

THE HOLY FIRE

Jerusalem's Famous Spectacle

By F. Lyman MacCallum.

Constantinople, May 13. Fortune was kind enough to send us to Jerusalem this year just at the time of the Oriental Easter, which fell on the first Sunday of May. There, through the very great kindness of the Armenian Patriarch, we were given seats in His Majesty's own balcony overlooking the interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Saturday morning when the amazing ceremony of the Holy Fire took place.

The Holy Fire is the last of the miracles. Two prelates are locked into the Holy Sepulchre with bundles of candles in their hands, but only after all flames within the shrine have been extinguished. Nevertheless, after a certain delay, blinding bunches of candles are thrust out of two port holes in the sides of the Sepulchre and the waiting multitude goes mad in the belief that the fire has descended directly from the altars of heaven. A telegram used to be dispatched to His Majesty the Sultan notifying him that the heavenly fire had arrived, a fast ship would be in waiting at Jaffa to carry the new fire to some Black Sea port, whence it would spread from candle to candle to the farthest corner of Russia. The Copts of Egypt and the Abyssinians still send off runners bearing the Holy Fire to their distant shores. The Armenians now teach their people plainly that there is nothing miraculous about the fire and the Greeks allow the same thing to be understood without openly confessing it, but some of the smaller Eastern churches make no such concession to rationalism. In the year 1099 a call rased all the buildings of the Holy Sepulchre because of tales of the frauds practised at this ceremony. Hundreds of people have been killed in faction fights or trampled to death at these sacred gatherings. All this may be rather shocking to our Western ideas of religion and conduct, but an Eastern prelate can make out a good case for most of what takes place. The annual Holy Fire ceremony may be regarded as an ecclesiastical sporting event, which helps the churches in much the same ways as football or American institutions of higher learning.

Crowds Mass.
When we took our places at 9 a.m. in a little balcony high up above the floor, the crowd down below was already massing. To the walls of the church three tiers of wooden nests had been attached, about five feet wide and high and three feet deep. In some of these nests small families had passed the whole night. Poorer folk had brought their blankets and camped on the stone floor of the church itself. At the back of the Tomb was a crowd of several hundred Coptic pilgrims from Egypt, wild-looking men in flowing Arab robes and turbans, each clasping a bundle of candles, as, indeed, was almost everyone else in the building. A file of police held these pilgrims to their area of the floor. Near the door a double line of police stood at ease leaning on heavy oak pickaxe handles, a blow from which would subdue even the most onward Christian soldier. A niche near the Coptic harbor held some half dozen British Tommies, big two-fisted fellows whose job would be to break up the rush of the combined Copts and Syrians which is attempted every year. Some of the British officers of the police carried ugly black-snake whips on their wrists—and used them when the time came.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre

is a building over a building. There is first the rotunda with its ugly iron dome open at the top to admit light. This rotunda is built around and over the Tomb itself, which is a large marble mausoleum containing on one side the Chapel of the Angels, from which a tiny door opens into the jewel encrusted cave itself. At the back of this, but with no connecting door, is a chapel belonging to the Copts. There are, of course, many other parts to that conglomeration of buildings which is known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for no less than six branches of the Christian Church, and even a Moslem college, have their own places there. But the rotunda and the Tomb it covers are all which can be seen from the balcony of the Armenian chapel.

For yet another hour the crowd continued to gather. A troop of eighty small, khaki-clad Armenian orphan boys were presently arranged as an elastic border along some of the aisles which are to be kept open. The crowd behind them was, in most places, wedged so tightly that movement was impossible. That is to say, the upper parts of the bodies were so wedged. Down among their feet there would seem to have been more room, for an occasional late pilgrim was observed to rise from the floor in the very front place at the orphans' backs, having evidently wormed his way from the rear through the thicket of legs. There was a surprising number of infants and small toddlers about. These are brought because of the belief that to have viewed the ceremony ensures them entrance to Paradise should they die within a year. But shortly before the service started, one father, with a girl perched on one shoulder and a boy on the other, was observed making his way out. Evidently he had decided that the chances of his children's attaining heaven were rather too good in that frenzied mob.

Lord Chanting Heard.
At 10.30 loud chanting was heard from the Syrian Chapel and the crown began to grow excited. A self-appointed cheer leader climbed on to the shoulders of his fellows and started them on a heavy chant, he calling a line and they answering. He waved the time with his hands and swaying body and they took it up with slow clapping that soon began to beat on the brain. Finally he snatched a cane and rose in his excitement to do a sword dance standing at full height on sagging shoulders. At this the clapping became a hundred times louder and the response fairly crashed out. At the end all the women joined in a long cry or screech that sounded very much like the whistle of a locomotive.

At 10.45 the Armenian ecclesiastics made a slow circuit of the Sepulchre and retired. The priests' gowns are of striped crimson and gold with a pointed black silk hood covering the head to the level of the eyes, and from below project bushy beards. With them moved the Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem in a cope of gorgeous creamy brocade ornamented with an embroidered grape vine of green and red, his tall mitre thick with jewels. This procession retired, and for half an hour nothing significant took place. Curving lines of police with linked arms strained back against the compressed mass of humanity which rocked slowly and formed eddies under the shaft of dusty sunlight striking through the open dome.

At half past eleven a rich, heavy bell began to toll, the spontaneous

Special Tours

A select tour of the Trossachs, Edinburgh, Lake District, Oxford and London for Messrs. and their families will start from Montreal July 9, on the Anchor-Donaldson Liner "Athenia," under the Auspices of Pitman Tours.

Other Tours from Montreal

- VETERANS TOUR
June 19—Antonia—for Cherbourg
- EDUCATIONAL TOUR
June 26—Ascunia—for Plymouth, Cherbourg, London
- STUDENTS TOUR
July 2—Anania—for Liverpool
- DAUGHTERS & MAIDS OF ENGLAND TOUR
July 3—Anania—for London

The Robert Reford Co., Limited, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Halifax.

CUNARD ANCHOR-DONALDSON

chanting swelled again and a Mohammedan priest in turban and black gown advanced and spilled wax seals and tapers to the outer door of the Sepulchre. For hundreds of years Mohammedans have been the keepers of the coveted key of the Holy Sepulchre, which could not safely be placed in the hands of any of the interested Christian bodies. A young British officer in khaki, representing the High Commissioner of Palestine, advanced, bare-headed, and took a position directly in front of the Sepulchre door. The Armenian Patriarch retired to his seat in the balcony far above the turmoil. A bishop dressed in his robes acts as his substitute in the ensuing ceremonies.

Greek Procession.
The Greek procession, headed by eleven banners began to shoulder its way around the Sepulchre. Behind these banners came a double row consisting of ten priests each, wearing gorgeous creamy capes covered with gold embroidery. They were followed by their Patriarch, similarly robed with the addition of a globular, jewelled headdress, in his hands a cross and crozier. He is a tiny old man with a glorious golden white beard. He is over eighty and must find the ceremonies exhausting. Four or five priests in black form a protecting ring around him. But even then hands reach out and touch his robe and are then drawn across the body of the devotee as a charm against illness and bad luck. After the procession has completed three circuits round the Sepulchre the Patriarch halted in front of the door and was there partly divested of his robes, and white handkerchiefs were bound round each of his hands. A bundle of candles and two brass tubes or holders for carrying such a bundle without its being extinguished were placed in his arms. The seals had before this been ripped off the door. Followed by an Armenian Bishop the Greek Patriarch bent low and entered the Sepulchre. The Mohammedan pulled to the door after them.

In either wall of the Sepulchre is a round port perhaps eight inches in diameter, out of which the fire comes on one side for the Greeks, for the Armenians on the other. In front of these ports stood half a dozen white-clad runners waiting to rush the new fire to their respective altars. What I now mistook for a fight was merely a few marshall-like leave room for the runners to get to the Sepulchre to their chapels. The noise of the tense multitude was tremendous, though not so great that people standing side by side could not speak to each other. The moment was so dramatic that even foreign spectators found themselves shaking with excitement.

Suddenly there is a glint of fire in the ports, a thrilling cry and runners leap away. The Armenian Patriarch rises to receive the fire and we, his guests, turn our backs on the scene below to watch for the runner. Just above our heads the Armenian bells ring out wildly and a lady who had found a perch on the bracket from which they were hung has a bad five minutes. The runner appears, having ascended long flights of stairs with unbelievable speed, crosses the chapel at a bound and hands his torch of candles to the Patriarch. The latter extends it over the heads of the people, who shake the building with their cheers.

Struggling Fanatics.
The scene below was infernal—smoke and flame and packed masses of frantic, struggling fanatics. Any one who had the fire was mobbed from every side and very often had his torch extinguished by the number that were thrust into it. Police were laying about them furiously, blow after blow at every head they could hit. A curious accident had resulted in one of those threatening situations which can turn in a moment to disaster in such a mob. The fire from the Armenian side was spreading and spreading. It had reached the walls and was ascending from one to another of the boxes. But on the Greek side there was not the tiniest flame. The few torches which the Greek runners had lighted as they passed out had been extinguished by the mob's struggles and now there was no fire to be had save from the triumphant Armenians. There is enough Malvolous aroused at this festival that a riot may start over the smallest trifle. It is not yet a century since three hundred corpses are said to have been carried out of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre after a misunderstanding at the Holy Fire celebration.

The British Tommies were each a whirlwind. Their job was to break up the annual attempt of the Syrians and Copts to force their way ahead of the Armenians in the procession which was about to commence. There were only six or so of these

British gladiators scattered in the path of the advancing pilgrims and they had to work fast. Pilgrims who were standing still were quite as soundly punched as those who were trying to fight forward. Gradually each Tommy got a little space cleared about him, after which he began seizing people and hurling them as projectiles against the crowd on either side. Sometimes a bewildered pilgrim was thus punched and thrown to one spot only to be seized there by another Tommy, punched and thrown back. An officer, a nice little English boy, had a Copt by the throat backed against the Sepulchre and gave him two or three cracks with the black-snake, although plainly he was not hitting hard. Rough as are these methods it must be remembered that they are kindness itself compared with what the pilgrims would do to each other if they got out of hand.

And still one-half of the roaring throng was without fire and with no means of getting it until it should spread around the rear of the Sepulchre and back, for in front there was a wide aisle which it could not cross. But sitting on the marble balustrade of the steps leading to the door of the Sepulchre was a little girl, perhaps twelve. She had come with some bigger companions who had been chased from their perch by the police before the service began. She had stuck to her place like a limpet and had not been noticed, curled up there with her back against the Sepulchre. She had no expansive bundle of candles like most people, but only one little taper. But now she could wait no longer for her light. She slipped down and ran across the open space behind the British Commissioner and lighted her candle from the Armenian side. When she hurried back triumphantly to her place a dozen arms stretched their candles towards her and with childish seriousness she extended her arm to one and another. And so it happened that a little girl sitting chin on knees on the balustrade of the Holy Sepulchre watched the fire, her fire, grow and spread, struggled for by hundreds of anxious men, rolling smokily over one-half that great congregation and mounting clear to the topmost balcony by means of candles lit down on strings.

Fight Over Banner.

Towards the front of the Sepulchre four Armenian banner bearers had struggled into position to head off the procession. Farther around, where the Syrians were lining up, a banner was being fought over. Now the priests would raise it clear, now other hands would snatch it and drag it down. An excited man-bearer near the colors was using his badge of office as a spear, driving its sharp end with all his might into the ribs of some offender too bold in the crowd to have any means of striking back. The police had by now formed themselves into an effective farrow party, reaching from the centre of the floor to the exit. As fast as they could the constables at the head were seizing people and giving them a throw that sent them into the arms of the next official, who passed them along, and so the worshippers were kept on the run until they found themselves out in the courtyard. As space was thus cleared in the floor orphans began to appear, those little orphans who had made such an orderly hedge at the beginning of the service. They had doubtless had a bad time of it in the scrimmage and were now, most of them, as blind and furious as bees. Their heads would be down and their fists working like pistons against any stomach or back that came in the way. Even when orphan happened to meet orphan there was generally a blow or two exchanged before they opened surprised eyes to find friend smiting friend.

Meanwhile a few more individuals, including the Bishop in the Patriarch's robes, had been got into position behind the Armenian banner bearers, and, at half-past twelve, the procession moved off chastily. Very slowly they pushed their way around and the Coptic and Syrian processions also got under way until there was a complete circle round the Sepulchre, each group conducting its own service independently in its own language at the top of its voice. Somewhere within the building a set of bells had been jangling incessantly since the advent of the fire—Tum tidilyum jam tum tom, until one's brain was ready to crack. By the time the procession had made one circuit of the Sepulchre

A PERFECT MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES
Baby's Own Tablets Should be in Every Home Where There Are Children.
The perfect medicine for little ones is found in Baby's Own Tablets. They are a gentle but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach; drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and promote healthful refreshing sleep. It is impossible for Baby's Own Tablets to harm even the new-born babe, as they are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates or any other injurious drug.
Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. Alex. J. Perry, Atlantic, N.S., writes:—"I always keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house for the children, as I have found them a perfect medicine for little ones."
Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HELPS MINERS
Prof. Samuel W. Parr, chief chemist at the University of Illinois, has unexpectedly become one of the best friends of the Illinois coal miners. He has perfected a process for coking soft coal cheaply, and as a result it is expected that Illinois soft coal mines will run twice the number of days yearly that they do now.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!


Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.
Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.
Let's Hope.
Geraldine: William means good, James means beloved, I wonder what George means?
Mother: Well, my dear, let's hope that George means business—ideas.
See Tweddell's Suits at \$26.00, \$22.00, \$25.00, \$28.00 and \$30.00.

The best meal of the day!

The one that's served with

H.P. SAUCE

Ensures enjoyment — aids digestion.



chre it had become quite orderly and the crowd had opened out so that two more rounds could be made with ease and gravity. The Armenian costumes have already been described. The Copts had the second place. Their procession was headed off by two rows containing thirteen each, dressed in robes of a rich red embroidered with gold in a bold pattern. These were followed by two men bearing boxes of chased silver, on top of which burned a single candle. Then came the Coptic Bishop of Jerusalem, in white and gold brocade, with a dome-like headdress. Behind him is carried a heavy chair or throne on which he sits when the procession halts. This occurs when the Armenian Bishop, having completed three rounds of the Sepulchre, enters it to pray and then returns to the door, where he reads aloud the story "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." This completes the service for the Armenian, who go to say mass in their own chapel, while the Copts have their turn in the Sepulchre proper. The men in turn are followed by the Syrians, whose robes were of red, gold, green or blue.

So the great service ended for another year and the sweepers came to gather up baskets of broken candles, rags and shreds of clothing, various assortments of footwear and headgear, the debris of Christendom's most famous ceremony.

HOUSE WIRING AND REPAIRING
ALL KINDS OF ELECTRICAL APPARATUS
Satisfaction guaranteed. Best work at reasonable prices.
"THE DOWN TOWN ELECTRIC STORE"
HALLIDAY ELECTRIC CO.
Corner King and Princess Streets. Phone 94.

Dominion Textile Company (Limited)
MANUFACTURERS
"PRUE COTTON"
MONTREAL—TORONTO—WINNIPEG

FORT GARRY CAFE
WE SERVE THE VERY BEST MEALS.
Drop in and enjoy the good things we have prepared. Our desire is Good Meals and Best Service.
EDWARD LEE, Proprietor
157 PRINCESS ST. PHONE 501.

"Clean up and Paint up"
Make Your Home the cleanest place in town
By heeding the call of Spring, "CLEAN UP AND PAINT UP." We have the sort of Painting Supplies you need. We have all kinds of Carpenter Tools for those little odd jobs. We have Garden and Lawn Tools, Lawn Mowers and Sprinklers to keep the garden and lawn in shape. Everything we have you can buy cheaper than elsewhere.
Stevenson & Hunter
51-57 PRINCESS STREET. TINSMITHS AND PLUMBERS.

TEN TEST

A NEW AND BETTER SHEATHING
"BUILD FOR WARMTH"

ALLAN LUMBER CO.
Phone 1042. Victoria Street

Beautiful Your Home With New Pictures
When decorating and rearranging your home, see us for new pictures.
Choice assortment of the very newest.
Art's supplies for sale.
GARTLAND ART STORE
237 PRINCESS STREET
Phone 2116-w.

FOR SALE
1 pair Solid Brick Houses, Elmerbank Avenue; just completed. 7 rooms. Will sell separately.
Also three new houses, in good location, on south side of Prince of Wales Street.
3 room Frame House, garage and shed; all improvements, 428 Division Street.
E. E. WATHEN
127 NELSON STREET
PHONE 1891-J.

\$170 ROUND TRIP
"These Cunard, Anchor-Donaldson Third Cabin Vacations are a veritable boon to people with moderate incomes."
From Montreal to Plymouth, Cherbourg, London, June 25, July 10th, Aug. 20th—Liverpool, July 2 and 30—Belfast and Glasgow, June 25, July 9.
Cunard ANCHOR-DONALDSON LINE
Particulars from The Robert Reford Co., Limited, corner Bay and Wellington Sts., Toronto, or any Steamship Agent.

Sowards Keep Coal & Coal Keeps Sowards
SOWARDS COAL CO.
TELEPHONE 155
UPTOWN OFFICE: MCGALL'S CIGAR STORE. Phone 811.

HOUSE WIRING AND REPAIRING
ALL KINDS OF ELECTRICAL APPARATUS
Satisfaction guaranteed. Best work at reasonable prices.
"THE DOWN TOWN ELECTRIC STORE"
HALLIDAY ELECTRIC CO.
Corner King and Princess Streets. Phone 94.

Dominion Textile Company (Limited)
MANUFACTURERS
"PRUE COTTON"
MONTREAL—TORONTO—WINNIPEG

FORT GARRY CAFE
WE SERVE THE VERY BEST MEALS.
Drop in and enjoy the good things we have prepared. Our desire is Good Meals and Best Service.
EDWARD LEE, Proprietor
157 PRINCESS ST. PHONE 501.

"Clean up and Paint up"
Make Your Home the cleanest place in town
By heeding the call of Spring, "CLEAN UP AND PAINT UP." We have the sort of Painting Supplies you need. We have all kinds of Carpenter Tools for those little odd jobs. We have Garden and Lawn Tools, Lawn Mowers and Sprinklers to keep the garden and lawn in shape. Everything we have you can buy cheaper than elsewhere.
Stevenson & Hunter
51-57 PRINCESS STREET. TINSMITHS AND PLUMBERS.



You Wonder Why You Cannot Sleep

If you could only sleep at night there would be some chance of getting back the nervous energy which is expended during the day. But you cannot sleep. In the mornings you arise feeling tired and played out. By evening you are all in. Your nervous system is entirely exhausted.
"Is there no way to get out of this condition?" you ask. There is. By using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly you can feed the nerves back to health and vigor.
Perhaps you have never realized the cause of your sleeplessness. But this is the outstanding symptom of exhausted nerves. You may also have nervous headaches, indigestion and spells of despondency. You may be unduly sensitive to light and sound. You may be irritable and inclined to worry when there is no real cause. But inability to rest and sleep is one of the surest signs that you need the help of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to get back to health.
Nervous disorders do not get better of their own accord. You must supply the elements of Nature which are required to build up the depleted cells and these elements are most happily combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 60 cts. a box, all dealers or The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto 2, Can.