

Cairo in the Year 1907; Has More Than a Million People

(Continued From Page Thirteen.)

ally comes to the conclusion that the Arab city is fast passing away. This is not so. Cairo is the city of the Egyptians. Not one-tenth of its inhabitants are Christians, and it is the eight or nine hundred thousand natives who make up the life-blood of this municipality. They are people of a different world from ours, as we can see if we go down and stroll through the city. They go to business in different ways, and they trade much the same now as they have been trading for generations back. Their stores are crowded along narrow streets which wind this way and that, so that one might lose himself in them. Every branch of business has its own section. In one place there are nothing but saddlers, in another only shoemakers, and in another the workers in copper, silver and brass. The book-sellers and book-binders have a street of their own; and so have the clothiers and tailors. Nearly every store is a factory as well, and most of the goods offered you are made in the shops.

I have been in most of the great bazaars of the world, and I know of none more interesting than those of Cairo. In the thousands are buying and selling, and each narrow street has a stream of color which flows back and forth all day long. From the top of one's donkey this stream is red and white with a bed of black and blue. The red is the fez caps and the white the turbans, while the blacks and blues are the gowns of the people below them. The sides of the streets are bright with the goods hanging out of each little shop, and the whole is like wandering through a world's fair in which the exhibitors are dark-faced, turbaned, long-gowned men, who sit cross-legged on carpets, with all the treasures of the orient piled about them.

CAIRO OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Although the foreigner and his innovations are almost everywhere in evidence, native Cairo is much the same now as it was in the days of the Arabian Nights. These people believe the same as they did then; they wear the same costumes; the women are as closely veiled, and all the characters of the days of Haroun Al Raschid are to be seen. Here the visionary Alnascher squats in his narrow, cell-like store, with his basket of glass before him. He has a long water pipe in his mouth and is musing on the profits he will make from peddling his glass, growing richer and richer, until the Khedive will be glad to offer his daughter in marriage, and he will spurn her as she kneels before him, and as when they go to see the glass turned over as it was in the story, and his castles in the air shattered with his kick. Next to him is a turbaned Mohammedan who reminds us of Sinbad the Sailor, and a little further on is a Barmecide, washing his hands with invisible soap in invisible water, and apparently inviting his friends to come and have a great feast with him. Here two long-gowned grey-bearded men are sitting on a bench drinking coffee together; and there a straight, tall maiden, robed in a gown which falls from her head to her feet, and with a long black veil covering all of her face but her eyes, looks over the wares of a handsome young Syrian, reminding us of how the hours shopped in the days of the past.

DONKEYS AND CAMELS.

Original Cairo is the city of donkeys and camels. In the French quarters you may have a modern cab for 15 cents a ride, or you may jump on the electric street cars and go a long distance for from two and a half to five cents, or you may even hire an automobile to carry you over the asphalt. The streets of the native city are too narrow for such things, and you are crowded to the wall again and again, for fear that the spongy feet of the camels may tread upon you. You are grazed by loaded donkeys, carrying grain, bricks or bags on their backs; and the donkey boy who is trotting behind an animal ridden by some rich Egyptian or his wife calls upon you to get out of the way. The donkey is the best means of getting round through the native city, and the only one. You may hire one for two hours.

for 20 cents, for a half day for 50 or 60 cents, and all day for a dollar. Every riding animal is numbered. My donkey of today was named "California," and the number on his saddle was 97.

SOME QUEER CITIZENS.

The characters of these bazaars are odd to an extreme and one must have an educated eye to know who they are. Take that man in a green turban; he is looked up to by his fellows. Your dragoman will tell you that he has a sure passport to heaven, and that the turban is a sign that he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca and thus earned the right to the colors of the prophet. Behind him comes a fine-featured, yellow-faced man in a blue gown wearing a turban of blue. You ask your guide who he may be and are told, with a sneer that he is a Copt. He is one of the Christians of modern Egypt, and has descended from the fanatical band which Charles Kingsley describes in his novel "Hypatia." Like all of his class he is intelligent and like most of them well-dressed. The Copts are among the shrewdest of the business Egyptians, and with the prosperity now common in the valley of the Nile, they are growing in wealth. They are money lenders and are also land speculators. Many of them have offices under the government, and not a few have amassed fortunes. Some of them are very religious, and some can recite the Bible by heart. They are different from their neighbors in that they believe in having only one wife.

GIRLS OF CAIRO.

But the crowd in the streets is by no means all men. There are women scattered here and there through it, and such women! Talk about your peek-a-boo waists. The Cairo girls have peek-a-boo veils. All their bodies with the exception of their eyes are hidden, and one has to look close through the slits in their veils to see whether their skins are white, black or brown. They are by no means good looking as they walk through the streets. Those of the better class are clad in cloaks of black bombazine made so full that they hide every outline of the person. Some have their cloaks tied at the waist, and they look like black bed-ticks walking off upon their legs. Here one raises her skirts, and you see that she has on zouave bloomers which fall to her ankles; they make me think of the fourteen-year breeches worn by the girls of Algiers. The poorer women wear gowns of blue cotton, and a single gown and veil make up the whole costume. Some of them carry babies astride their hips or their shoulders, and the babies are often as naked as when they are born. Not a few of the ladies have eunuchs to go about with them. The latter are as black as my hat, and as sour as the Sphinx. They are to keep the young women from flirting, as they shop in the bazaars.

Nearly all of the women have their faces covered. In the oriental quarters you will not meet any, except the very lowest of the peasants, who have a long veil of black crepe six inches wide reaching from just below her eyes to her ankles. This is stitched at the corners to her headress, and fastened in the center by a brass spoon, four inches long, which covers the bridge of the nose. The eyelids of most of the women are blackened with kohl; they have thick black eyelashes and one often imagines them beautiful until the wind blows away a veil and you find out the contrary.

NEW CITY OF CAIRO.

In striking contrast with Egyptian Cairo is the new European section which has grown up on its edge. That part of the city is having a boom; and lots which sold for \$10 a square yard two years ago are now bringing \$30. There are instances where ground is selling for eighteen times as much as it did in 1905. Property is going up all over this section, and an enormous amount of building is being done. Rents are so rising that the poorer Europeans are moving out into the suburbs and this city promises to have a suburban development just as we have about our American towns. European Cairo is a city of wide streets, paved with asphalt. It is a city of electric lights and sanitary improvements. It has fine residences,

surrounded by gardens filled with tropical plants and trees; and its better stores carry goods which would sell readily in Paris or New York. One can buy almost anything from anywhere in the world at these stores. This is especially so of such wares as are in demand by the tourists and the rich do-nothing class. The peddler of antiquities and fine china, of jewelry and of oriental rugs is also here in all his glory, and during the season he does a big business.

Cairo has many doctors and dentists. The doctors charge \$5 a visit whether you see them at their offices or at your hotel. The dentists are mostly Americans, and they are not here for their health. The town is one of newspapers, libraries and clubs. It has its daily for-mals, in which you can read the telegrams in French, English and Arabic; and it has its loud-mouthed newspapers, who cry the papers on the streets. My shoes are blacked every morning by a boy wearing a turban, and his charge is two cents a shine.

CAIRO'S BIG HOTELS.

Cairo is one of the winter resorts of the world. It is thronged during the season with Europeans and Americans, here every year, and they leave millions of dollars in Egypt. Thirty thousand tourists visited the valley of the Nile last winter, and it is safe to say that they left upwards of \$10,000,000. The hotels of Cairo increase in size and number every year. They are run by syndicates with large capital and they pay big dividends. Sheppard's, which is so well known everywhere, has 400 beds. The Savoy has 150. The Hotel Continental 300, the Ghezirah Palace can accommodate 400 guests at one time, and the Mena House, under the Pyramids, has 150 rooms. All these hotels have modern improvements and they charge you roundly for them. At Sheppard's I pay \$3 a day for a double-bedded room for myself and son, and in addition there is a charge of 10 cents a day for electric lights. If I have my breakfast in my room that is an extra, and if I am not in the dining room at just the moment when dinner begins, I find the doors closed, and have to go to the grill room and pay extra for whatever I order. Four or five dollars per person per day for room and board is the usual price at the first-class Egyptian hotels, and this is so at Alexandria and all up and down the Nile valley. The prices are somewhat less during the summer and fall, but at such times many of the hotels are closed, the most of them running only during December, January, February and March.

Many people come here to spend the winter and many find it so cold that they have to leave. It seems to me that the advantages of Cairo as a health resort have been greatly over-rated. For the last year or so the city has had an epidemic of dengue or breakbone fever during the winter, and there is scarcely a man, woman or child who has escaped. The climate is better farther up the Nile valley.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HENLEY, A POET OF THE CITIES

(Continued From Page Thirteen.)

were always a stimulant for me. I felt their friendliness and enthusiasm. He was moved by my sculpture; he would stand by me, and in England he was preparing success for me. He gave me his friends, Ionides, Monkhouse, and Stevenson. And when I, on my side, absorbed by the little things that waste your time but are invaluable to a sculptor, neglected him, no longer wrote to him, he made allowances. His unalterable friendship made him understand, and he knew well that I had no need of a sculptor, was constantly doing things for me without my knowing of it. And a little before his death he gave me again one of his great friends—Mr. George Wyndham, whose generous character is like his own and who is a poet like him. Indeed, it is a consolation for me to have done this bust. I feel that the forceful features of my friend are at rest in this great crypt of the beautiful church of St. Paul, majestic in its grand, severe, and elegant style. In the vast heart of London town. He was among the spirits who have worked for their country, and who would have bore a life of pain, and the last blow was the death of his daughter, in whom the artist and father had concentrated his soul. Lately I saw him still my friend, but the orb lowered toward the horizon like a soul that is setting. Artists had been his protégés, and many young literary men had his help. Although he had his little personal limitations, under his brusqueness he was good. It consoles me to love him still in his effigy, and it encourages us to love a man who did his work so well, made strong by his faith in beauty.—From the Literary Digest.

DISCOVERY OF THE LAMP CHIMNEY.

The comfortable and convenient lamp chimney of every-day use is to be attributed to a child's restlessness. Argand, a native of Switzerland, a poor man, invented a lamp the neck of which was fitted into a hollow cylinder, that allowed a current of air to supply oxygen to the interior as well as the exterior of the circular frame.

The lamp was a success, but its inventor had never thought of adding a glass chimney, and probably never would have thought of it, had not his little brother been playing in his work room while Argand was engaged with the burning lamp. The boy had gained possession of an old bottomless flask, and was amusing himself by putting it over various small articles in the room. Suddenly he placed it over the top of the lamp, and the flame instantly responded by shooting with increased brilliancy up the narrow neck of the flask. Argand's little brain at once caught the idea, and his lamp was perfected by the addition of a glass chimney.

The wettest hour of the day is at 3 o'clock in the morning.

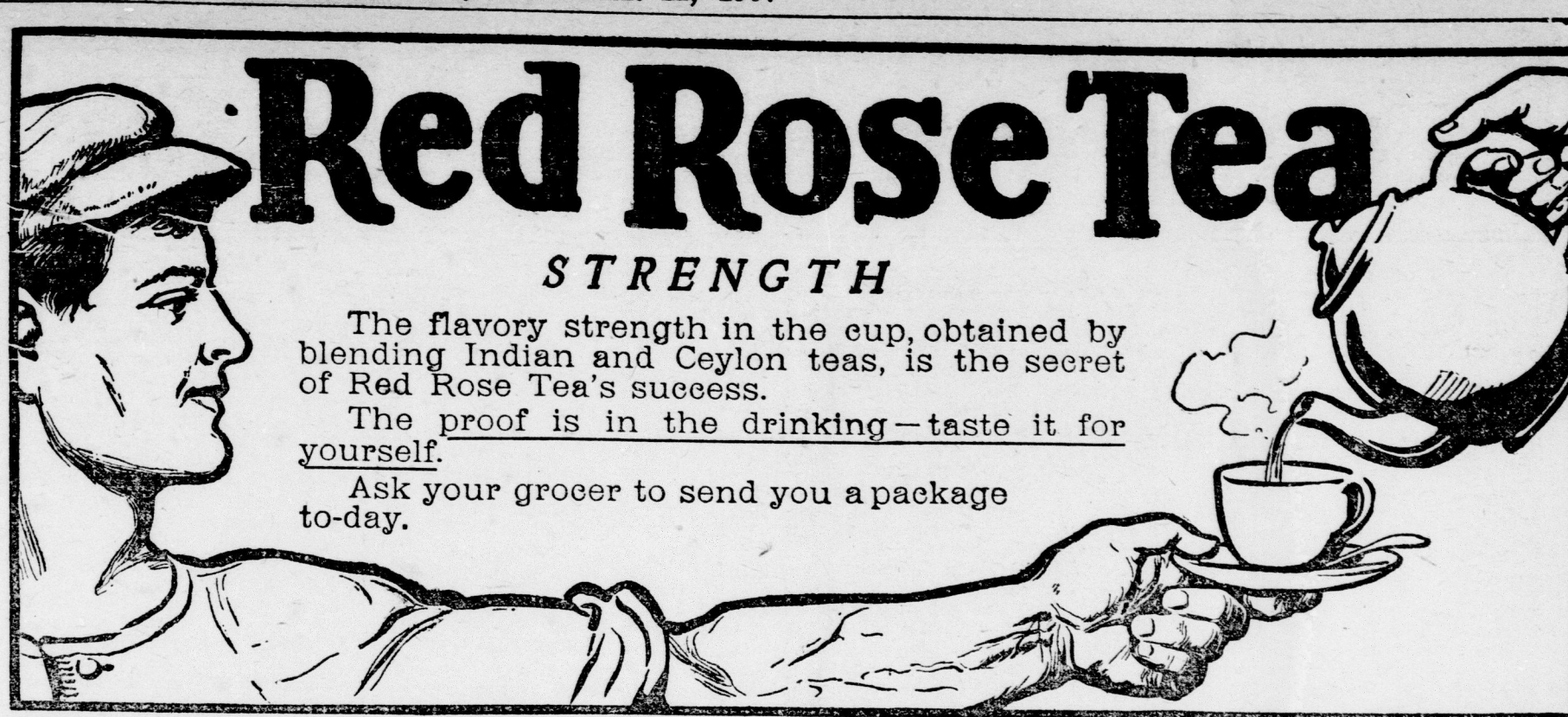
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"W. S. GILBERT," BY E. A. BROWN

LIFE STORY OF THE FAMOUS
ENGLISH WIT AND LIBRETTIST.

Miss Browne gives us rather an anecdotal tale that may be new to the whimsical author of "Pinafore" and agreeable summary of the life of the average reader and criticisms that are not likely to prove particularly valuable to anyone.

One point she makes, however, which, though not particularly novel, is worth re-emphasizing. Like all the humorists, Gilbert's wit overtook him seriously. He was pleased when Miss Browne singled out from the "Bab Ballad" crazy quilt the one poem that is frankly pathetic, "At a Pantomime."

"Why, that's one of the best things I ever wrote," he cried, "and you're the first person who has ever singled it out. I can do something more than wear the cap and bells."

In this very seriousness, indeed, resides the peculiar touchy quality of the Gilbertian humor. The term "Gilbertian," as Miss Browne not inaptly interprets it, implies a conflict between the well-balanced mind of a serious man and the exuberant wit of his impish counterpart the imp. triumphs, but according to the terms of the treaty between the two, the serious mortal is allowed to keep his dignity, and to make believe that he does not see anything funny in the little imp's delightful nonsense.

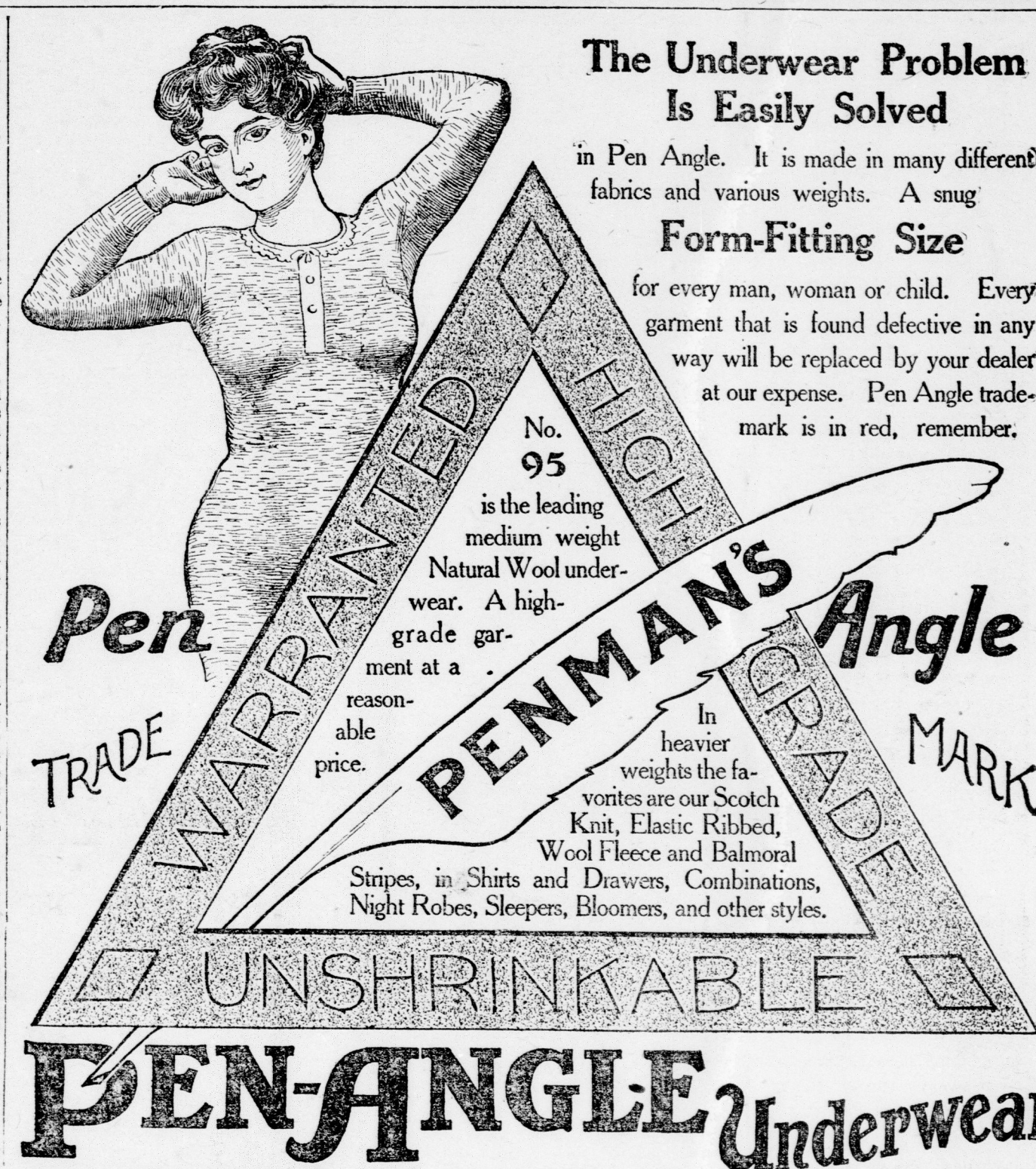
William Schwenck Gilbert, to give him his full name, had an adventurous childhood. His earliest recollections date back to the year 1839, when as a child of two, bearing the nickname "Bab," which he was afterwards to make famous, he found himself in Naples with his parents. Sent one day for a walk with his nurse, he was accosted the cockney maiden, saying that the "English gentleman" had sent them for the baby. In simple faith she handed her charge over to them, and they went their way.

"Bab," in short, had been stolen by brigands! There was distraction in the "English gentleman's" domestic circle when the nurse returned and told her story. A small detachment of soldiers armed with fuzes was dispatched to the mountains and succeeded in rescuing the child from the hands of the forerunners of "The Pirates of Penzance." Mr. Gilbert distinctly remembers riding in front of a man on a cutting, with steep banks on either side; in later days when he was again in Naples he recognized in the Via Posillipo the scene which had impressed itself on his infant memory.

As a boy in Great Britain, the young Gilbert's dramatic instincts exhibited themselves in co-hortery worship of everything and everybody connected with the stage. He even began to write plays, which were acted by his schoolfellows. The number of the future, the young author constituted himself stage manager and scenic artist to these early dramatic efforts, and in one of them, a melodrama given "Guy Rawks," he played the principal part.

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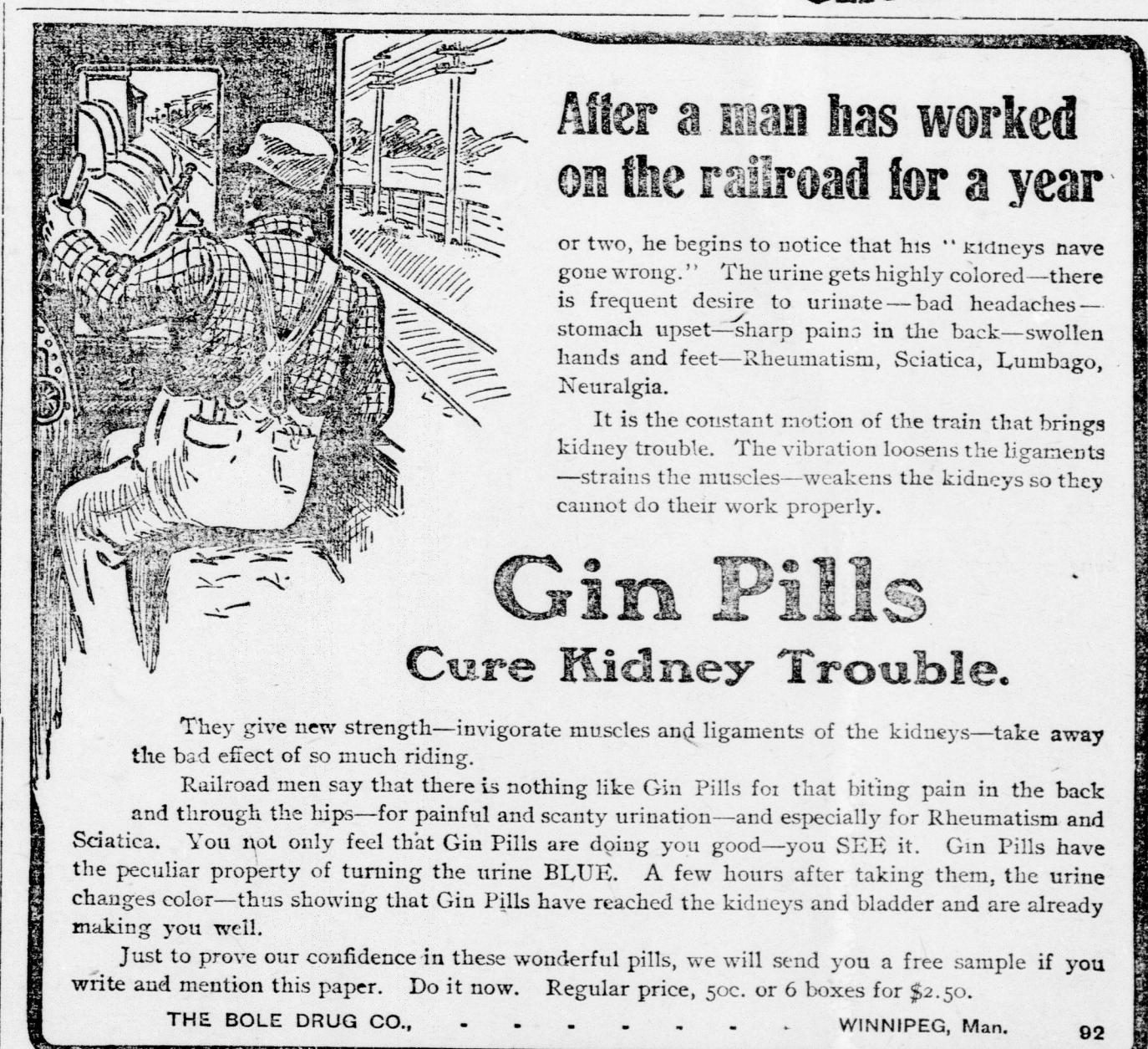
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press and a half page block weekly for an indefinite period.

"But that little thing I sent you in the other day is all I can do," protested Gilbert. However, by dint of persuasion he was induced to try again on the same lines. The result gave him sufficient confidence to accept the invitation to join the staff of Fun, to whose readers "Bab" soon became a name to conjure with.

From the "Bab Ballads" to Savoy opera was an inevitable step. Indeed, one can find the germ of the latter in the former.

Characters and plots which were those of that book with other clever stories that won deservedly high praise, even if they did not capture the public that had already succumbed to the "Bab Ballads." The son was actually

the incentive which spurred into activity the innate but dormant literary talent of the father.

Reese, admitted Gilbert, Junior, when questioned on this point by Miss Browne, "I think the little success which had attended my efforts certainly influenced my father. You see, I added, with the suspicion of a smile, 'my father never had an exaggerated idea of my abilities; he thought if I with he began to do so.'—New York could write anybody could, and forth-Herald.

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human of my abilities; he thought if I with he began to do so."—New York falls. Sold by Callard & McLachlan, 13-15-1