

SAVED BY A RUSE.

In the month of August, some five years ago, I arrived in Constantinople, accompanied by my brother and another gentleman, who had been despatched to the city of domes and dirt by a London syndicate to negotiate with the Sultan—through his ministers, of course—touching a concession for the erection of a paper-mill at a place called Khizir-Mirza, on the banks of the Vardar. I need hardly say that the method of conducting business in Turkey is vastly different from that which prevails in more civilized countries. Things move slowly in the home of the "unspeakable one;" interviews, with the inevitable accompaniments of coffee and cigarettes, are spun out to inordinate length; many palms have to be "greased" with that indispensable lubricant, "backsheesh," and everyone concerned, however remotely, in the business in hand has to be entertained, flattered, and made much of. All this we were acquainted with before leaving England, and so we made arrangements to spend several weeks—or, it the need arose, several months—in the beautiful but odoriferous city.

This by way of introduction. Personally I had nothing to do with the business itself. I made one of the party purely for artistic purposes. Whilst my friends were hobnobbing with Pashas, Viziers, and other important personages, I was busy seeking out picturesque "bits" for transference to sketch-book and canvas. With an indifference which I am forced to admit, was as reckless as it afterwards proved dangerous, I indulged in solitary strolls through quarters of the city which even hardened travellers, more intimately acquainted with the country and its people than I was, would have shrunk from penetrating alone. It was on one of these rambles that the following adventure happened—an adventure, I may add with every truth, that nearly cut short my stay in the city, and my career as an artist at one and the same time.

One afternoon I unthinkingly wandered into the network of slums and alleys which crowd together on the margin of the Bosphorus. It is true I was soberly dressed in an old "studio suit" and displayed no jewelry, but a "Frank," he he ever so poorly attired, is, in the eyes of the lower-class Turks and cosmopolitan riff-raff haunting the city, a man of wealth, and if he has no money in his pockets, inevitably must possess boxes of gold at home. A poor Englishman is an unknown quantity in the minds of Orientals. I knew all this perfectly well, but, in a moment of artistic impetuosity, I threw all thoughts of caution to the winds, and, before I quite realized the absurdity of my conduct, I found myself in the lowest quarter of the city, and surrounded by cut-throats of the most reckless and desperate character. Worse still, darkness was rapidly coming on.

The streets of Constantinople, even the main thoroughfares, are bad enough by day, but by night they are simply awful. As for the slums—well they beggar description. Quagmire succeeds quagmire, heaps of filth obstruct one's passage, and loathsome streams tickling slobberly in every direction form inevitable "sloughs of despond" for the unwary pedestrian to plunge into up to his knees. With difficulty I steered my way through the semidarkness, inquiring my way in imperfect Turkish of passers-by and clapping my stick—a stout ash—ready to defend myself in the event of a sudden attack.

Hurrying forward, I suddenly came into collision with two men who were standing in the shadow of a projecting wall. A curse delivered in voluble French saluted my ears, and this was followed by a hand laid roughly on my shoulder. I speak French fluently, for I studied art for some years in a famous atelier in Paris; and, thinking that, in the circumstances, discretion was very much the better part of valor, I apologized profusely in the same language. The man's attitude towards me at once underwent a most remarkable change. He was all bows and smiles, the typical Frenchman all over, whilst his companion—a black-bearded, evil-looking, bearded Turk—grinned and twisted his yellow countenance into a series of grimaces which by no means added to his natural beauty.

"Can I be of any service to Monsieur?" "Thank you; I have missed my way. Can you direct me to the Yildiz Bridge?" "Monsieur is a stranger?" "Yes."

No sooner had I uttered the word than I regretted my thoughtlessness. The fact that I had exposed my helpless position to the two scoundrels—for I had mentally taken their measure at an early stage of the proceedings—instantly flashed across me. From the quick cunning look which the couple exchanged I at once divined that they, too, had grasped the situation. "I am at Monsieur's service," said the Frenchman, again bowing; "will Monsieur be pleased to accompany me and I will put him on the right path in a few moments."

I confess that I did not like the idea of following the ruffians, but there was no alternative. After all, my suspicions might be absolutely groundless. We walked forward in silence, and all seemed to be going well when, turning a sharp corner—and sharp corners in Constanti-

nople are sharp—I was suddenly pushed against the wall of a house, and, before I had time to recover myself, the tall Turk literally jumped on my back, clamping my throat with his hands and dragging me to the ground, whilst the little Frenchman, with an adroit movement, seized my legs and tripped me up. The result of this combined action was peculiar. I fell against the wall, which seemed to open before me—in reality it was a door—and, falling forward, I took a "header" apparently into space, in much the same fashion as a clown jumps through the butcher's or baker's shop in a harlequinade.

Fortunately I had not far to fall, and with equal good fortune I tumbled into a mass of straw. As I struggled to regain my feet the Frenchman closed the door, and the Turk rather inconsiderately sat upon me, nearly squeezing out of my unfortunate body what little breath I had left. Then, greatly to my relief, a light was struck, and I had an opportunity of examining my surroundings.

My prison was a small, square-shaped room, with stone walls and a low ceiling. Straw covered the floor and a few old casks, boxes, and baskets lay scattered about, whilst of furniture there appeared to be none. No one spoke, and, save for the hard breathing of my fat Turk and the crunching of the straw as his fellow-conspirator moved about, not a sound disturbed the silence. At least, I detected no sound at first. Presently, however, I became aware of a curious noise, a dull rushing, moaning noise, which seemed to rise from the floor. Its origin and significance completely baffled me. Whilst I lay, trying to suggest a solution of the mystery, the Turk got up, and the Frenchman, having first taken the precaution to secure my stick, intimated that I might do the same. I need scarcely say I did not lose much time in carrying out his suggestion.

"You want money, I suppose?" I said bluntly, English-like, coming to the point at once.

The Frenchman nodded. "Well, I have none."

At this the Frenchman grinned maliciously, and the Turk, divining the purport of my reply, also grinned.

"Monsieur has plenty at his hotel?" "A few pounds, that is all. I am a poor man—an artist."

"Monsieur has rich friends?" "I wish I had!"

"Monsieur can give me a letter to the proprietor of his hotel, instructing him to deliver to the bearer Monsieur's ransom?" The ruffian dwelt lovingly on the last word. It had an unpleasant sound. The intentions of the pair of desperadoes were now made perfectly clear. To give them credit, they did not make the smallest attempt to conceal them. They probably had played the same game before, and with perfect success.

"I tell you I have no money," I said firmly. "We shall see," replied the Frenchman, smiling.

He went to the further end of the room, swept some of the straw off the floor with his foot, and, stooping down, opened a square trap-door. The inexplicable rushing sound which I had previously noticed now became more marked, and the cause of it was apparent when the Frenchman, holding his lamp aloft, beckoned me to approach and gaze into the chasm which yawned at his feet. The light from the flickering wick fell upon the glistening surface of a swiftly flowing torrent. The room was evidently built on piles sunk in the bed of the river. Scores of riverside dwellings in Constantinople are built in this way. The object of this display was self-evident. If I did not accede to their demands they would fling me into the river.

"Monsieur observes the water. It flows rapidly. A body cast into it might not be found for days, for weeks, for months even; perhaps never. It is very swift; it flows into the sea."

I understood perfectly what he meant. The situation was not a cheerful one. Nevertheless, I assumed a defiant air.

"It is all the same to me," I managed to exclaim, without so much as a tremor in my voice; "I have no money."

My attitude seemed to surprise the two ruffians a good deal. They looked at each other and then, retiring a short distance from me, held a whispered conversation, the purport of which I could not gather. I therefore waited with some anxiety for their next move. It was more pacific than I had anticipated.

"We will leave Monsieur to think matters over," said the Frenchman.

The pair then scrambled through the door, which they secured outside. Fortunately they did not take the lamp with them. Left to myself, I endeavored to think of some plan to escape. I examined the room carefully, but, save for the one door, there was no opening. True, there was the trap, but I had no taste for trying my fortunes in the grimy Bosphorus. It was whilst making this tour of inspection that my foot struck against something which gave forth a metallic sound. Stooping down, I picked out of the straw, my tin oil-color box, which must have dropped from my pocket during the struggle. The sight of my old friend inspired me with an idea. I lost no time in carrying it into effect.

The inner side of the tin lid had become polished with constant use, and, utilising this as a mirror, I proceeded to paint my face a ghastly shade of yellowy-green, dotted here and there with spots and blotches of various hues. When I had finished I presented an appearance which I can best be described as revoltingly hideous. I had scarcely added the finishing touches to my work of art when the door opened, and my captors returned. No sooner did they set eyes upon my hideous countenance than they swiftly retreated, an expression of undisguised horror fitting over their faces. To add to the general effect I rolled about in apparent agony, murmuring the while, "Cholera! cholera! I am dying!"

The ruse was entirely successful. The frightened Frenchman and his equally alarmed companion nearly fainted at the sight of the loathsome creature before them, and at the second of "Cholera," a word which strikes terror into the stoutest Oriental heart, they turned and fled.

Believe me, I lost little time in following them. Once out of the house my courage revived. I ran forward, following my nose, and did not stop until the streets grew broader and lighter, and then, hailing a vehicle, I drove to my hotel, where my arrival, decked out literally in "war-paint," naturally caused no little consternation.

I have never forgotten that night in Constantinople, and I don't suppose the Frenchman and his fellow-desperado have forgotten it, either.

A FISHERMAN'S STORY

THE EXPOSURES OF HIS CALLING BROUGHT ON LUNATIC TROUBLE.

Suffered Severely and Spent Much Money Before He Found a Cure—An Experience That Will Prove Valuable to Others.

[From the Canso Breeze.]

A few miles from Canso, N. S., is located the little village of Dover Bay. Among the residents of the village none is better known than Andrew Horne, who is a general favorite with his neighbors. The editor of the Breeze was in Dover Bay a few days ago, and in conversation with Mr. Horne learned that he could add his experience to the many who have spoken so strongly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Horne follows the arduous and dangerous calling of a fisherman, and is exposed to all sorts of weather. Some years ago exposure brought on a severe cold which left his lungs so weakened that after a hard fit of coughing he would frequently spit blood in considerable quantities. Mr. Horne spent considerable money in doctoring, but met with such poor results that he began to be discouraged. To add to his troubles he was badly constipated, and this gave rise to chronic piles, which caused him intense agony, and reduced him almost to helplessness. One day Mr. Horne received a copy of a pamphlet issued by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., and after reading the strong testimonials it contained determined to give Pink Pills a fair trial. The result was beyond even his most sanguine expectations. He soon felt like a new man. His lung trouble disappeared and he is now able to stand any amount of exposure without feeling any bad effects. The constipation also disappeared, and with it the piles which had caused so much agony, and, as Mr. Horne says, "life is again worth living, and I am glad to be able to make this statement in the hope that some other sufferer will follow my example, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and regain health."

The editor of the Breeze feels that he will be doing his share in the good work by giving Mr. Horne's statement to its readers.

A Theatrical Incident.

"One of the funniest things I ever saw in a theatre," said an actor, "happened in a town not far from here. Our company was snowbound, and had lost two or three dates, so we filled in one night at this town. The theatre was really a big town hall, with no gallery, but having a lot of raised seats in the rear. When it came time to begin the show there were only five or six persons in the main body of the hall, but the cheap seats at the rear were crowded. Our manager thought it would be better to have the audience within hearing distance of the stage, so he told the ushers to notify the people in the back seats that as soon as the curtain went up they could go forward and occupy any of the front seats not already taken. Well, the curtain went up, and Frank Moynihan was discovered on the stage. He was playing an Irish servant. His lines were, 'Here it is a half-hour past the time, and master not yet returned,' or something like that. He had spoken about four words when the whole mob in the rear of the house arose as one man, and rushed wildly towards him, climbing over chairs, knocking each other down in their haste, and howling like Indians. Moynihan dropped his feather duster, gave one yell of terror, and ran from the stage. He thought they were going to kill him, sure. It was several minutes before he recovered sufficiently to go back and take his part."

An Entrance Lock.

Among the recent improvements made in the London West India Docks is a new entrance lock, 480 feet long, with a uniform depth of thirty feet of water over the sill, connecting the river with the basin, and allowing the largest vessels which go up the Thames to enter the docks. In letting in the water a novel device is used to prevent cross currents. The water is admitted through openings at the bottom of the dock, covered by metal disks, as in a bath.

One of Russia's marriage customs is for the bride and bridegroom to race rapidly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession enters the church, because of the belief that whichever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master of the household.

CONSUMPTION IS CONTAGIOUS.

A Sad Accident to An Eminent Bacteriologist Proves This.

The sad accident to Dr. John M. Byron, an eminent bacteriologist of the Loomis laboratory, in the University Medical college of New York, demonstrates again the positively contagious nature of consumption. While experimenting with some tuberculosis bacteria last February he became somewhat careless and inhaled them. Two weeks later he discovered that he had thus fallen a victim to the dread disease. He was strong and in perfect health when this happened, and his weight was nearly 165 pounds; his lungs are now but 120 pounds. Both of his lungs are badly affected, but he hopes to recover. Although Dr. Byron is but 35 years old, he is acknowledged to be one of the most eminent bacteriologists on this side of the Atlantic. During one of the yellow fever epidemics in South America he was in charge of several large hospitals, and he was in Havana when a similar epidemic appeared there, and although he was not twenty-four years old the authorities put the hospitals under his care. One of Dr. Byron's great achievements resulted from his study of leprosy, showing that it was produced by bacteria. The late of this young scientist is a warning to all who are brought in contact with consumptives, as nurses or associates. The dried spit of the affected person is the proved source of danger, and is found upon analysis swarming with the germs peculiar to the disease. This fact, taken in connection with the filthy habit of expectoration, anywhere and everywhere, the great reproach in manners of our people, accounts for the wide prevalence of this fatal malady. It also shows how easy it would be to lessen its ravages, could people generally be made to comprehend the value of cleanliness in the respect to which we refer.

Girls as Architects.

Two happy girls are Miss Alice Hands and Miss Mary Gannon, for by their work are they acknowledged as professional equals of men. Architects of no mean ability are they, and much promise is given them by the acceptance of their plans for the Florence hospital at San Francisco, which is now being erected at a cost of \$25,000. Plans for this building were subjected to examination by many prominent architects, both of New York and other cities. The hospital is built of wood in purely colonial style and accommodates forty patients. It is a private one and under the care of the founder, Dr. Florence Saltonstall. There are two wards, with fifteen beds each, and ten private rooms. The operating room, with sterilizing and etherizing rooms opening off, are most complete as to arrangement and size. An immense elevator is in the middle of the central building, which admits of patients being transferred to one floor from another in their beds. Both Miss Hands and Miss Gannon have been at work all summer in architects' offices for seven competitors for schoolhouses and other buildings. They are the first women to have work hung in the Architectural league and are the only women belonging to the Sketch Club. I, one of the monthly competitions in which they are judged equally with men Miss Gannon was given second mention on a railway sketch.

"W-w where are you g-g-g-g-g going?" asked one. "G-g-g-g-g going t-t-t-to the student-student-student institute," said the other. "G-g-g-g-g good pup-pup-pup-pup," said the first. "They kick-kick-kick-kick me."

"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine is acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,
Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE,
Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST" which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writer who has worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly,
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Barrister.

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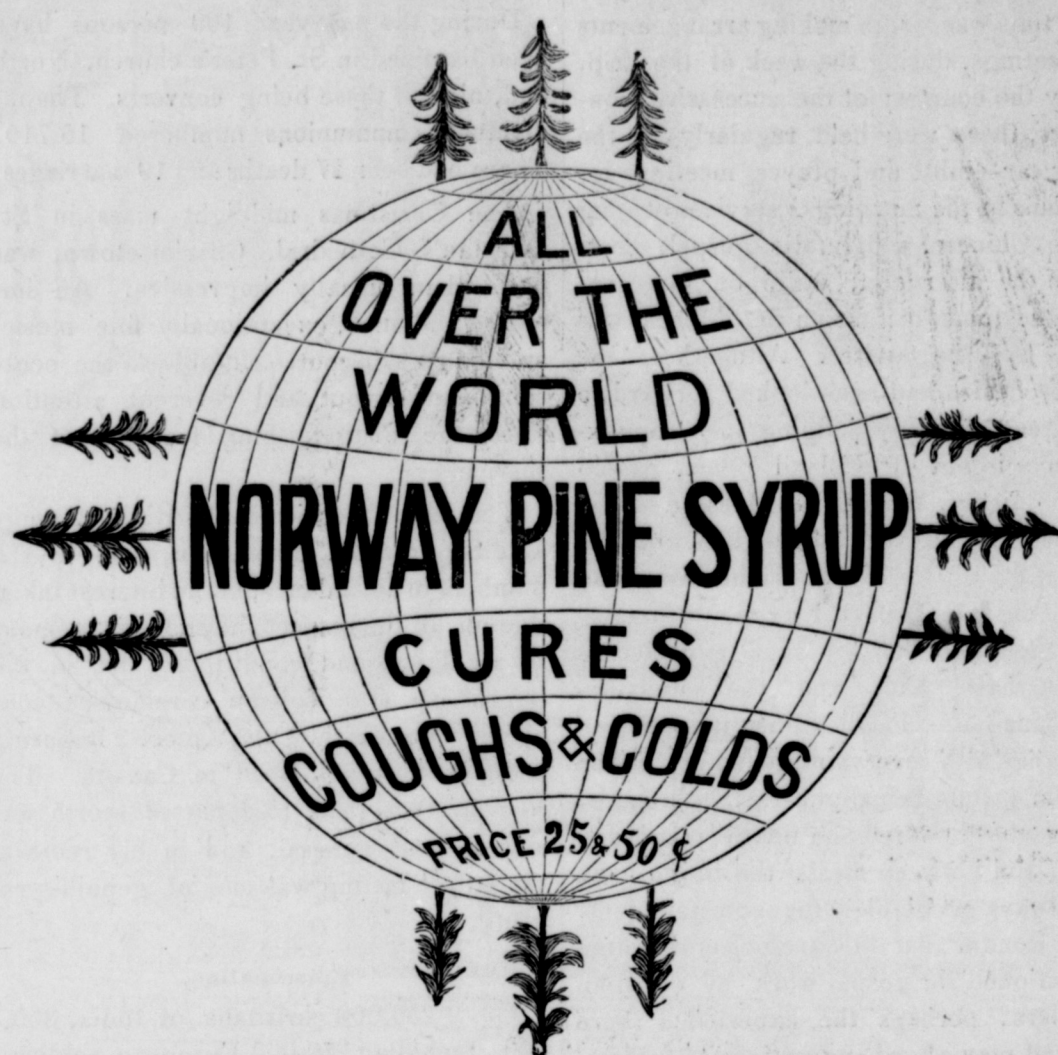
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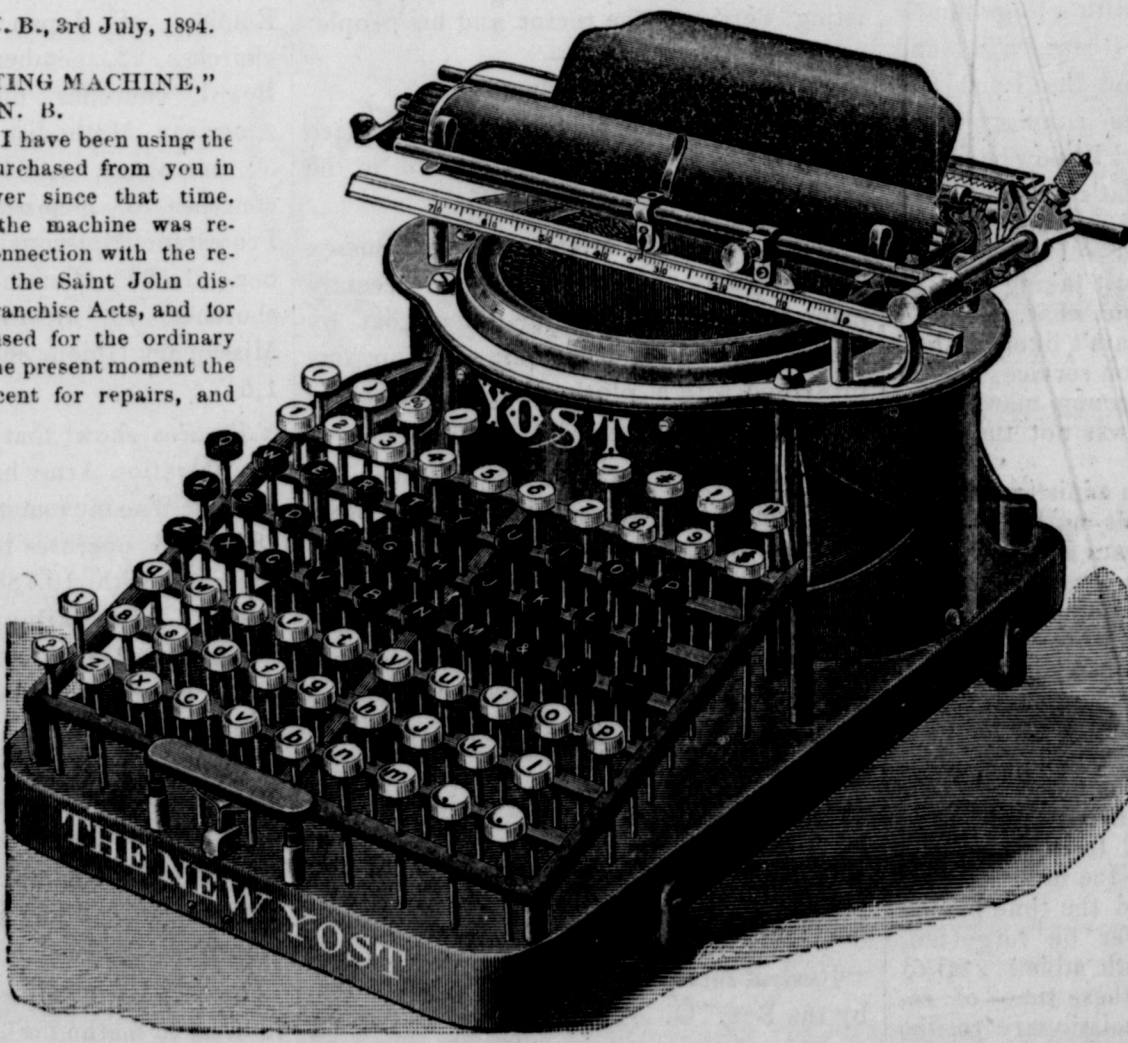
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ST. JOHN, N. B.,
JULY 23rd, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,
City.
Dear Sir: We have been using the "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly,
ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S.,
July 3rd, 1894.
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Hardware Merchant,
General Insurance Agt.,
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