

IN SYRIA, THE PROMISED LAND.

There are few portions of the globe about which people have more indefinite ideas than that Eastern land which includes in its boundaries Palestine and Syria.

Askel where the Holy Land is, one answers vaguely: "Oh, somewhere in Asia," and has scant notion even to what Power this country belongs, after its many vicissitudes since the Roman conquest of Jerusalem. The Greeks possessed it; the Persian invaders displaced the Christian possession of the land; and Mohammedan armies coveted and at last conquered it.

The Moslem rule was fair enough to the Christian population, except when fanatic Jews succeeded in getting the ear of the sovereign, and blamed the Christians for disorders in all parts of Syria, and Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land were always harassed and openly insulted. It was for the fiery eloquence of Peter the Hermit to rouse Europe to these conditions, and he preached the Crusades from which arose the Kingdom of Jerusalem, the city being taken by the forces under Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099.

Reconquered by Saracens after a score of Christian rule, to be in turn conquered by the Turks, Syria is today a portion of the vast Ottoman Empire, in the department known geographically as Turkey in Asia, and is divided into provinces, Jerusalem, Lebanon, Beirut, Aleppo, Syria and Zor. On the West it touches the blue Mediterranean, the sands of the Great Arabian desert engulf its Eastern boundary; to the South lie Egypt and the Red Sea, and its Northern limits touch the Turkish province of Mesopotamia. Its mountains are many, dividing the land into plateaus, with fertile valleys and limpid streams.

Coming from the sands of Egypt across the Red Sea one does not wonder that the "Promised Land" seemed to the Jews a haven almost as beautiful as the heavenly haven which it presaged. Olive trees in soil beds of grayish-green cover the hillsides, while some bearing evergreens crown the summits, together with those gnarled and rugged oaks for which Mount Lebanon was famous, and from whose choice, sweet-scented wood was fashioned the Ark of the Covenant.

Palm trees raise their lolly heads heavenward. Scarlet pomegranates and snowy almond trees lend their fragrance to the flower-scented air. Right trees flourish as in the days of the patriarchs, when the olive Master used them and other common things to point His moral and adorn His tale. Memories of the Saviour throng on every hand, for the ground is covered with lilies of the field, the little sparrows chirp and pop about, the valleys are ripe with corn as when He plucked the ears of corn upon the Sabbath day, and every where scorable the oak pistils, that ugly shrub whose soft green leaves conceal its fearful thorns, ferns which were plucked the monk crown for the King of the Jews on the day of the cross.

Flowers are everywhere. A Syrian writer of the ninth century has described in glowing terms the beautiful flora of his land, where "the many flowering gentians is trained over bushes like the violet, narcissus and violets, jessamines, lilacs, cyclamen, myrtle, anemones and orange flowers of snow, fragrant as odors of Abby's bloom."

In that country shepherds are seen watching over their flocks by night as in the days when the angel sang at the birth of the Saviour, and the shepherds, and they saw the Star and were sore afraid, and in the morning they take their herd of sheep and goats down to the brook to water them. It is in Syria still as it was in Abraham's time, that a man's riches are counted by his flocks and herds, and the number of herdsmen he employs.

Nearly all functions in Syria are in the open air. In the country the people gather around the village well, the Baito for all sorts of familiarity, in friendly gossip. Not dancing as in heated American ballrooms, but simply open air dancing, where youth and maiden join hands in a dignified and graceful measure to music weird and strange, with haunting hints of melody within its chords played upon a plaintive instrument of reeds. When she is betrothed, simple-hearted little Fatima becomes an object of interest to all about her. Such clothes as she will wear! Her frock will be of bright-hued plaid, her head-dress will be profusely decorated with tinsel and paper flowers, while around her forehead will be bound a gold band strung with gold coins. The more she wears the greater will be Fatima's importance to the village, for this is her dowry, the good round sum she

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, any joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Shut them down more, especially after sitting or lying long, and they will be sore and stiff in the morning.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

is easily skimmed off and set aside in stone jars.

The lamps in Syria are all filled with olive oil, in which floats a wick at one corner of the vessel, just as when the wise virgins of the parable filled their lamps, and trimmed the floating wicks before the bridegroom came. The Syrian vineyards are wonderfully beautiful. They climb the gentle slopes of the hillsides in their green luxuriance, often completely covering the ground. The work of picking the grapes is done by young girls, and very picturesque they seem amid the green vines and purple clusters of the grapes. Syrian costumes are more picturesque than comfortable. The men wear a quaint combination of Mohammedan trousers, snowy shirts and a loose robe hanging from the shoulders, sometimes belted in with an embroidered sash, at others hanging free. The women's costumes are far more beautiful than those of the men. First there is a long gown of dark blue cotton in very straight lines from throat to ankle. At one side this is decorated with a panel of embroidery in gaily colored silks. All the seams of the gown are overcast in bright colors, the same shades being used in the band of open work around each sleeve. The robe is fastened at the waist by a heavy belt wound several times around the body; it is heavy with embroidery, sometimes in colors, often in gold or silver.

The beautiful hair never shows. It is usually long and glossy, but covered with a fez and bound with a black silk scarf wound around the brow and the throat, and floating free at the back of the head. Shoes of red or yellow leather complete the ordinary, everyday costume of the Syrian maiden, who attends to all her duties thus attired. These duties are by no means light. In the country the daughter must help with the housework and go into the fields if necessary. Every day she must make the bread for the family, no small task, for Syrians eat largely of "the staff of life."

It is interesting to watch Tizza or Nazli making bread. She takes a small ball of dough and flattens it out with her deft fingers until it is as thin as paper, and perhaps a foot across. She then places it quickly on the hot stone oven, making more and more of these flat cakes until there is enough for the whole day. The oven is not a gas one or even a modern range, but is five feet high, of hard baked mud, with a large opening at one side and within it a blazing fire. It is a mistake to suppose ourselves the only bread-makers in the world. Syrian bread is both wholesome and toothsome, and very nourishing, though none too easy to make.

Fatima may also have to do the family washing, which is a terrible task. So many white robes are used that the washing must be done often than once a week, so that the male portion of the community may be kept clean. Each morning the clothes are piled into a kettle, which is lifted as easily as it were a pound of chocolates, to the head of the laundress, and off she starts with her free, easy gait, erect and graceful, perhaps half a mile to the nearest brook. Here she slaps her clothes upon the wet stones, rubs them hard in the fresh water, and brings them home again at night, clean and sweet.

But Fatima's days are not all hard work. When Sunday comes and she has heard Mass in the little village church, there are games and dancing upon the village green. Not dancing as in heated American ballrooms, but simply open air dancing, where youth and maiden join hands in a dignified and graceful measure to music weird and strange, with haunting hints of melody within its chords played upon a plaintive instrument of reeds. When she is betrothed, simple-hearted little Fatima becomes an object of interest to all about her. Such clothes as she will wear! Her frock will be of bright-hued plaid, her head-dress will be profusely decorated with tinsel and paper flowers, while around her forehead will be bound a gold band strung with gold coins. The more she wears the greater will be Fatima's importance to the village, for this is her dowry, the good round sum she

MOTHER

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS.

A gentleman who became wealthy as a purveyor of amusement, tells us that what most takes with men and women are the pastimes that delighted them as children. The truth contained in this statement discloses one of the first claims to popularity put forth in Kathleen Norris' novel, "Mother." This little book will irresistibly carry the reader back to his Louisiana childhood days. The March's house was filled with children—mostly rampant; so, too, is the little home presided over by "Mother" Paget. Aunt Jo—our dear Aunt Jo of days gone by—was ever a girl of "ideas" and convictions. How like her in this respect is Margaret Paget! Aunt Jo went to New York, to a wealthy family, as wealth was measured in those days, to act as governess to two little girls. While engaged in this duty she met Dr. Bhaer, by whose lovable and simple qualities her wild heart was won and tamed. Miss Paget seeks the metropolis as a secretary to Mrs. Carr-Bold, who queries its society there. Here the young creature meets her Professor Tenison, and love for him dispels the stubborn "ideas" that had swayed her up to that time. The last scene in the book reveals Margaret in her true character. No one who has loved a mother will read the chapter without at least winking hard. Incidentally it stamps Miss Norris as a writer of no small power. "Mother" is a story that readers of fiction would style a "problem novel." The difficulty that is put concerns the number of little faces that should be seen in the family circle. The two views find expression in the society leader, Mrs. Carr-Bold on the one hand, and on the other in Mrs. Paget, the "Mother" of the home. In neither case is the type exaggerated. The problem forms an integral part of the story, and, with the story, it is solved—satisfactorily, naturally, and to the last word, interestingly.—R. R. R. in America.

Had Palpitation of the Heart

Weakness and Choking Spells.

When the heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitate and throb, beats fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm. When the heart does this many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, and become weak, worn and miserable. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Mr. John J. Downey, New Glasgow, N.S., writes: "Just a few lines to let you know what your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I was troubled with weakness and palpitation of the heart, would have severe choking spells, and could scarcely lie down at all. I tried many remedies, but got none to answer my case like your Pills. I can recommend them highly to all having heart or nerve troubles."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Poet—Will you accept this poem

at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish it inserted?

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

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Glasgow are two huge dogs carried out of granite. An Englishman going by in a hack thought he would have some fun with the Scotch driver.

"How often, Jock, do they feed those two big dogs?"

"Whenever they bark, sir," was the straight-faced reply.

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We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people. From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., L.D.

The Landlady—How do you like the chicken soup?

The Boarder—Oh—is this chicken soup?

The Landlady—Certainly. How do you like it?

The Boarder—Well—er—it's certainly very tender.

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."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

The Lady—I thought you said you were looking for work.

The Hobo—Well, I am, mum, but I don't want to get it right now. I'm just after clues today.

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

Nurse (to boy who has been using bad words—How dare you, Tommy? Don't let me hear you say that again? Tommy—Well, Shakespeare says it, nurse.

Nurse—Well, you are not to go out playing with him any more.

HAD VERY BAD COUGH

And Tickling Sensation in Throat.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured It.

Miss C. Danielson, Bowman River, Man., writes:—"Last fall I had a very bad cough and a tickling sensation in my throat. It was so bad I could not sleep at night, so I went to a drug store and told him I wanted something for my cough, and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which I did, and after taking one bottle I was completely cured. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone who suffers from a cough or throat irritation."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is without a doubt one of the greatest cough and cold remedies on the market today, and so great has been its success there are numerous preparations put up to imitate it. Do not be misled upon by taking on these substitutes, but insist on being given "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Price 25 cents a bottle, put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 31st, 1911, trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with 6 columns: P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. and 6 rows of train schedules between Charlottetown and other stations.

Trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time.

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Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

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Hard and Soft Coal

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Peake Bros. & Co.

Ch'town, July 19, 1911—3m

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Fall and Winter 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

Montague Dental Parlors

Hard Coal

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

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C. Lyons & Co.

July 26, 1911—4f

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in spring and summer, it's the natural time to store up health and vitality for the year.

Scott's Emulsion

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