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afternoon the Moslem population were well armed with clubs and knives, and ready for the awful work of slaughtering the innocent and looting their houses and stores. The Sultan gave them thirty-six hours in which to do their work. We have every reason to believe that a massacre had been planned for, and the action of the revolutionists simply brought it on a few days earlier than it would otherwise have been.

In Phamar, and Hasskuey on the Golden Horn, the slaughter was great. The mob was made up of Turks, Kurds, Jews and Gypsies. They commenced the fiendish work there at about seven o'clock in the evening, and continued it for about twenty-four hours. Every Armenian man they met was killed (there are no wounded to care for), but in the whole affair not more than two women have been touched. They probably made some resistance or were accidentally killed. The Turks usually led the mob carrying off the best of the goods. Some houses were gone through six, eight and even ten times. The Gypsies usually brought up in the rear of the mob, and as they went through one house, one was heard to exclaim, "They have not even left us a pin." The Jews (a large number live in that locality) took a very active part in both the killing and looting. Of the five

hundred Armenian houses in Hasskuey not more than four or five were left untouched. A very large number of men, women and children fled to the Gregorian Church, where they were protected, but many more were cut down before they could reach the church. The servant of the Protestant pastor had a very narrow escape. He had been left alone in the house while the family spent a few days at the seaside. For several hours he remained in the building while the sound of the mob became louder and louder, till at last he was sure they would burst into the house in a few minutes, and he concluded he must, if possible, get to the church. As he left the house he was followed by a band of fellows bent on murder. They clubbed him severely but he managed to escape from them. Running to the head of the narrow street he met a mob of about 200. It was useless for him to try to reach the church, and the only thing he could do was to endeavor to return to the house, in which he was successful. Standing at the door he found seven Armenians who begged and besought him to give them refuge. The eight went in, fastened the door, and descended to the cellar, where they buried themselves under a pile of wood and barrels. Soon they heard the fiends at work above. After a short time