

COURAGEOUS TOURISTS FOUND  
TRAVELLING IN ANCIENT TURKEY  
NEITHER FAST NOR COMFORTABLE

(By Sir Valentine Chirol in The Manchester Guardian.)

In the early years of Abdul Hamid, Sultan and Caliph, travelling in Turkey was neither easy nor exorbitant. It meant almost always travelling on horseback, with a native servant carrying one's slender kit on another horse. One saw more of the country and one got into closer contact with the people, but if one attached himself to a caravan trading along the customary routes between the chief towns of the interior one's progress was desperately slow, and one had to halt every night at local caravanserais, often over-crowded and extremely uncomfortable and usually filthy. If one struck out his own line over less frequented tracks one had to rough it even more, but with a greater sense of independence and greater chances of unexpected adventure. I chose the latter alternative on a long overland journey from Damascus into Asia Minor. One could never move, however, without a permit from the Turkish authorities, and when I got to Aleppo and wanted to include in my next stage the ruins of the Basilica of St. Simeon Stylites, far from all the beaten tracks, the Pasha grew very suspicious, as he could not imagine why anybody should wish to take the risks of such a journey for so incomprehensible a purpose. But he professed to hold my country in great esteem and would not refuse me his necessary visa, on condition that I took with me a Turkish zaptieh, or mounted gendarme, to see that no harm came to me in so wild a bit of country, often haunted, he admitted, by marauders. His object, I knew, was that I should have down the semblance of a zigzag path with me someone who would report half buried in snow to the valley below to him what I was really up to, for hallow. Then there was still the awkward imagined, of course, that I was a second agent of the British Government and since the British occupation of Cyprus in 1879 the Turks had feared, and the Syrians had hoped, that we meant to use that island as a stepping-stone to Syria.

Having dispatched my own servant with most of my kit to travel an easier route on which I could rejoin him three days later at Beilan, I set forth from Aleppo on a bright winter's morning with my zaptieh—a picturesque fellow with a yellow keffiyeh wound round his fez, a fierce moustache twirled back under his ears, an embroidered belt bristling with knives and pistols, and an ancient gun slung across his back. What pleased me most was that he was well mounted on a good Arab mare. He was, in fact, himself an Arab of Aleppo and very proud of it, and he grew quite friendly and loquacious when he found that I knew enough colloquial Arabic to understand his stories, even assuring me that he and all Arabs hated the Turks and looked to the exalted Government of England to free them before long from their yoke.

An Adventurous Journey.

For the first couple of hours our route lay across a stony and almost barren plateau, but there was at first a fairly defined track and the mountains of Siman Dag in front of us gave us our direction. Then heavy clouds began to gather, and a driving mist was succeeded by driving squalls of snow which gradually obliterated our uncertain track. The mountains were blotted out and I had only a small compass by which I could approximately steer our course. Soon the snow was falling so steadily and so heavily that our horses stumbled over the rough ground and stones which it covered up and concealed, and we had to dismount and lead them. We plodded along at a very slow pace for another few miles, and darkness gradually fell upon us. My zaptieh's spirits dropped and failed, and after repeatedly asking me in a woebegone voice how far we had still to go—a question I was asking myself with some internal misgivings but could not possibly answer—his tone got very sulky and he finally declared that he would not go a yard farther and that we ought to lie down and wait till the storm was over. In vain I argued with him that to lie down where we were would mean being frozen to death and buried under the snow. We wrangled

and stumbled on for a bit, and then his language grew suddenly violent and threatening. Not a yard farther would he go. I too had to resort to threats, and, dragging my own horse along a few paces ahead of him, shouted that he might do what he liked and that if he chose to stay behind and die I meant to go on. As I proceeded to suit the deed to the word and he saw me disappearing in front of him into the darkness he abated his truculence and cried piteously to me not to desert him. So I relented and promised that if he would only pull himself together and be a man, and push on for another hour by my watch, we would give it up and die together "like brothers." This heartened the poor fellow, and we resumed our weary efforts. I had myself on unpleasant foreboding that that hour would be my last, for my strength also was almost exhausted. I looked again and again at my watch by the light of a match, and three-quarters of an hour had already gone before the snow ceased and the wind, which had suddenly sprung up again strong and bitterly cold, dispersed the clouds. We had reached almost the edge of a steep cliff, and just below us, by this time in bright moonlight, stood deep down in a valley the ruins of the Basilica I had risked so much to reach. My zaptieh grew almost delirious with joy, threw himself at my feet, kissed my hands, and vowed by Allah the all-merciful that I was a worker of miracles.

By the Shepherds' Fire.

It was indeed almost a miracle how we scrambled and slithered safely quite well, was that I should have down the semblance of a zigzag path with me someone who would report half buried in snow to the valley below to him what I was really up to, for hallow. Then there was still the awkward imagined, of course, that I was a second agent of the British Government and since the British occupation of Cyprus in 1879 the Turks had feared, and the Syrians had hoped, that we meant to use that island as a stepping-stone to Syria.

Having dispatched my own servant with most of my kit to travel an easier route on which I could rejoin him three days later at Beilan, I set forth from Aleppo on a bright winter's morning with my zaptieh—a picturesque fellow with a yellow keffiyeh wound round his fez, a fierce moustache twirled back under his ears, an embroidered belt bristling with knives and pistols, and an ancient gun slung across his back. What pleased me most was that he was well mounted on a good Arab mare. He was, in fact, himself an Arab of Aleppo and very proud of it, and he grew quite friendly and loquacious when he found that I knew enough colloquial Arabic to understand his stories, even assuring me that he and all Arabs hated the Turks and looked to the exalted Government of England to free them before long from their yoke.

An Adventurous Journey.

For the first couple of hours our route lay across a stony and almost barren plateau, but there was at first a fairly defined track and the mountains of Siman Dag in front of us gave us our direction. Then heavy clouds began to gather, and a driving mist was succeeded by driving squalls of snow which gradually obliterated our uncertain track. The mountains were blotted out and I had only a small compass by which I could approximately steer our course. Soon the snow was falling so steadily and so heavily that our horses stumbled over the rough ground and stones which it covered up and concealed, and we had to dismount and lead them. We plodded along at a very slow pace for another few miles, and darkness gradually fell upon us. My zaptieh's spirits dropped and failed, and after repeatedly asking me in a woebegone voice how far we had still to go—a question I was asking myself with some internal misgivings but could not possibly answer—his tone got very sulky and he finally declared that he would not go a yard farther and that we ought to lie down and wait till the storm was over. In vain I argued with him that to lie down where we were would mean being frozen to death and buried under the snow. We wrangled

sleep it was dawn and the shepherds and their flocks were already on the move. Refreshed by another big jorum of hot ewe's milk which my queer but kindly hosts again insisted on providing, I sallied forth into the open, and after cleaning myself as far as circumstances allowed in a big pool of half-frozen water I set forth to explore the ruins of which the church formed the most conspicuous and best preserved, but by no means the largest, part. Large monasteries and rest-houses for pilgrims had grown up around the church, but were now mere heaps of crumbling stone. For St. Simeon had been the first and greatest of the "pillar saints," and his fame spread far and wide even in his lifetime. It was in 423 that he first built himself, in that wild and remote valley the low platform or pillar, which he had gradually raised to the height of forty cubits, whereon he spent his remaining years in prayer and contemplation and in conveying, sometimes in lengthy epistles, his blessings and his counsels to princes and bishops and pilgrims from the most distant lands, even from Britain, and acquired such a reputation for the miracles he was reputed to work that when he died in 459 his body was transported to the great city of Antioch with not only religious but military honours. The Emperor Leo would willingly have had it brought to a basilica in Constantinople itself. Little known at the time I visited it, it has been thoroughly explored since then, and is now easy of access over quite tolerable roads, and maybe there is a regular service of charabanes from Aleppo to take tourists there and back in a few hours. But, as I have said, old-time travel in Turkey was not so easy, if, as I beg leave to think, infinitely more interesting.

THE WORLD'S  
FASTEST DUPLEX  
OCEAN CABLE

Now Being Laid From  
Newfoundland to the  
Azores by the W. U.  
Telegraph Company.

Aboard Cable Steamer "Dominia", Aug. 27—Five hundred miles out from Bay Roberts, Nl., and more than eight hundred miles of cable still lay before reaching the Azores, the Dominia today reached the deepest part of the Atlantic on the route selected for the world's fastest duplex ocean cable. For one hundred miles of the route the sea floor is 2,500 fathoms below the keel of the ship—nearly three miles. Once this deep valley is passed, however, the chart shows a gradual rise to 2,000 fathoms, then to 1,000 fathoms, and, as the Azores are reached, a precipitous rise to the ocean mountain peak which is Fayal, the cable relay point of the Azores group.

Since leaving Bay Roberts, on August 23, the Dominia has been making a consistent speed of 7½ knots. Mile after mile the cable rolls overboard as the ship is kept on the exact course started by the Dominia on her west-bound trip before beginning the cable laying task. As deep water is reached, the strain on the cable registers an increase on the dynamometer, and the brakes on the great paying-out drums are eased off to pay out cable faster. Thus allowance is made for changes in the contour of the sea floor, for the cable must lie safely cushioned in the soft ooze of the bottom. Should it become suspended between two subterranean peaks, it would in time chafe through the insulation, and communication would be interrupted.

Engineers of the Western Union Telegraph Company aboard the Dominia state that the schedule fixed by the Dominia is being adhered to with almost clock-like exactness. If the present rate of speed is continued without interruption, the Dominia will land the shore end of the cable at Horta on Sept. 3rd, and communication will be established with Bay Roberts immediately by Western Union engineers and cable experts.

The Dominia, a British steamer owned by the Telegraph Maintenance and Construction Company, is laying the cable for the Western Union Telegraph Company under contract. This contract has definite time limits—hence the meticulousness with which the schedule is being followed.

WOMEN BEST AIR PILOTS  
DECLARES LADY HEATH

London, Aug. 30—Lady Heath, pioneer aviatrix, who gives liberally of her time and money in promoting aeronautics, foresees women leading as sky pilots. She has received her commission as an air mail pilot and she sincerely trusts that other women may qualify, and prove her contention that her sex is the best fitted for the work.

More Sensitive Nerves.

"Women," she says, "make the best pilots because we have the most sensitive nerves and acute sense of air conditions generally. Handling an aircraft is largely a matter of feel and, as women's hands usually are more sensitive than man's, we, therefore, should have at least an equal chance of success with men, in the profession. Contrary to general notion, learning to fly an airship is neither difficult nor dangerous. Plenty of business men here own their own commutators."

Business Friend—Are you certain your wife knows I am going home with you for dinner?

His Host—Of course. Didn't we nearly have a scrap about it this morning?

"I hear that your wife has changed her diet."

"Yes just as soon as she heard that Mrs. Smith was on the same morning."

U. S. SEEKS MORE  
SIGNATORIES

Washington, D. C., Aug. 29—The treaty renouncing war as a national policy was placed yesterday before 48 other nations by United States diplomatic representatives for the consideration and approval of those governments, Russia is being invited by France to join.

Adherence by all these nations would make the treaty effective between 64 nations and thereby practically universal. Already a number of the governments have indicated informally that they are prepared to participate in the treaty.

Joan—Looks like rain, daddy.

Daddy (in bad temper)—Well let it rain!

Joan—I was going to, Daddy.

Have just read of a scientist who permitted spiders and tarantulas to bite him to learn if they were poisonous. What an investigative turn of mind that chap has!

a DANGEROUS Character  
on the Road

CARELESSNESS in keeping your car in good order increases your liability to accident. It makes your car a menace on the highway—a "Dangerous Character."

You are not safe, and other motorists are not safe, if you drive with brakes which won't operate instantly, lights which don't shine, or steering wheel which is not dependable.

New Brunswick's highways are of ample width. Danger spots and curves are plainly marked. Curves and grades have been made safe.

The enjoyment of the highways by the thousands who use them depend largely on you and the other motorists. Keep your car in perfect mechanical condition. Drive carefully. Avoid excessive speeds.

On the motor owners of New Brunswick largely falls the costs of maintenance of our roads. Excessive speed is one of the chief agents of destruction of road surfaces. Speed restrictions are therefore in the interest of all motorists. See that you observe them.

Those who are careless about speed limits are reminded that a traffic patrol is rigidly enforcing the speed law on all highways.

The traffic patrol is not to inconvenience the motorist, and not for the purpose of collecting fines. Its aim is to protect life and limb, and the public investment in the roads. Its work makes for the safety of yourself and your family.

Won't you do your part in the movement to reduce accident on the highways, and encourage your friends to do the same?

DEPARTMENT of PUBLIC WORKS, NEW BRUNSWICK

HON. D. A. STEWART  
Minister

B. H. KINGHORN  
Deputy Minister and Chief Highway Engineer

CITY OF FREDERICTON  
Notice of Sale of Lands

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the provisions of the City of Fredericton Assessment Act 1926, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the arrears of City taxes, for the years mentioned hereunder, made and assessed against the parties hereinafter named, unless the several sums due, together with the costs of this notice, are sooner paid, be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall, in the City of Fredericton, on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1928, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises owned or occupied by the respective persons hereunder mentioned and set opposite their respective names.

Property to be Sold.	Name of Person Assessed	Arrears for Years	Total Due
Lot corner King Street and Taylor Alley, 40 ft. on King Street and 109 ft. on Alley	ROY H. McGRATH	1925-1926-1927 .....	\$740.42 Interest ..... 79.06
Farm on east side Maryland Hill Road, known as the Cameron Farm, containing 75 acres	ARTHUR S. TYLER	1925-1926-1927 .....	\$221.59 Interest ..... 27.00

Dated the 31st day of July, A. D. 1928.

FRED I. HA VILAND,  
City Treasurer.