

## THE HORRORS OF TANGIER

### SQUALOR, BEGGARS, CRUELTY

A Visit to the City Opposite Gibraltar—Unimaginable Poverty—The Awful Prison—The Snake Charmer—Social Distinctions.

On a fine day you may sit under the shadow of the great rock at Gibraltar and see Tangier gleaming white in the sun across the narrow seas that separate Europe and Africa. A crowd would wing the distance while the city chert gleams from his home in Gibraltari to his office in the city. Yet to pass from Gibraltar to Tangier is to pass from the twentieth century into the world of the Arabian Nights. The step across the gulf of the centuries into an incredible past. Tunis and Algiers, with their French cities side-by-side with the native quarters, do not prepare you for this unmitigated outpost of the east. There the primitive world is overshadowed by European influence. Here is life at the rawest—barbarism looking out unchallenged and defiant across the Atlantic. It was in brilliant sun that the cutter of the Dunottar Castle whirled us from our floating home to the rude jetty. On shore we found ourselves in the midst of an incredible number of mules, donkeys and donkey boys—Arabs and Moors, Berber and negroes—a moving, screaming mass enveloped in a cloud of dust. I was called like a wayside flower and planted on a stout mule with a huge negro hammering at his hindquarters to encourage it. This mounted, I emerged from the indescribable din, with a dozen similar victims, up the steep path to the main street. And then, one realized, you can not do Tangier in a wheeled vehicle. No wheels were rolling in the streets—there were no wheels to roll. Nothing but a surmounted mule could traverse these amazing streets. They are like a wide, mountain torrent in time of drought. At some remote time they were paved with "sets"; but the rude blocks of stone have long been displaced and lie about in disordered heaps and the mules move with a nervous sureness and over which the barefooted children and the slippered elders pick their way with the indifference of long-endured misery.

**Squalor and Beggars.** The poverty of it is unimaginable. It is life at its lowest and rudest—life with only one luxury, the incomparable sun. In this dazzling radiance the filth and squalor seem to lose their horror. The civility of life has no place. In the narrow crowded alleys there is no "your leave." You thrust your way along with the authority of brute force. A donkey with a huge sack of meal on its back fills the middle of the way and blocks the alley. My negro, tugging at the bridle of the mule, thrusts the donkey aside and pushes through the mob in pursuit of our cavalcade, with ruthless scorn of consequences. He blunders on to an old woman, who tumbles on to a black man carrying glass. The glass falls to the ground in ruins. The woman looks at the glass, the black man at us. This is all—no need for demand for damages, not even a word of retaliation. I vainly protest—my negro plunges on unheeding through the crowd. It is all a part of the hopeless misery of life, where force alone counts. Even the beggars, who will thrive must have force. And the beggars are a large part of the population. They beset you like flies. To give to them is to give to the devil. To refuse them is to incur the wrath of the devil. For an hour we vainly sought to escape one stalwart fellow. His face was deeply pitted with smallpox and his eyes were sightless. Led by a little girl he came now with a fierce energy and one ceaseless refrain—"I say, give me money—I say, give me money. I say—I can hear that awful monotone now—the phrase of his calling, leading by a child delivered with colorless, accentless voice.

**The Market Place.** Through the wretched huddle of streets we come to the market place. It is a market day. All the merchandise of the desert is here, and the merchants sit about in dusty heaps—here with a bundle of charcoal before them, here with some chickens tied by the neck with onions and other vegetables, or perhaps a basket of eggs. We pause before a native doctor, a Berber, black as ebony, sitting cross-legged on the ground. Before him a couple of colored boys, with paper for corsets, and two or three paper bags of herbs. We ask for some of the herbs. He shakes his head in solemn refusal—they, we learn, are too dangerous to give to a European. There is no affectation in this—no Harley street practitioner could be more sensible of responsibility or bear himself with more dignity. The only tent I see at the market is the fortune teller, with long grey beards and white turbans and robes, lie in shady serenity, too dignified and obviously too respected to solicit custom. Here and there in the jostling chaos is fierce contention—here and there some grave Arab and what race has such gravity of carriage and demeanor as the Arab?—meet, confer, shake hands, kiss the fingers, touch each other's noses, and pass on. The sun blazes down, and the market place is enveloped in the dust of the moving mob. The one oasis in this desert of sweltering humanity is the water-carrier, a very Gunga-Din of the market place.

A piece of twisty-rag. A goat's skin waterbag. Was all the field equipment he could find. He passes, a black angel of mercy, from one thirsty group to another, uttering some phrase in a kind of chant, filling his mug from his water bag, handing it now to this one, now to that, but always carefully throwing away the dregs before supplying a new demand. When I see him and the Berber doctor, and when I see the Arab, kissing his fingers, in the general way, I have doubts about my generalizations. There is something other than force at work even here, touches of grace and charity and fine feeling in the midst of all this ancient rudimentary life. See, with what tenderness my black angel passes the mug to that thirsting tot. He cannot give it a full mug—for water is precious in this fevered land—but it shall not go unasked. In all Tangier there is not a tap, any more than a wheeled vehicle. All the water is brought down from the hills in water bags. Hence that constant spectacle of the water-carrier, bending beneath the burden of his full water-

misery, their eyes wildly bent on the hole through which alone they see the outer world. They were kept back by a keeper who went among the crowd, writhing mass, laughing with what in the dim light looked like a double rope. Cries and moans came from the welter of horror, and one turned away from a vision of hell. In the next chamber the prisoners, confined for lesser or greater offenses, were kept from the office by the keeper within, but they stared at it with hungry eyes. One poor wretch, a young fellow of handsome and gentle face, caught my eye, and eagerly put his fingers to his lips as though holding a cigarette. I put some thought to the keeper within, who threw them on the foetid ground in the direction of the prisoner as though he were a bone to a dog. We turned away from these unspeakable scenes with something of the feeling of the poet when he returned from hell to the fair world, and "the beautiful light of heaven."

**At Fesce Justice.** And outside is a more cheerful scene. Under the verandah of the Governor's House sits, cross-legged and nursing his bare foot, the secretary of the governor. He is there to administer justice off hand—a grey-bearded man in turban and white robe, preternaturally solemn and silent. Up come, apparently from the market, two disputants, a passionate contention, the subject of a suspension of the purpurers with the French syndicate until he had communicated with Downing street. On the 17th he went back again to the office of the governor, and the negotiations were going on with the firm of Rothschild to finance the purchase if it could be effected. At 8 p. m. on the evening of November 18, the British agent received Lord Derby's

**The Snake Charmer.** Suddenly we are lined up on our mules on an open space. Before us two Arabs, one crouching down and beating a tom-tom, the other standing and pouring forth a melancholy strain from a pipe. The music ceases. He of the pipe stoops, opens a large bag filled with straw, and out springs a serpent, with great undulating leaps. The charmer holds it aloft, writhing in his hand, opens his mouth. The snake darts at his tongue and buries its fangs in it. He drags it away, and with his bleeding tongue licks the wound. The line to challenge doubt. Then, thrusting the serpent in the bag, he gathers some straw in his hands, shakes it to show there is "no deception," holds it to his mouth and blows hard, and the snake bursts into smoke and then into flame. Once more the huge serpent is released. He holds it aloft, points it to his eye, its fearful head moves forward with a slow, steady advance. It does not dart this time, but as it draws and subdued by a superior will comes into close proximity with the eye and remains there harmless, hypnotized. Then the collection. No word has been spoken.

**Horror of the Kasbah.** We clatter off over stony and tumultuous ways to the Kasbah and dismount. Here is horror indeed—horror which Europe might not endure within little more than a stone's throw of its shores. A round hole, two feet or so in diameter, is let in the panel of the prison chamber. Below this, a narrow passage leads to a dark, brown, half a dozen hands—brown hands and black hands—clanking for food. At the orifice sits a guard with round, flat loaves of sour-looking bread. This is the life of the prisoners. They are there for life. If they have friends there for life to feed them. If they have no friends then they starve or live by clamoring at the hole for food. I looked through into the prison chamber, a row of perhaps 30 or 40 long, ill-lit and crowded with poor wretches with every aspect of

## HOW GREAT BRITAIN ACQUIRED CONTROL OF THE SUEZ CANAL

The Khedive Hard Pressed and About To Sell the Shares to the French—An English Journalist Gave the Tip to Disraeli—A Diplomatic Struggle.

The recent important debate in the General Assembly of Cairo on the proposed agreement between the Egyptian Government and the Suez Canal Company recalls one of the most dramatic episodes of English diplomatic policy in the nineteenth century. In the latter end of 1875, the Khedive Ismail was on the viceregal throne of Egypt, nearing the tragic end of a reign of profligate splendor. The Marquis de Vogüé, his French ambassador, had the impression of it all. "Those," he wrote, "who have seen will recall, those who have not seen will never imagine, what the Egyptian fairytale was like during those twelve splendid years—the years that led from the death of Said Pasha to 1875.

**The Egyptian Fairytale.** The stories of Ismail's reign read certainly like a fairy tale. He built himself a palace in Cairo. One of them was described by De Lesseps in his "Souvenirs": "He brought me to visit his vast and magnificent apartments on the ground floor, and a portion of those on the first floor. There crossed a grand salon, longer than the 'Salle des Pas Perdus' at the Palais de Justice. . . . The staircase has a railing of sculptured ebony and encrusted with silver, with balustrades of crystal." Ismail built the opera house at Cairo, and a place at Ismailia to entertain the Empress Eugénie at the Suez Canal fete in 1869. He purchased the opera of "Aida" from Verdi, and it was performed, for the first time in the Egyptian capital during the same fete. He also constructed a boulevard to the Pyramids and a special palace at Ghezirah, now a sumptuous hotel, for the accommodation of the foreign press. In the grand French Empire met its end at Sedan, it was Ismail who took over the imperial equipages and installed them in Cairo. Whilst another phase of Ismail's profligate life is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he figures in the dim background of the closing chapters of Zola's "Nana."

**Ismail Hard Pressed.** The fairy tale, however, was drawing to a close, as M. de Vogüé says, and Ismail, like many another spendthrift, was at his wits' end to meet his creditors. On October 7, 1875, Turkey went bankrupt, and the reaction on the Alexandria Bourse was severe. People who had lent money to the

message that the British Government was prepared to buy. The delay obtained by Stanton expired at midnight. The details of the negotiations were now carried on between General Stanton in Cairo and the Egyptian Government. On the 23rd Stanton telegraphed that the Khedive was willing to sell his 176,602 shares for one hundred millions of francs. The same evening Lord Derby telegraphed, announcing the price, which would be paid to the vicerey by the house of Rothschild. Lord Derby's dispatch reached the British agent on the morning of the 24th. The following December 1 was getting perilously near.

**The Coup Effected.** Stanton, when he received the firm offer of purchase by Lord Derby, rushed off at once to inform Ismail. He was too early, however, and only met Nubar, whom he told. The next day the sale was completed, and the shares handed over to the British agent, and on the morning of the 26th the Times started Europe by the announcement that England had purchased the Khedive's interest in the Suez Canal. The conditions of the purchase were onerous enough for Ismail. He had to stipulate to pay England £2,000,000 a year, in lieu of the coupons detached, until the shares would come into dividends. England paid altogether for the shares £4,076,622, including the necessary commission of £200,000, which was mounted to £1,000,000. The shares paid for themselves, Exchequer bonds for £4,000,000 at 3½ per cent were issued by the treasury. Each year the difference between the amount received from Egypt and the interest payable on the bonds was used in redemption of the principal. In 1893, just before the shares came into dividends, £1,326,000 had been thus paid off, so that the Exchequer bonds only amounted to £2,674,000. At that date the shares themselves were worth £2,360,000, and bring in a revenue to the British exchequer of about £1,000,000 a year.

## Another Man Who Tried Fasting Cure

(From T. P.'s Weekly.) On Tuesday, April 12, I began, I came to the breakfast table feeling rather bilious, and confined my meal to a glass of cold water. My wife smiled, thinking that hunger would digest the milk which enables you to repair the waste of the fast so easily. (During my third day on milk I increased in weight four and a half pounds.) No doubt this difficulty was overcome by peptonising the milk. Finally, I would suggest that the fast should be attempted at a time when a good deal of rest is possible, and that during its continuance care should be taken not to overstrain the heart. My pulse remained steady between sixty and sixty-four, from the beginning of my fast to the end; but I should imagine that any wide deviation from the normal is an indication that a fast cannot be prolonged.

**Really Hungry.** The next morning I expected to feel weak on rising, but was in this respect agreeably disappointed. My headache still continued, however, and the taste in my mouth was vile. It was really no sacrifice to go without my breakfast. I went to the Tate Gallery at lunch time in order to avoid attention from my colleagues, and revived my flagging spirits by the perusal of Upton Sinclair's article. And in the midst of my hungry contemplation, I weighed myself that evening at Charing Cross railway station, and was pleased to find that I had lost only two pounds in two days. Upton Sinclair lost five pounds in three days. It was on the evening of Thursday, April 14, I felt really hungry for the first time, and I must confess that the fillet which our cook grills so nicely tempted me. After that, I found abstinence from food quite easy, and I began to forget that I was fasting at all. On rising in the morning I always felt somewhat apprehensive of giddiness, which I longed to get rid of, and I began to walk and was always ready enough to walk the three-quarters of a mile to the station in the morning without undue effort. During the day I sat at my desk and worked, and although I did not expect to be able to do much, I found that I was able to do a great deal of my official duties as usual; and nobody in the office seemed to suspect that I was fasting, so careful was I to keep my shameful secret. I may here add that in the evening I was glad to rest and read.

**Oranges and Milk.** On Sunday, April 17, I began to feel weak in the calves of the legs, and was contented to take the air on a "bus top." For exercise I took a short stroll in Kensington Gardens. In the afternoon I went to the Tate Gallery, and looking unusually well. I was, indeed, hardly perceptibly thinner, and I had a very good color. I now began to feel that I had given the fast a sufficient trial, and I was able to judge of its merits and on the afternoon of Monday, finding the weakness of my legs had not diminished, I drank the juice of two large oranges. I shall never forget the delicious flavor of that juice. Nothing had passed my lips but water in the preceding 137 hours. I weighed myself that day, and found that I had lost, in all, eight pounds. I drank the juice of a dozen oranges before I went to bed. On the following I arose at 6 o'clock to take a glass of warm milk. I took glasses of warm milk at hourly intervals during the day. I drank the milk greedily and felt my strength gradually returning. I was looking in vain, however, for the exhilaration that Upton Sinclair talks about. I began to fear that for me the fast had failed.

**Renewed Vigor.** I changed my mind when I awoke on Wednesday morning, filled with an unusual vigor. This vigor wore off during the day, owing, so I began to suspect, to some difficulty with the milk. I was taking a glass every three-quarters of an hour. In these first two days on milk I gained four pounds. On Thursday morning I felt quite sure that I was taking more milk than was good for me, and I decided to stop. I went to a glass an hour. Even this I found too much, and in the middle of the day I dropped the milk and ate a banana. In the evening I lined up my strength gradually returning. I was looking in vain, however, for the exhilaration that Upton Sinclair talks about. I began to fear that for me the fast had failed.

**A Warning.** I should like to address a warning to those about to fast for the first time: Go to the doctor and make sure that you are sound. In cases of tuberculosis, or any other disease, extended fasting may do serious and irreparable harm. The principal danger to avoid when you have ceased fasting is undoubtedly the temptation to over-eat. As I say, it is one that I myself have not escaped, so I speak feelingly. Another danger is that you may not be able to digest the milk which enables you to repair the waste of the fast so easily. (During my third day on milk I increased in weight four and a half pounds.) No doubt this difficulty was overcome by peptonising the milk. Finally, I would suggest that the fast should be attempted at a time when a good deal of rest is possible, and that during its continuance care should be taken not to overstrain the heart. My pulse remained steady between sixty and sixty-four, from the beginning of my fast to the end; but I should imagine that any wide deviation from the normal is an indication that a fast cannot be prolonged.

## "I FEEL IT MY DUTY"

### To Give You a Statement In Regard to 'Fruit-a-tives'

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50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

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## TRAVELERS' GUIDE

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

**SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.** Arrive from the east—2:45 a.m., 10:50 a.m., 11:12 a.m., 11:23 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m. Depart for the east—11:23 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m. Depart for the west—11:12 a.m., 11:23 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m. **STANTFORD BRANCH.** Arrive—5:25 a.m., 11:35 a.m., 1:35 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m. Depart—6:30 a.m., 10:25 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:35 p.m. **LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.** Arrive—10:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m. Depart—10:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m. Trains market daily. Those not marked daily, except Sunday.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive from the east—11:25 a.m., 10:30 p.m. Depart for the east—11:25 a.m., 10:30 p.m. Arrive from the west—4:45 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 11:45 p.m., 5:45 p.m. Depart for the west—11:33 a.m., 11:45 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 11:45 p.m. Daily. Daily, except Sunday.

## PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Depart—6:05 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 11:40 p.m., 11:40 p.m., 11:40 p.m. Arrive—8:45 a.m., 11:20 p.m., 1:50 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 9:30 p.m. To will through only. To Walkerville. Trains not started to and from Port Stanley. From Walkerville.

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:35 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 6:10 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Depart—7:20 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:30 p.m.

## WABASH

From June 1 to Sept. 30 the Wabash will have on sale daily Round Trip Summer Tourist Tickets at a very low rate, to California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and other Pacific Coast points. Tickets are very largely patronized by those making a trip to the Old Country, who wish to secure comfort at a moderate expense. Intending travellers are requested to communicate with local agents, or to company's office.

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