

Calendar for Feb. 1908

MOON'S PHASES. New Moon 24. 4h. 37m. a. m. First Quarter 29. 0h. 28m. a. m. Full moon 17d. 5h. 5m. a. m. Last Quarter 24d. 11h. 24m. p. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days 1 through 29.

A Visit To The Holy Land.

(By William O'Brien, M.P., in London Tribune.)

European diplomacy passes three-fourths of its time discussing Eastern questions without number, ranging from Morocco to the Yellow Sea. The Chancelleries know all about the Tripoli question, the Macedonian question, the Persian question, and so on into the mysterious depths of Tibet.

May a passing traveller be allowed to express his wonder that the only Eastern question that Europe has all but forgotten is that to the solution of which for three centuries the Europe of the Crusades devoted its arms and its prayers—the question which will for the mass of civilized mankind, eclipse all others, Eastern or Western, in everlasting import?

The material reason, no doubt, is that the Holy Land has a population too heterogeneous to give trouble to anybody except themselves, has little or no trade except in rosary beads to attract the traveller, and forms such a tangle of the vested interests of all nations in all ages that no individual Power can ever hope to appropriate it for its own.

As I write, the muzzle of a Turkish guard not twenty yards away is pointed at our unfortified bedroom in the New Grand Hotel from the top of the tower of David (or rather of the mediæval fortress built upon its ruins).

It is quite true that the Turk exercises his overlordship in the Holy Land tolerantly, not to say coolly, sometimes. Jerusalem knows nothing of the lusts and bloody feasts which endear the Bashibazouks to the unfriendly villages of Armenia. The only time I saw a Turkish whip used was on the shoulders of a Moslem boy who proposed to force his donkey through the Franciscan procession on the way of the Cross.

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The apparent Moslem bonhomie has even its touch of humor. In one of the dim ambulatories of the superb Mosque of Omar outside the railings within which is enshrined the very rock where the Ark of the Covenant once rested (a chunk of rock for which the Jews who wait outside the wall would joyfully give an eye or an arm a piece) the Sheikh who showed us another uncovered a square green marble from which Mohammed is fabled to have ascended to Heaven, and intimated that I had only "to put something" on the stone to follow the Prophet instantly to the empyrean.

"Ah!" he said, "you must put something more. A half-franc would only get you half to heaven. It would leave your wife behind." For all the Sheikh's pretty wit and softness for French coins, one had only to watch a circle of Moslem priests worshipping toward Mecca at an adjoining prayer-niche—their bodies swaying in graceful unison, as they fell to their knees, or rose, or flung their shoulders from side to side, while their dark eyes flashed, and their prayer rose and fell as in the strophes of some solemn battle song—to feel at what short notice the Sheikh's jokes might turn into the gleam of steel, only for the presence of the Turkish soldier, who, with his top-boots banging from his belt, escorted us through the Mosque in his stocking feet.

Threadbare stockings they were, by the way, and pitiable enough was the picture of bankruptcy in the Turkish war office presented by our Turkish Tommy Atkins, with a uniform of indistinguishable color, and in the last stages of tattered malnutrition, and the hungry air of a man who had dined on an orange. But, like the Tommy Atkins of all nations, Hamid was a good-humored dog, who, while we pause to muse on the destiny that placed Solomon's Fountain at the service of the religion of an obscure Arabian conqueror, unceremoniously ducked his head into the basin, and then helped himself to a long drink of the cool waters in which he had washed his face; after which he proceeded to cull for the lady a nosegay of wild cyclamens and petunias growing in the old court of the Gentiles, and pocketed his backbeeb with the deep content of one who had not received as much coin of the realm from his Turkish paymaster for many a day.

The truth is that Turkish rule is on its best behavior in Palestine, simply because there alone it is under the inspection of Christendom. Christendom is there also, under the inspection of the Turk, with results that are not edifying. The intestine wars of the Greeks and Latins, the Armenians, Copts and Abyssinians over the partition of the holy places—their constant battles of words, and even blows, in the most awful precincts upon earth over the possession of a particular altar, over the hours for their rival masses and processions, over the particular staircase by which which Galvay is to be mounted, over the age-long question whether this or that sect shall be entitled to light five lamps or only four over the Holy Sepulchre or in the Chapel of the Nativity—are a source of anguish to all tender souls and furnish no end of material for the scoffers, who can see nothing of the tremendous mysteries that glorify these sacred places except the petty human distractions which vulgarize our divinity hours.

The scoffers might as well turn away from the delicious Garden of Gethsemane because of the sores of the lepers who line the way. These family jars do not assume serious proportions often than half a dozen times in a generation. Fifteen Franciscan monks wounded by a shower of stones from the roof of the Greek

convent six or seven years ago for exercising their immemorial right of entry by a particular staircase to the Galvay chapel; a Franciscan monk (the Franciscans, it can be stated with a safe conscience, are always the victims), and the Greeks almost always the aggressors) killed with a revolver shot a few years further back by the canvass of a Greek procession on the threshold of the Stable of Bethlehem, consecrated by the most important event in the world's history; a horrible scuffle a few weeks ago in the same holy place owing to the attempt of a band of Greek priests, not content with their exclusive possession of the Altar of the Nativity, to force their way with blows of brass crosses and croziers through the only corner of the rock-hewn Stable left to the Latins—these constitute the principal casualties which scandal has got to feed upon for the last quarter of a century.

When we remember that five warring churches are left without any written law to dispute the possessions of some fifty sanctuaries, where their professions perforce jostle one another daily in a narrow space, always ill-lighted and often underground, and that remonstrances and explanations have to be exchanged in divers mutually unintelligible tongues, the miracle is that the muscular forms of Christianity do not offend more scandalously assert themselves.

There is even a consolation in the thought that the passionate fervor with which Latin and Greek and Armenian alike have clung century after century to the ownership of every altar, lamp, and pinck of dust in the holy places, gives us the best assurance that human tradition can give that these are, indeed, the scenes of stupendous mysteries in comparison with which the battles, sieges and pillages of the pharaohs, Sesostris, Alexander, Pompey, Charlemagne, Omar, Saladin, Napoleon and Mehmet Ali, that have ravaged the face of Palestine are but as the stings of mosquitoes of yesterday. Even a fight for the right of sweeping the steps of a given chapel (and it was the actual cause of the most serious of recent encounters) becomes respectable when some stoma of the sweepings may quite possibly have been touched by the feet of Jesus, or may have mingled with some prophet's or martyr's dust, and when both claimants to the right of wielding the sweeping brush can cite their title-deeds going back to the Crusades, or further. But it is a disgrace to Christendom that there should be no tribunal other than a fat Mussulim Effendi to regulate these venerable disputes according to the measure of his backbeeb, or the influence of a particular Power at Samsoul for the moment.

There would be something comical if it were not still more repulsive, in the idea of the Christian Great Powers taking the Sultan under their tutelage to teach him the principles of good government in Crete and Macedonia, while they are themselves dependent upon a Turkish policeman to maintain law and order among their own subjects in what all the Powers of Christendom alike believe to be the holiest land on earth—the land from which they have received their morals and their everlasting hopes.

The fact, at all events, is that Christian civilization at its very fountain-head is in a state of confusion, and Christian diplomacy sits by as contemptuously indifferent as the Mohammedan guard of the Holy Sepulchre, while the processions of all nations cross and clash. It gives one an indescribable tightness in the throat to see a file of Turkish fixed bayonets and carbines drawn up as peace-makers at every great Christian festival of Royal Irish Constabulary at an Irish evocation; and that within the very church which hundreds of thousands of the chivalry of Europe century after century staked their lives to rescue from the Paynim.

A native Christian of Bethlehem, who accompanied us to the Oharob, who accompanied us to get some rosary beads blessed, was chased with a broom-stick by a Greek monk with eyes of fury when he attempted to take a short cut through the Greek side of the church. In a neighboring oharob, belonging to the Armenians, a band of priests in their poor, shabby vestments were chanting a

In a work entitled the Philosophumena it is clearly shown that St. Peter, Simon Magus and St. Paul were in Rome about the same time. As an indication of the strength and fixity of the tradition which brought St. Peter to Rome about the year A. D. 42, the story of his meeting the Jewish philosopher Philo there deserves to be quoted. It is also said, writes Eusebius, "that Philo, in the reign of Claudius, became acquainted at Rome with Peter who was preaching there."

Not is this improbable, he continues, for the customs of the Church now observed were shown by documents, to have existed at that day, i. e., in the Contemplative Life, a work written by Philo.

WEEK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired though they have had a good night's sleep.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired, out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

MISCELLANEOUS

NO USE FOR THEM.

An old North Sea skipper who was asked to buy a number of life belts for his vessel's use waxed eloquent in the sublimity of his contempt. "Take 'em away," said the old "salt." "Don't let me see such longshore rubbish on my decks. I don't want no life belts, nor no smelling salts, nor no sea deologues, nor no feeding bottles or fans aboard of me. Them as sails in my ship has got to stick to her as I do, and if she goes down, why, I expects them in duty bound to go along with her."

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price a box 50c.

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Next morning the swelling was gone and I attributed the warding off of an attack of Quinsy to the free use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. G. F. WORDEN. St. John.

THE MAIN THING.

Professor—Young man, what to your mind represents the greatest problem of the races? Student (abstractedly)—To pick the winner.

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

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Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

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How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Angina, Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other potent herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any ailment of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

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