

## THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE  
UNPARALLELED TURK.

The Early days of this illustrious Monarch's life—What he is like in Person—Appearance—His Life a Simple One—Estimates of His Character.

Just now the most talked-about potentate in the world is Abdul Hamid II., the Sultan of Turkey. Since the horrible atrocities in Armenia his Government has been threatened by the great powers of Europe, and his life has been threatened by his subjects.

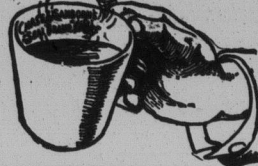
By way of introduction to a sketch of his career, it may be well to refer briefly to the lives of his immediate predecessors. In 1839 Mahmud II., Sultan of Turkey, died, and was succeeded by Abdul Medjid, his son. This man reigned until 1861, leaving a brother and two sons. He was succeeded on the throne by his brother, Abdul Aziz, an ignorant bigot whose extravagance brought his country to avowed insolvency in 1875. The only remarkable thing that he did was to travel. No Ottoman Sultan had ever before left his own dominions, except for purposes of war, but Abdul Aziz ventured even as far as London. On the 29th of May, 1876, he was deposed, and on June 4th he was found dead. It was said that he had committed suicide, but the probability is that he was assassinated. He was succeeded by Amurth V., the son of Abdul Medjid, who within three months was removed as an imbecile. Then came Abdul Hamid II., the present Sultan.

He was born Sept. 22, 1842, and became Sultan on Aug. 31, 1876. On July 27, 1878, two weeks after the treaty of Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield said of him: "He is not a tyrant, he is not dissolute, he is not a bigot, or corrupt." But either Lord Beaconsfield was strangely deceived or he strangely tried to deceive the world, for it is not possible for a truly good man to be for nineteen years the absolute master of subordinate so tyrannical, so dissolute, so bigoted, and so corrupt as those who rule the Turkish people. It is only fair to judge the man by his works.

When he was a boy the present Sultan lived at the beautiful kiosk of Kuthany, where he learned to ride on the fiercest horses. As he grew older he led a life of greater activity than was usual among Turkish princes; he was much in the saddle; he loved hunting; he enjoyed long rides into the forests and along beautiful rivers. He was of a thoughtful and serious nature, and spent much time in study. Political economy was a favorite subject, and after the reading of many books he was led to make a study of the methods of government particularly in the Turkish provinces. When he was called suddenly to the throne he knew more than most of his predecessors had known of Turkish history and the Government and resources of his country. There were many evils to be remedied, and it is said that under the direct orders of the Sultan many of them were remedied. When Abdul Hamid went on the throne the country was bankrupt; now its credit, though by no means the best, is at least measurable. Then there was only the torn and battered remnants of an army; now Turkey has many thousands well disciplined and well equipped soldiers. A year before his reign began it was almost impossible to publish a newspaper in Turkey. On the slightest provocation a paper was seized by the soldiers, who distributed the type in the waters of the Bosphorus. Now there are many newspapers, some of them edited with conspicuous ability; but the press is not free, because the editors may not discuss Turkish politics. The Sultan is credited with the desire to encourage arts and sciences and to develop the mineral, industrial, and agricultural resources of Turkey; but if there has been the will, the deed is still sadly lacking. The personal appearance of the Turkish ruler has been described as follows:

The Sultan's general appearance is characterized by a sort of tired dignity, mingled with an expression of melancholic sadness. His black beard, now slightly tinged with gray, is short, thick, and trimmed almost to a point. The forehead is broad, lightly bulged above the eyebrows, hollow at the temples, and wrinkled all over. The lines running down to the base of the nose, which indicate profound and meditative thought, are accentuated. The eye is dark gray, large, well formed, pensive, slightly veiled, penetrating, kindly, very changeable, and anxious. The eye is that of a thinker, of a suspicious mediator, with a subjective will power. The nose is long and thin at its base, bony and strong at the nostrils. The mouth is large, and the teeth, rather yellow than white, are widely separated. The lower lip is stronger and thicker than the upper one. The expression is energetic and reveals a mixture of pronounced sensualism and real kindness. The Sultan's hair is black and cut short. The skull recedes toward the top; the little brain is strongly marked. The ears are long and vigorously cut. The complexion is a darkish brown. The hands are fine and nervous; the finger nails rosy and cut short. The feet are arched and slender. Abdul Hamid's voice is sympathetic and sonorous. He speaks lower than his subjects, and smiles but little in the presence

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If he does not keep it, drop a postal card to

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1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK

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IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.

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WILLIAM CLARK.

of strangers. He has an excellent memory  
for faces, and recalls names with difficulty.

The Sultan of Turkey owns some of the  
fairest palaces that man has ever raised.  
One of them was reared at a  
cost of \$30,000,000, and yet so great  
is Turkish prodigality and superstition  
that but one Sultan has ever dwelt within it,  
and he was there but a single night. This  
was Abdul Medjid. He had an evil dream,  
quit the palace the next day, and neither  
he nor any successor occupied it there-  
after. The Sultan's residence is at Yildiz  
Kiosk, on the apex of some beautiful hills.  
It was built by Abdul Medjid, and is about  
two miles from the Bosphorus, which is  
nearly three miles wide at this point and  
sends its refreshing breezes up the hill.  
One who has visited the palace has given  
this description of it:

"Around it is a high wall, and the view  
from it is magnificent with the beautiful  
Bosphorus winding in and out and around  
picturesque spots—the Seraglio Point, the  
Mosque of St. Sophia, the hundred of  
slender, gilded minarets and graceful  
domes gleaming out from among the dense  
green of the cypress and plane trees, the  
sad solitude of the cemetery at Soutari, the  
dim Princes' Islands in the distance, and  
even a faint shadow of Mount Olympus,  
far off in Asia, shows in the pure atmo-  
sphere of this charmed spot. The interior  
of Yildiz is beautiful beyond the power of  
words to describe. It is not crowded with  
ornament and bric-a-brac, but there are a  
few priceless vases, pictures, and mag-  
nificent rugs and carpets. There is an at-  
mosphere of quiet and repose all through  
it. There are a few portraits."

The daily life of the Sultan is a simple  
one. He rises early, takes a light break-  
fast, and then gives consideration to the  
affairs of the State. He reads despatches,  
dictates replies, confers with officials, and  
issues his orders. He works often until  
three o'clock with no intermission except  
for prayers and a slight repast. After the  
business of the day is over he either walks  
or drives about the grounds; some-  
times he hunts a little, occasionally he rows  
on the lake. At six o'clock he dines in his  
private apartments. He eats little, and  
drinks nothing but water. After dinner he  
smokes and reflects and it is dangerous to  
disturb him then. On our Friday, which  
is the Turkish Sunday, the Sultan must  
visit the mosque, even if so ill that he has  
to be carried. (The occasion is one of  
pleasure to the people. There is a military  
display and a sort of review of the  
troops to be passed. Various appeals are  
made to the Sultan and many of them are  
granted. Sometimes, on his journey to the  
mosque, the Sultan rides a white Arabian  
horse; at other times he sits in an open  
carriage. Foreign residents and visitors  
through the streets to see him as he passes.  
The fast of Ramadan, which lasts forty  
days, is observed by the Sultan as by the  
poorest laborer in the kingdom. On the  
twentieth day of the fast he goes to the  
mosque where the most precious relics of  
Islam are preserved; the silver caskets  
are opened; the relics are taken from their  
places and the Sultan reverently kisses  
them. Of these relics the most precious is  
as the most valuable is a piece of cloth  
about six inches square—all that remains  
of the mantle worn by the prophet. An-  
other relic consists of a few hairs from the  
prophet's beard; a third is one of his teeth.  
After the relics have been kissed, they are  
put back in the casket and the Sultan  
seals it with his own seal. The Sultan  
left exposed to public view during the re-  
maining days of the fast; then it is locked  
up in the strong boxes until another year  
goes by.

Under the rule of the present Sultan the  
Ottoman empire has lost some of its fairest  
provinces. In 1878, for instance, Russia  
began, lasting nearly a year. When the  
Czar could have taken Constantinople, and  
when, as is clear enough now, he should  
have taken it, England and Germany inter-  
fered. A treaty was signed by representa-  
tives of Russia and Turkey at San Stefano  
in 1878, but this was not held, and the  
treaty of Berlin, in which con-  
ference there were representatives of Great  
Britain, Russia, Germany, France, Austria,  
Turkey, and Italy. As the result of the  
negotiations the Sultan was practically de-  
prived of Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzego-  
vina in Europe and Ardahan, Kars, and  
Batoum in Asia.

It is somewhat the fashion to praise the  
Sultan. Oscar S. Straus, ex-Minister to  
Constantinople, wrote a letter to the Sun  
on Dec. 5, 1885, complaining of the in-  
justice of some of the criticisms of that  
paper. He was anxious that the people of  
this country should not believe the "ex-  
aggerated stories" of the sufferings of the  
non-Muslim population of Turkey, and  
declared that the Sultan was "a  
humane sovereign"—a man of serious  
character, very benevolent and kind hearted,  
and anxious always to relieve the  
sufferings of the people, "irrespective of  
race or religion." A "kind, benevolent  
ruler, whose aspiration is for the good and  
welfare of his subjects."

There has been much eulogy of this  
kind, and our present Minister, Mr.  
Terrell, has indulged in some of it; but  
there may be no basis for it beyond that  
admiration which royalty seems to com-  
mand from ordinary people on whom it  
looks kindly. And his personal character  
is of little account since he is the respon-  
sible head of a government founded in  
fanatic conquest, enriched with the plunder  
of an old civilization, long a menace of art,  
progress, personal liberty, and freedom of  
conscience, and a constant blight upon the  
prosperity and happiness of one of the  
garden places of the world and some of the  
brightest races of mankind.—Post Express.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure  
every case of Diphtheria.  
Riverside. Mrs. EUGENE BAKER.  
I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will pro-  
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Stanley P. E. L. Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON.  
I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best  
household remedy on earth.  
Ottawa, Ont. E. MATTHEW POLEY.

## baby growth

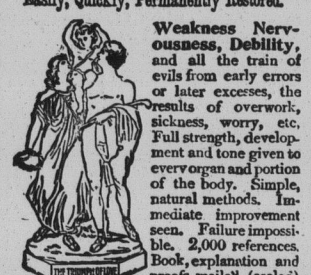
The baby's mission is  
growth. To that little bun-  
dle of love, half trick, half  
dream, every added ounce  
of flesh means added hap-  
piness and comfort! Fat is  
the signal of perfect health,  
comfort, good nature, baby  
beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with  
hypophosphites, is the eas-  
iest fat-food baby can have,  
in the easiest form. It sup-  
plies just what he cannot  
get in his ordinary food,  
and helps him over the  
weak places to perfect  
growth.

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of evils from early errors  
or later excesses, the  
results of overwork,  
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Full strength, develop-  
ment and tone given to  
every organ and portion  
of the body. Simple,  
natural methods. Im-  
mediate improvement  
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Book, explanation and  
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letters about  
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from merchants who want to buy  
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know about it, and more from  
people who have tried it and be-  
cause they have tried it and been  
cured. One of them was from Mr.  
J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street,  
Toronto. Read how he writes:

GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of  
1892 my blood became impure on account  
of the hearty food I ate in the cold  
weather. Ambition, energy and success  
forsook me, and all my efforts were in  
vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels  
became inactive, my liver was lumpy and  
hard, my eyes became inflamed, my ap-  
petite was gone, and the days and nights  
passed in unhappiness and restlessness.  
For some months I tried doctors'  
and patent medicines of every description,  
but received no benefit. Being advised  
by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to  
have the opportunity of testifying to the  
marvellous result. After using three  
bottles I felt much better, and when the  
fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health  
in the greatest degree, and have done so  
from that day up to date. Therefore I  
have much pleasure in recommending B.  
B.B. to all poor suffering humanity who  
suffer from impure blood, which is the  
beginning and seat of all diseases.  
J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

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has cured many. Why not try it? It is  
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cures. A trial bottle will soothe, a  
regular treatment will cure your cough.

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A College Bachelorette of Forty a Quarter  
of a Century Ago.

If all the Armenians had something  
of the spirit possessed by a young man who  
came to the United States from that country  
more than a score of years ago, they would  
give the Turks some lively tussles. His  
name was Avedis P. Mardrosian. He  
strayed to Constantinople, and there heard  
of the New World. He found the Captain  
of a sailing vessel that was coming to New  
York, and the Captain agreed to bring  
him to this port for a specified sum. Mar-  
drosian boarded himself during the pas-  
sage. The young man from the East went  
on shipboard with a big bag of crackers  
over his shoulder, a silver coin worth 25  
cents in his pocket, and in his heart an  
abiding hope that if winds favored him  
crackers held out he would learn something  
about the civilization of the Western world.  
He could speak one English word, "bread"  
and by that term he called his crackers.

How Mardrosian passed the critical  
period immediately following his arrival in  
New York with a capital of 25 cents he  
never told, but he at length found he knew  
something about a certain branch of weav-  
ing which he could utilize, and in that way  
he earned a little money. He fell in with  
some missionary workers, who gave him  
the first kind word he had received since  
he landed. They helped him in his in-  
dustrious picking up of English words, and  
he liked them and their teachings so much  
that he adopted their religion. He learned  
to read their Bible, and he read it liter-  
ally, striving to take on that humility of  
spirit and gentleness of manner which the  
book commands. In his personal appear-  
ance he was one of the most ferocious of  
men, hatchet-faced, with prominent teeth,  
coal-black eyes, hair that would not be co-  
ered, and heavy black moustache that made  
an angle under his nose, and whose ends  
pointed toward his broad shoulders. Prob-  
ably no other conscientious, gentle, mild-  
mannered person ever looked so ferocious  
as Mardrosian did.

He got along well with his English, his  
civilization, and his Christianity, and at  
length decided that he would get a liberal  
education, study theology, and go back to  
his native province as a Christian mission-  
ary. Friends helped him to take a course  
of study preparatory to entering Hamilton  
college. He was admitted as a freshman  
without conditions. The sophomores took  
an unusual interest in the fierce looking  
freshman till they found out that "The  
Turk" as they called him, was apparently of  
the gentlest and quietest disposition, and  
that he had only one object—conscientious-  
ly to fit himself for the work he had in  
view. Everybody in the college had the  
most kindly feeling toward him.

One evening, before the close of the  
year, a party of some twenty-five sopho-  
mores came up the hill at a rather late  
hour. They had been discussing the re-  
lative strength of the lower classes, and a  
strong class feeling was awakened. Some-  
body suggested that they drop around and  
pay "The Turk" a midni bit visit. An-  
other said that it was hardly the fair thing  
to disturb Mardrosian, the hard-working,  
handicapped student, and it was agreed  
that he should not be severely hazed, but  
that they should wake him up, have him  
sing them a song and make a speech in his  
native tongue, and wind up his entertain-  
ment with an Oriental jig or breakdown on  
his centre table, after which they would  
bid him go to sleep and gain strength to  
tackle his next day's lessons in civilization,  
in and out of the curriculum.

Mardrosian's room was in the fourth  
story of one of the college dormitories. He  
roomed alone. The sophomores clambered  
noisy up the three flights of stairs. Two  
or three were more eager than the rest.  
The one who arrived at Mardrosian's  
room first burst open the door with his  
heel and the second yelled:

"Wake up, Turk!"

He woke up; there is no conflict of testi-  
mony on the point. It was some time  
before the main body of the visiting sopho-  
mores, who were ascending the last flight  
of stairs when "The Turk" awoke, were  
there. The first to enter the room, the  
It proved to have been their two class-  
mates, who had hurried ahead. The re-  
treat was anything but orderly, unless it be  
considered orderly for a score or more of  
college students to tumble over one another  
down three flights of broad steps and go  
out through a doorway as a charge of  
grape-shot goes out of a cannon's mouth.

One minute after "The Turk" was sum-  
moned to wake up he stood on the stone  
steps at the entrance to the building, his  
black eyes flashing fire, his mouth giving  
out a storm of words that belonged to no  
language ever before heard on the campus  
of a college. The sophomores, the spectral  
outline of his figure changing as gusts of  
the night wind flattered the garment in  
which he had descended, and an indefin-  
able something making a sort of halo  
around his head, while the rattle of sopho-  
moric feet on the gravel walks in half a  
dozen directions was growing faint in the  
distance. A belated upper classman, who  
happened along at that moment said after-  
ward that Mardrosian was making that  
glitter around his head with only one  
Indian club, but the sophomores insisted  
that he had as many clubs as they are  
spokes in a carriage wheel.

Mardrosian went through his freshman  
year without being hazed. He never told  
the story of the attempt to haze him. He  
was the same mild-mannered, hard-working  
"Turk" on the next morning that he had  
been on the previous afternoon, and he  
continued so till his death, which occurred  
before he had finished his college course.  
In his sickness he had the tenderest care,  
and many sincere mourners wept when they  
heard he was dead.—N. Y. Sun.

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in Africa and Australia, have been manu-  
factured by English firms. They are made  
in sections, and can be put together or  
taken apart in a few moments.

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of fully one-third of the mortality in America.  
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take at once some of Hawker's balsam of tolu and  
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The slight or small of food sometimes sickness you  
that's because your bill out. Hawker's liver pills  
cure biliousness and all bilious ills.

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Hawker's catarrh cure, cures.



Dr. J. C. Merrell.

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Sarsaparilla

Statement of a Well Known Doctor

"No other blood medicine that I have  
ever used, and I have tried them all, is so  
thorough in its action, and effects so many  
permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."  
Dr. H. F. Merrell, Augusta, Me.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills for liver and bowels.

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Tutti Frutti. Insist on get-  
ting the right article.

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## Lamb's Tongues

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