

A TUBERCULOSIS EXHIBITION.

With the object of educating the public, especially working men and women, with regard to the methods of avoiding consumption, the Camberwell Dispensary for the Prevention of Consumption has inaugurated a tuberculosis exhibition at Cambridge House, Camberwell Road, the opening ceremony being performed by the Mayor (Alderman W. L. Downton) last week.

BENGER'S FOOD.

Those nurses who have once proved the utility of Benger's Food, supplied by Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, would not willingly be without it in a house where the feeding of infants, invalids, or the aged is in their hands. It is a most useful article of dietary, and is a pleasant change much appreciated by invalids whose diet is restricted. It is nutritious, easily prepared, and a cupful at bedtime often predisposes to sleep.

USEFUL SURGICAL APPLIANCES.

A firm whose name is synonymous with excellence is that of Messrs. Down Bros., of 21, St. Thomas' Street, Borough, and a visit to this establishment is always productive of much interest. Amongst their more recent appliances we note the "Sphere" Hypodermic Syringe for the pocket. It has space for tabloids and for a formalin chamber; and close inspection will reveal it to be a most practical and up-to-date instrument.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

MY SPRING HOLIDAY.

I have been reading lately about the cold east winds in England, and noticed how little sunshine you have had, and as I read I could not help wishing I could transplant you all out here for a time, into the glorious sunshine of Palestine, especially those to whom the English spring is such a trying season. Will it make you very envious if I describe a little trip I took lately? I will risk it; it may perhaps induce my readers to take the same holiday next spring, for to see Palestine in March and April is to behold a vision of loveliness which it is quite impossible to forget, the very memory of it is a treasure. I had a great longing to see Tiberias, and so, with two friends, started by steamer to Haifa about four o'clock one lovely afternoon.

We coasted along the shore, which looked much the same all the way—yellow sandhills, and above them a low green range. In the distance the town of Caesarea could be seen, the stones of its ruins are much used in the building of other towns now. We also passed Tantura, the ancient Dor, mentioned in Joshua xvii., verse 11, and in Judges i., verse 7. It is only a small village now.

Then came the long ridge of Carmel, with its lighthouse on the Haifa end, and the monastery on the hill of sacrifice on the other.

We arrived at Haifa at about ten o'clock. It was a lovely moonlight night, which made our disembarking much pleasanter and easier than is often the case at this port. The ship anchored some little way from the shore, and we were taken to land in small boats. One of our party had forgotten her passport, and one of the Customs officers was about to make a huge fuss, so I dropped a couple of bishliks in his hand and he said, "*Taiyeb sittee*" (all right, my lady), and let us pass on our way. Haifa is built on a strip of land between the shore and the mountains, and as the moon was full we had a good view of the white houses, which stood out with startling clearness. It was too late to do any sight seeing that night, so we retired to rest as soon as we arrived at the hotel.

Next morning we arose at an early hour, for the earliest hours of the day are the sweetest in Syria, and our time was very limited, so we just took a drive through the German Colony, which is in a very flourishing condition. The houses are well built, and the gardens attached to them very pretty, with many gay-coloured flowers. Everywhere was an air of thrift, industry and prosperity. The Germans have done much for Haifa from a commercial point of view.

As we drove along a Greek funeral passed us. The coffin was covered with the favourite shade of pink material with real flowers pinned here and there all over it. It was carried high above the heads of the bearers, who relieved each other of their heavy burden from time to time, chanting as they went a weird and mournful dirge.

The view from the east of the town is very lovely, with Mount Carmel as a background, the palm-trees skirting the shore, and the hazy blue of the hills the other side of the Bay of Acre. As we drove along the road to Nazareth we passed through the plain of Esdraelon such flowers we saw. The whole of the plain was just like a gorgeous Persian carpet for diversity of shades of colouring, and it seemed almost a sacrilege to drive over it, for it was all daisies and phlox and pink mallows, lemon scabious, which is, by the way, the Palestine primrose, and oh, so many other exquisite flowers. On we drove, with the sweet fragrance of the little carpet-weavers all around us. It was delightful to see so many trees, and the shade afforded by the fine oak trees in a thickly-wooded part of the country we passed through was indeed refreshing in the hot sun. We passed a great many mulberry trees, olive groves, and hedges of the prickly pear, and in some places, of mimosa, everything looking beautiful, and speaking of spring.

After driving for about six hours we arrived at Nazareth, the lovely green of which gave me the sort of feeling I have on arriving at Newhaven after being away in a land where grass is more often brown than green. It was all so fresh and dewy and sweet.

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