort, persistent, vigorous effort, before we can attain them. And this effort creates strength and efficiency in a word it builds character. You and I can develop into nobler men and women through struggling with difficulties, overcoming obstacles, and when the difficulties have been conquered and the obstacles surmounted.

FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World. The King has given £10 to the Destitute Sailors Fund. Lord Be'er has been re-elected chairman of the Nottinghamshire County Council for the twenty-fourth year in succession. A new casino on the beach at Blackpool has been licensed. Youth under eighteen will not be allowed admission to the billiard saloon. A farmer at Thorney, near Peterborough found a full-grown hare in a large rat-trap. While playing in the churchyard at East Horsley, Surrey, a tombstone fell on a five-year-old child and broke its leg. A laborer named William Colthorpe, of Gedgrave, Orford, Suffolk, died in consequence of being gored by a bull. At the instance of the R.S.P.C.A., W. Roberts of High Wycombe was fined 14s. 6d. for cutting off a cat's tail last week with a meat chopper. Annie Atkinson, a married woman employed at the Bell Beaming Company's mills, Blackburn, has died as the result of falling down a lift. Of the series of boat races between the Universities, Oxford has won 29, Cambridge 33, and there has been one dead heat. Whilst travelling by express train from Colwyn Bay to Liverpool in charge of a young invalid, a trained nurse, Annie Kershaw, fell from the carriage and sustained fatal injuries. Helen Guer was fined £50, or in default, 3 months, at the Mansion House, for smuggling 17 pounds of saccharine. A child of seven, named Mary Tugwood, was killed and her foster mother, Mrs. Florence Cogger, of Camberwell, seriously injured in a motor bus smash in Trafalgar road, old Kent road. Mr. Percy James Fisher, London editor of the Berkshire Daily Chronicle, died suddenly while dancing at the Eshopsgate Institute. The death has occurred of Dr. W. B. Tate, for 54 years superintendent of Coppice Lunatic Asylum, Nottingham. Fourteen skeletons, with the remains of bronze wire wristlets, were recently dug up on the farm of Mr. T. C. Hatcliff at Chesterton, near Peterborough. Mr. Herbert Paul, formerly M.P. for Northampton, has presented a row of houses in Finsden, his native town, for poor widows. Twenty sheep out of a flock of forty grazing just outside Huntingdon, were worried to death by dogs. Among the men accepted as recruits for the army last year, were three actors, ten dentists, two law students, six medical students, and seven surveyors.

Southport Town Council have decided to open its art gallery on Sunday afternoon for the remainder of the spring Art Exhibition. The Marquis of Londonderry has presented £250 to the benefit fund of the London Fire Brigade in recognition of the prompt services rendered at an outbreak at Londonderry House, Park Lane. Richmond Royal Horse Show, will take place during the interval between Epsom and Ascot races, on June 12 and 14.

TOMATO CULTURE.

Almost anyone with a garden or farm in a temperate climate can grow tomatoes with greater or less success, but there is a great difference between the extent and quality of the crops grown by different persons in the same locality. These differences are due to several causes among which the varieties grown and methods of cultivation practised are perhaps the chief. According to experiments carried on for years at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, Earliana, of which there are several strains, is the best early sort, but Bonny Best, Chalk's Early Jewel are also good early kinds. Of later varieties Matchless Trophy, Livingston's Globe and Plentiful rank high. It is the early fruit that makes the profit. In growing plants that should be aimed at in the production of a stock, sturdy plant which will have some fruit set upon it when set in the field. After planting the chief work is cultivation, which should be done both ways in the plantation. In order to protect tomato plants from diseases, of which there are several, they should be repeatedly sprayed, even when quite young, with Bordeaux mixture. These and many other points, which cover practically the whole field of tomato culture in the green house as well as in the garden and field, are fully treated in pamphlet No. 10 of the Central Experimental Farm prepared by the Dominion Horticulturist, Mr. W. T. Macoun. This work is for free distribution to all who apply for it to the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

Czar Buys Clothes in Russia.

The Czar keeps about 40 suits in wear, and wears each perhaps a dozen times before it is put out of the wardrobe. The Czar buys all his clothes in Russia, and each suit costs him from \$40 to \$80, while for frock coats and waistcoats he pays \$75. On some of the Czar's uniforms the gold ornamentation and braiding are worth alone \$1,000. This ornamentation is never used twice, but when a new uniform is ordered the ornamentation is good for about one-third of its original cost. Quite Another Thing. Hobbs—So you've struck it rich and are now able to keep several servants! Dobbs—Alas, no—only to hire them.