

Algerian Days.

A scene of striking beauty—The Head-dome Church of Our Lady of Africa—The Peaceful Bay once a nest of Robbers—An Ever-moving, Many-colored Throng—Magnificent Moorish Architecture, old Houses—A Glorious Array of Flowers.

As one approaches the African Coast to Algiers over the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, one's eye is met by a scene of beauty that is at once striking and unusual.

Far away to the west are the dim outlines of Mount Chenoua. A little to the east the Sabel commences, a low range of hills running along the coast for a distance of some forty miles. On one of the rocky spurs of these hills, Cape Casine, is a fine lighthouse; a little farther east is Point Pécade, with a fort of the same name, and near this a low reef of rocks just out into the sea, surrounded by the ruins of an old fort.

Behind this rises to a height of 1,250 feet, the Bon-Zera hill, the highest point of the Sabel, and perched on a shoulder of this hill, the handsome church of Notre Dame d'Afrique stands out in bold relief. Built in the Romano-Byzantine style of architecture, the church is a monument to the noble Cardinal Lavignerie, who, with the help of the White Fathers and the White Sisters, established schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, etc., where the Arabs could be brought under the influence of the Gospel.

The Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique is only one of many testimonials to his zeal. Travelers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have commented on the beauty of its outlines, and among other things speak of the service which is held every Sunday after Vespers when clergy, servers, and choir go in procession to the point overlooking the blue water, the priest intoning the office of the Dead surrounded and answered by his people, with the scariet-socked acolytes swinging their censers. So are the unknown remembered, the unnumbered dead who have been lost at sea.

Immediately to the left, like a huge pyramid of marble quarried from the hillsides, the fair city of Algiers goes up in a succession of dazzling white terraces, crowned by the old citadel of the Janisseries. The richly wooded slopes of the Sabel on which it rests affords a vivid green background for this bright picture—whence the old Arab comparison of Algiers to a diamond set in an emerald frame.

As one enters the harbor and sees the ships of all nations lying peacefully at the quay, with trim pleasure crafts riding securely at anchor, while their owners explore the labyrinth of the old town or quietly lunch with friends, how impossible it seems to realize that, in the lifetime of men still living, this seat of prosperous trade, this haven of rest for the sick and weary, was a nest of piratical ruffians, the scourge of Christendom, that the very mole of the harbor was the work of Christian slaves who languished here in captivity and misery. While Napoleon was conquering half a world, Christians of every rank and every nation, delicate women and children, were here toiling and weeping their lives away.

An inclined road leads up from the quay to the splendid Boulevard de la République. Leaning on the balustrade which runs all along the seaward side are scores of Arabs in white burnouses and turbans wound into coils of camel's hair rope. The Place du Gouvernement lies northward, a fine square, the center of which is reserved for foot passengers. The whole of the eastern side is occupied by the New Mosque, the fish market lying just below it—the mosque a dazzling white building in the form of a Greek cross, with a large central cupola and four smaller ones.

Only one other place and that Constantinople, can present the ever-moving, many-colored throng which passes through the streets of Algiers. Busy Frenchmen, Spanish market-gardners, and sailors, Italian fishermen, Maltese, dark Eskis, the water-carriers of the town, with a large copper jug and veiled Moorish women. Turks and Moors with richly embroidered jackets; ragged Kabyles from the mountains, and their women with uncovered face, tattooed on the same and forehead with blue, and wearing huge ear-rings and belts of silver and enamel; and last but not least the tall dignified Arab.

Europeans abound—but they appear to be here only on "suffrance"—it is the Arabs and Moors who really seem to be at home in the place. A stately figure, over six feet high, strides slowly across the square with imperial majesty of gait, the end of his burnouse thrown over his shoulder. A smile of recognition lights up his stolid face as he meets, not a stranger, approaches him. Their finger-tips meet and as he says: "Ouch-ouch" (how do you do?), each carries to

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and a sign of an extremely hazardous condition of the internal organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

Hobd's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

His lips the hand that has touched his friend's. And the roll of drums is heard, and a party of Zouaves crosses the square, looking like the toy soldiers our children play with—but these are rough play things on the field of battle! The presence of a large garrison adds greatly to the variety of Algerian days. There are always the bright uniforms of numerous officers, conspicuous among them being the Chasseurs d'Afrique, with their gay blue and silver jackets and red trousers, and swarthy Turcos in blue and yellow, while now and then a veteran Spahi dashes past, the most picturesque of all with his high-backed saddle and grey trappings, his scarlet burnouse fluttering in the wind.

But it is easy to leave all civilization behind in Algiers. Entering the narrow alley that leads into the mysterious labyrinths of old E. Djazair, one mounts, by a series of low steps, to the roadway. It is eight or nine feet wide—in some places not even that. On either side are the bare walls of houses, windowless, with here and there a small grating aperture. A little recess in a wall serves for a shop in which butcher or grocer piles his wares. They all work in the streets, the turnover with his primitive loom, the embroiderer with his many headed garments. The young Arabs are taught in the streets, a group of twenty or more spotted Catholic and non-Catholic, have commented on the beauty of its outlines, and among other things speak of the service which is held every Sunday after Vespers when clergy, servers, and choir go in procession to the point overlooking the blue water, the priest intoning the office of the Dead surrounded and answered by his people, with the scariet-socked acolytes swinging their censers. So are the unknown remembered, the unnumbered dead who have been lost at sea.

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Build up in spring and summer, it's the natural time to store up health and vitality for the year. Scott's Emulsion is Nature's best and quickest help.

High up the hill, where its almost precipitous side seems to offer the least possible foothold for a building, stands, or rather hangs, the little mosque and souka or Sidi Abderrahman at Tealibia. The marabout round whose grave the buildings have gathered, lived in the first half of the fourteenth century, and belonged to the Taalibi tribe which dominated the Metidja in spite of this, the fame of his learning and holiness was so great that he had retained his hold on the affection of the people, Turks and natives, and is still revered. Whether a oases left the harbor below, he saluted first the Dar es Salan, and then this mosque, each with three guns.

Clinging to the face of the rock, the tiny buildings stand literally one above another with steep, narrow passages or flights of steps between. Highest of all stands the mosque, with a graceful minaret divided into stages of pillared arcades by bands of burnished tiles. Lower down is the Kouba, where the saint covered under his dome. A gaudily carved catalpa, surrounded by a beautiful screen of carved cedarwood, covers his resting place. All round stand or hang, votive offerings of flags, chandeliers, ostrich eggs, and cloaks in barbarous profusion. All is bizarre and tawdry, but, as is often the case in the wonderful light, not inharmonious or unpleasant. Other buildings, but of no special interest, are those belonging to the souka, and the little house of the oukili or guardian. Among them are some beautiful trees, tiny scraps of garden, and equally tiny cemeteries, where the last Bey of Constantine, Ahmed, his wife, and others equally favored, lie at rest. It is pleasant indeed, to linger in this spot of peaceful peace, to look upward at the minaret, its outline dim in the glorious light, or down through the trees to the purple sea beyond.

Lovely walks and drives abound in the vicinity, leading one through wild picturesque ravines and over breezy plateaus, clothed with vast vineyards and cornfields. In the spring the country is literally carpeted with wild flowers, masses of scarlet poppies and bright blue borage, yellow chrysanthemums and white marguerites, tall red spikes of the wild gladiolus, sphodolites, mallow orchids (between thirty and forty varieties), while earlier than all these, the cyclamen grows thickly in the woods and on the banks of shady lanes.

Those who have stout limbs and good lungs find pleasure in climbing the steep slope of the Sabel by the numerous Arab lanes which wind along the side of the ravines, or, in some cases, go straight up the hills, cutting boldly through every obstacle. These are said to have been made by the Romans: a tradition which is corroborated by the uncompromising way in which they are cut through the rock. The high banks are surmounted by the blue-green spikes of the aloë, and the Barbary fig, with here and there a tall fennel stalk, the whole overgrown with a canopy of olive and almond trees, tangled masses of honeysuckle and old man's beard clinging to their branches.

In a corner of the quaint old markets may be seen two or three old women, half blind and hideous, selling the dried flowers of the saotis or mimosa, mixed with gums which are used for incense. From them also may be bought for a few pence pretty little little cones made of pottery in which the sweet-smelling stuff is burnt in the tombs of marabouts, at religious fairs, etc. Or young boys tend the stalls where may be found the queer brown objects like grasshoppers, which are locusts. They are cooked and sold to the people, who pull off the wings and devour them, and also quantities of cakes, dates, barley, candies, etc.

A strange scene of mystery broods in the palm gardens. The very spirit of the Sahara villages seems to dwell here—an ancient spirit, that has never been Islamized. The great rugged stems of the trees are pillars of a temple not made with hands, and their branches its only covering. Passing from the glare and sultry dryness of the sandy road into the moist shadow one becomes conscious of this charm. The monotony to the tall, straight trees is broken sometimes by groups of olives. The gnarled and twisted trunks and pale-tinted foliage make a delicious harmony when they bleed with the richer green and the upright stems of the palms. The light is dim and restful; the sun tempered by the umbrella-like tops of the trees, flickers through the branches, making bright patches upon the ground. Now and then a dark-skinned figure moves across from the sunlight into the shadow; an Arab boy tending a few goats, or a young girl in brightly hued garments. A little negro will climb up the long, fan-like leaves of a young palm, and, sliding down again, grin for prey of basket and show his white teeth, with a child-like desire for your admiration of his feat.—Bensinger.

Under a seeming exaggeration we often find a vital truth. The Western Watchman says: "Our boasted American liberty is now interpreted to mean the right to live and be happy without work." Such a life, is the false hope that the ignorance and recklessness of Socialist agitators are likely to arouse in many minds.

Every fine morning Arab bribe-bravo dealers appear, and spread the terraces and balustrades with the exquisite embroideries of Algiers and Tunis, with Oriental carpets and rugs. Damascene brass work of old Turkish guns inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, swords and daggers with scabbards of solid silver, be suitably wrought.

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"Cholera Infantum"

THE SUMMER COMPLAINT OF INFANTS

Cholera infantum begins with a profuse diarrhea, the stomach becomes irritated, and in many cases vomiting and purging set in. The child rapidly loses flesh, and is soon reduced to great languor and prostration. Cholera infantum can be quickly cured by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Mrs. David A. Cleveland, Apple River, N.S., writes:—"Last September my little boy, four years old, and little girl, two years old, were taken one afternoon with vomiting spells, and in a few hours they had cholera infantum. I had Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, and commenced using it. The cholera got so bad the next day, they passed nothing but blood. I kept on using the medicine, and in a few days they were cured. I always keep a bottle in the house, as I don't think there is anything better for summer complaint than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry."

Some dealers may try to sell you something else, but for the good of your child's health, insist on having "Dr. Fowler's." It has been on the market for over sixty-five years, so you are not using a new and untried remedy. Price 35 cents. Manufactured by Dr. T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

'So you were close by when the scoundrel fired the first shot?' 'Yes, indeed.' 'How far from him were you?' 'Ten feet.' 'And when he fired the second shot?' 'A hundred or more.'

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

'She—Old Mr. Steiner told me he would marry me at once if he were 25 years younger.' He—Why, that would just be my age. She—Ach, this is so sudden.

A Well-Known Man. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results. Yours truly, T. B. LAVERS, St. John.

'Every man in your office is in love with the stenographer.' 'What of it?' 'I wouldn't have that sort of thing going on.' 'Why should I object? Not a man has lost a day this year. Not even baseball attracts them.'

Beware Of Worms.

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 25c.

Old Roxleigh—Consent to your marrying my daughter? No, sir. You have no prospects, have you? Impenetrable Sutor—Well, sir, if that's the way you feel about it, I can't say that I have.

W. 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."

'Women are braver than men,' said Mrs. Nagg. 'In what way?' demanded Mr. Nagg. 'You never heard of a man marrying a woman to reform her,' replied Mrs. Nagg.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Artist (surprising a burglar)—Stay just where you are for five minutes. The light effect is simply fine.

THOUGHT SHE WOULD SURELY DIE

HAD PAINS AROUND THE HEART AND SMOTHERING FEELINGS

Mrs. Wm. Lee, Uthoff, Ont., writes:—"I have taken three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am now well. I had such pains around my heart and such smothering feelings that I thought I would surely die. My head used to be propped up with pillows to keep me from smothering. One day I read in a paper about your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and three boxes cured me." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all run-down men and women, whether troubled with their heart or nerves, and are recommended by some of the greatest confidence that they will do all we claim for them. Price 80 cents per box, or 2 boxes for \$1.50, all dealers or mail order on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway

Commencing on June 3rd, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Read Down, Read Up, Stations, A.M., P.M.

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Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing. We beg to remind our numerous patrons that we have REMOVED from 23 Prince Street to our new stand 122 DORCHESTER STREET, Next door to Dr. Conroy's Office, where we shall be pleased to see all our friends. All Orders Receive Strict Attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN

PLANT LINE. FIRE INSURANCE.

Direct Route to Boston. Commencing 7th May and following Tuesdays, steamer will leave for Hawkesbury, Halifax and Boston. Returning leave Boston every Saturday at noon. For further information, apply to T. NICOLL, Agent, Ch'town. June 26, 1912—tf

Mathieson, MacDonald & Stewart, Barristers, Solicitors, etc. MacDonald Bro. Building, Georgetown. Fraser & McQuaid, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc., Souris, P. E. Island.

Montague Dental Parlors. We guarantee all our plate to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless. A. J. FRASER, D.D. Aug. 15 1906—3m

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M.D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 148 PRINCE STREET CHARLOTTETOWN. June 15, 1910—tf

Hard Coal. Daily expected per schooners "R. Bowers" and "Freedom," one thousand tons bet quality Hard Coal in Egg, Stove and Chestnut sizes. C. Lyons & Co. July 26, 1911—tf

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HARDWARE! Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL Fennel and Chandler

Hammock Sale! BIG DISCOUNTS TO CLEAR. We should have many weeks of Hammock Weather yet, and to clear out the balance of our splendid stock of HAMMOCKS

We will give a discount of 25 p.c. off our already low prices. It will pay you to buy a Hammock now and put it away for next year. Only 36 left and prices range from \$1 to \$6.50 each; all new stock. Hammocks will be higher next year, but we are not going to carry any over. CARTER & CO., Ltd.