



MELON VENDOR, CAIRO.

which were so contracted that two or three persons would be inconvenienced in passing one another, and frequently the roofs of the buildings would converge, forming a complete cover.

I was also much struck with the primitive methods of working—the men would sit cross-legged, tinkering, hammering and sewing, or bickering and bargaining with their customers—their workshop was also their warehouse and store. Some were active and eager salesmen, while many were actually asleep, lying amongst their merchandise. It is a very common habit for the poorer classes to lie down on the street, or sidewalk, or in their business places, or anywhere, and there go to sleep as contented as many of us would in our comfortable homes. The filth and degradation of the poor people of Cairo and Jerusalem are most abject, but of this I must not now speak, as there is so much poverty, so many beggars, leprous mendicants and deformed and crippled paupers, that one could write as much or more of their miserable, low lives and despicable state as of the Irish sufferers of to-day.

In the bazaar, avenues, or passage-ways, one sees all sorts of vendors—especially water-carriers—who sell a glass of water for whatever the purchaser chooses to give, and in the case of extreme poverty, of course they exact no charge. Some, whose means admit of benevolence, pay a piaster (5 cents)—the poor frequently give a small coin, as in Jerusalem, only one-quarter or one-sixth of a cent. Usually the water-carriers who convey water for common purposes, as family supply, sprinkling the streets, etc., have a goat-skin well patched with tins and leather, a string being used at the neck to choke the flow of water, or else they use a huge earthenware vessel with a sprig of orange or a bit of sponge stuck in its mouth. Before the water-works pipes were laid in Cairo there were nearly 4,000 water-carriers—the only method of supplying the wants of the people. Most of the water, of course, comes from the Nile, and hence necessitates long transportations to the further parts of the city. In this business the indispensable and much-used donkeys are employed. It is a comical sight to see a dozen or more of these most valuable animals trudging along, each laden with two or more of these large and bulky goat-skins.

Frequently the carriers of drinking-water have

colored bottles, blue and green being the most in favor, with brass spouts; but these are more generally used for lemonade, or an infusion of raisins, liquorice or some other sweet substance. There are also, in these bazaar streets, many other vendors, as of candy, sweets, bread, pastry stuffs and other queer concoctions of cookery, nuts, fruits, particularly oranges, dates, etc. These carry their merchandise on their heads in a large basket or wooden tray, seemingly not in the least embarrassed whilst dodging the many obstructions and worming their way through the jostling crowds—for Oriental streets (being so very narrow and the shops so small, hence the greater number in the same place) are always thronged during business hours with an ever-moving swarm of human beings.

In fact the bazaar streets afford one long unceasing panorama of varying scenes.

There are cooking places where the indigent buy their aliment, if such can be called food. It consists of soups, with floating vegetables and heterogeneous substances that are enough to turn one pale in disgust and abhorrence, even at the very sight of the "truck."



LEMONADE VENDOR, CAIRO.

A great deal of sweets is sold—they are made like the celebrated Turkish delight, which bears close resemblance to our large and soft gum drops of the cheaper quality. Another visit to the bazaars was followed by a third, so great was my interest and enthusiasm over them. Let me now briefly mention the chief characteristics of the different bazaars, especially as regards their varying contents.

At the "Tunis bazaar" the natives of Algiers sold perfumeries, of which the attar of rose, sandal wood and banana scents are so famous; silks and woven materials and slippers of soft morocco, red and yellow being the choice colors; tea, nuts and spices, and cotton. The people were of a lighter shade than the coffee-black Egyptian Arabs, who are the common Egyptian natives. The Egyptian bazaar contained dry goods, silks and embroideries, groceries as peanuts, cocoanuts, etc., brass wares, beads, mats, caps and rugs. As the name indicates, the Egyptians are the salesmen in this department or in this lane of stores.

In the Turkish bazaar are pipes, tobaccos, crock-

ery, jewellery, silks, pistols, embroideries, rugs, drapes, slippers, inlaid woods (and spoons of all sorts made of wood, tortoise shells, rhinoceros hide and cocoanut) and even sewing machines. On the whole, the wares were miserable, cheap trash. Here and in all Cairo shops one is offered the much-taken coffee, which necessitates an acquired taste before it becomes palatable. It is served scorching hot in little Egyptian coffee cups.

The Copts, a black Egyptian race of Upper Egypt, are the goldsmiths and silversmiths, of whom the Armenians compose a goodly number as well. They make all kinds of jewellery which, indeed, is crudely manufactured. Triangular pieces, with an abundance of bangles, necklaces of chains with coins dangling from them, and bulky bracelets seem most demanded. These jingling silver ornaments are often of very pretty design, but one must be exceedingly cautious in his purchases, as many are deceived in the quality of silver. Here the visitor, if intending to buy, should never offer more than half the price asked, and often one-quarter of the first price is willingly accepted. This is more the case in Jerusalem. Having stated the general class of goods sold, I will refer now to the manufacturing part.

Amongst the silversmiths are perhaps the most interesting workers. The ordinary size of their combined shop, wareroom and manufacturing department is about 10x8 feet, and generally not sufficiently high for one to stand erect in. The room, or complete "business house," is always made of stone, or rarely brick, with a rickety old wooden door front that would scarcely sustain the siege of a snowball onslaught, so common at public schools in Toronto. In fact, all the bazaars are in a dilapidated state. Repairing is seldom known, for the buildings seemed beyond all reparation. The only light comes from the limited space between the roofs of the buildings, and when they converge into a covering over the street, a few square skylights, of crude construction, are inserted. So in winter working hours are comparatively short, for very few can afford a candle, much less a lamp. So you see these are merely stone "commercial grottoes," square in shape, with no window or other means of light than what can peep in at the open front. Here the workers sit—usually only two, with a small boy as onlooker and slight occasional helper, and an old man, most likely the father,



WATER CARRIER, CAIRO.