

# MOSLEM POWER BROKEN CHRISTIANS TRIUMPH

## Victory of the Balkan Allied Forces in Constantinople Mark Final Steps of Turkish Power in Europe

The Christian allies of the Balkan States in three weeks of active warfare have swept down through the Balkan peninsula, crushing all resistance before them and destroying as they went the great tradition of Turkish military power. Straight to Constantinople they have advanced, driving the harried Turks before them. There now the broken Moslem power hesitates and cowers, looking longingly across to the Asiatic shore where along it, it can find undisputed refuge. And at the gates the Christian allies batter, just as six centuries ago the Turks battered while the Christians cowered at the church of San Sofia, praying for the miracle of deliverance from the Moslems without. For freed from all political considerations it is not the Bulgar that stands triumphant at the gates of the city of the Sultans but Christianity itself, prepared to perform an act of retribution and of justice, to restore the cross to the dome of San Sofia and wrest from the Mussulman the first city distinctly Christian, built by the first Christian emperor on the ruins of vanquished paganism.

Although centuries of misery and the blood of thousands of Christian martyrs are behind them it is not in the spirit of vengeance that his new crusade has advanced to the capital of the Moslem faith. Rather it is inspired by a feeling of simple justice. The Turk has had his chance in Europe and he has failed. He has hindered progress wherever he has set his foot, and those countries that have been under his rule have been wrongfully deprived of their share in the advance of European civilization. The great body of sufferers are the Christians, who greatly exceed in numbers the people of the Turks' own race and religion, and it is justice to these, to many generations of them that the world has gone forth, "The Turk must go."

The advance of the Christian army has been accomplished with military exactitude. There have been no tales of excesses or savagery from the Bulgarian camps. There have been all the horrors of war, but none of the barbarity that has accompanied every campaign where the Turks have been the victorious aggressors. It is not for the entrance of the Bulgars as conquerors that Constantinople trembles and for which the European powers are rushing battleships eastward, but for the barbarism of the Turks themselves when, desperate and defeated, they are driven back into the city. It is against the Turks themselves that the city must be protected, against the horrors of personal vengeance which must wreck itself as well in defeat as in victory.

Six centuries ago when the Turks marched into Constantinople as conquerors they found waiting for them in and around the church of San Sofia a great multitude of Christians, more than 20,000 in number, who had gathered to pray for and to await the sublime faith the miracle that would deliver them from the Moslems at the city walls. Slaughtering all before them as they went the Turks advanced through the city until they reached the church and the crowd that had awaited the miracle that had not come. It was a situation to delight the heart of the blood-crazed vengeance mad army. Quickly the soldiers divided the people, irrespective of age, sex or rank, apportioned them as slaves and drove them off like cattle to the camps. Gibbon says:

"In the space of an hour the male captives were bound with cords, the females with thin veils and girdles. The senators were linked with their

slaves; the prelates with the porters of the church, and the young men of a plebeian class with noble maids whose faces had been invisible to the sun and their nearest kindred. In this common captivity the ranks of society were confounded, the ties of nature were cut asunder, and the inexorable soldiers were careless of fathers' groans, the tears of the mother and the lamentations of the children. The loudest in their wailing were the nuns who were torn from the altar with naked bosoms, outstretched hands and dishevelled hair. Of these unfortunate Greeks, of these domestic animals, whose strings were driven through the streets, and as the conquerors were eager to return for more prey their trembling pace was quickened with menaces and blows. . . . About 60,000 of this devoted people were transported from the city to the camp and fleet; exchanged or sold, according to the caprice of their masters and dispersed in remote servitude through the provinces of the Ottoman Empire."

No city of Europe, travellers say, has so distinct an individuality as Constantinople. It is not European; it is not Oriental it is unlike any other city in the world—it is Constantinople. "More than any other capital of mankind, it is cosmopolitan, both in its present and in its past. It is the synonym of the fusion of races and the clash of creeds."

Constantinople, Greater Constantinople, it might be said, embraces the group of cities and villages on and immediately adjacent to the Asiatic and European sides of the Bosphorus. Its heart is the mediaeval town between the Marmora and the Golden Horn, which is called Stamboul. This is by far the largest and most important of the towns that compose the capital.

Crowning the heights of Stamboul are many minarets with their white minarets, always first to catch the rays of the rising sun and the last to glow pink in the evening light, and here too are the long rows of sombre cypress trees planted in professional sows from the foot to the summits of the hills. Here is San Sofia, with her famous dome and four white minarets rising from her rose and white walls here are Sultan Ahmed, with six lance-like towers; Mohammed II, built above the burial place of the Christian Emperors; Solomon the Great, with its ten swelling white domes; and here too are the Seraglio or Tekyr and the Tower of the Seraskiarate. Crowding around all these more notable edifices is a multitude of smaller mosques, kiosks, tombs, buildings of every kind, overgrown, wherever there is a bit of soil for it to take root, with a tree or shrub or a plant of some kind.

To the north of Stamboul, along the shore, are Galata and Tophane, bustling with commerce and trade, while behind the higher lies Pera, with the mansions of the European Ambassadors, the quarter of the European shops and many beautiful gardens and groves. Still beyond lies a section of suburban villas and splendid parks overlooking the Bosphorus.

On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus which winds northward to the Black Sea between rows of palaces, gardens, cafes and little villages, are Scutari and Haid-Kioi, with thousands of gaily tinted houses, set down in flourishing gardens and overtopped by many mosques of glittering whiteness. Backward, up the slowly rising hills are more domes all minarets, gay little villages, big barracks and the cypress groves that mark the Turkish and British cemeteries.

# THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND TARIFF REVISION

## Democratic Party Pledged to Reduction, of Paramount Interest to Canada

The Democratic victory in the United States has more interest for Canada than is usual in the presidential elections of the Republic. When President Taft entered the White House four years ago, his promise was that the tariff should be revised. He performed that promise only the revision was upward rather than downward. One of the planks of the Democratic platform for a long time has been the lowering of the tariff. In the past election, that plank was strengthened. President Taft has always sought the best way to balance himself on the presidential tight rope. He thought that upward tariff revision and the proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada would keep him safely balanced, pleasing both the manufacturer and the consumer. Failing to recognize the majority opinion of Canadian onlookers, the balance overturned and the rope entangled him in defeat.

President Woodrow Wilson assumes his new office pledged to tariff revision. He is the type of man who will perform his promise without evasion of any kind. His party is sufficiently strong to overcome most, if not all, obstacles. The people of the United States are in a frame of mind for a reduction of the tariff.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the letters which passed between Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt in 1911. On January 10th, writing to the ex-President, the then President (Taft), said, regarding the proposed reciprocity agreement with Canada:—

"It might at first have a tendency to reduce the cost of food products somewhat; it would certainly make the reservoir much greater and prevent fluctuations. Meantime the amount of Canadian products we would take would produce a current of business between Western Canada and the United States that would make Canada only an adjunct of the United States. It would transfer all their important business to Chicago and New York, with their bank credits and everything else, and it would increase greatly the demand of Canada for our manufactures. I see this is an argument against reciprocity made in Canada, and I think it is a good one."

It is not necessary here to print the correspondence in full, but merely to add that Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Mr. Taft on January 12th: "It seems to me that what you propose to do with Canada is admirable from every standpoint." Mr. Taft also stated he has always been a low tariff and downward revision man. His actions proved otherwise, and he thought to square them with the Canadian reciprocity treaty. It was asserted by many at that time that if Canada would give sufficient time, the United States by popular and political demand would reduce their tariff on Canadian imports of their own volition. This, we believe, is what will happen with President Wilson at the helm. On the other hand, we do not think that Mr. Wilson will revive the question of reciprocity in the form proposed by ex-President Taft.

The United States is already enjoying more than sixty per cent. of our import trade. The total trade between the two countries during the fiscal year, 1911, was valued at \$413,812,000. Of that, \$294,415,000 represented our imports from the United States and \$119,397,000 our exports to them. The presidential election may mean ultimately a tariff conference between the two governments. With the possession of sufficient data, and a full appreciation of the commercial and agricultural possibilities and increasing value of the home market of Canada, an agreement might be consummated which would prove acceptable to all Canadians.

### THE DOCTOR QUIT TALKING.

A doctor who has a custom of cultivating the lawn and walk in front of his home every spring engaged O'Brien to do his job. He went away for three days and when satisfied with his work and said: "he returned found O'Brien waiting for his money. The doctor was not 'O'Brien, the walk is covered with gravel and dirt and in my estimation it's a bad job.'" O'Brien looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, doc, there's mant a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."—Houston Post.

they say, came from all parts of the United States, from Canada, and from England.

Those who make the charge admit that the samples sent to the assayers from the mine were rich, but they declare the mine was salted."

Howell—Do you believe in heredity?

Powell—I should say I did! I married the daughter of a judge and she is always laying down law to me.—Jude's Library.

## Gets \$8,000,000 for Salted Mine

District Attorney Whitman's office has begun an investigation of the affairs of Dr. W. C. Meyer, "diamond king of Brazil" upon the request of several wealthy men who allege they have proof of gigantic fraud.

These men say Meyer and those interested with him have taken in \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 in the last twelve years to "develop" the old mines in Minas Giraes. This money

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