

THE CITY DIRECTORY.

Hotels and Restaurants. ISLAND HOUSE—Best of the kind... BURNETT HOUSE, Ontario St., nearest first class hotel to G. T. R. and K. P. Stations. T. WILSON, Proprietor.

THE TURKISH HAREMS.

MRS. LEW WALLACE'S LOOK INTO FORBIDDEN ROOMS.

Luxuries of the Harem—Shady Gardens Nightingales Sing, and Rushing Waters Cool the Air—Head-Pillows of Silk With Tassels of Gold—Bath-Rooms of Ala-baster. Slavery is nominally abolished in the Ottoman empire, but it is said, I know not how truly, that ten thousand are annually bought, the larger portion women, who become inmates of Turkish harems; and this mingling with the fairest race has subdued the original ugliness of the Tartar.

ing prayer appointed by Lord Mohammed, regarded as the most acceptable that can be addressed to the Deity on this occasion.

IN THE HAREM. The word harem means the holy or sanctified, and in general sense is given to any spot peculiarly hallowed. I was a long while learning that the name applies to the spacious enclosed court about mosques, not a barred prison, but consecrated ground, revered as a sanctuary.

Free light, abundant space, shady gardens where the nightingale sings among its roses, and rushing waters cool the air. These are the luxuries which foreshadow the golden pleasure fields kept for the faithful by the Houris.

The women, old and young, assemble in the sacred rooms, with their children and attendants, and they are the centre of the world to the home keeping Turk, who cares nothing for travel and never emigrates. His spare time and money are spent there and the wife is, in the tender Arabian phrase, the keeper of her husband's soul.

Turkish harems are much alike. The entrance is through a double door, large enough for horses and carriage. Beyond it is a swing screen suspended like a gate and hides the vestibule, or court, when the street door opens.

There is no special place to eat or sleep in. A low divan running round the wall of each room is made a bed by night, the clothes being kept in presses by day. In imperial palaces the covers are of Lahore stuff embroidered with colored silks, interwoven with pearls and turquoises.

The small round mirror, framed in velvet, is always at hand for toilet use, and the laying on of cosmetics is so deep that it is nam

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. GAGE, ARCHITECT, OFFICE—Montreal Street. ADAM MARTHUR, ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR, &c., Office Clarence Street, near King St. DR. PRICE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office—No. 438, Vaughn Terrace, Princess St.

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Liverpool And London And Globe INSURANCE COY. One of the best and Safest companies doing business in Canada. Insurances effected at as low rates as any other good Company.

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Nearly all the litigation and resisted settlements in Life Assurance arise from clauses and conditions in the policies. They often read "Indisputable after two years from any cause whatever," "provided only" that the conditions are kept intact.

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THE ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital \$4,000,000 Total Assets, January 1st, 1888 \$9,272,790 Losses paid in 63 years \$3,400,000.00

IN USE 100 YEARS.

SKIN DISEASES

Are of two kinds; firstly, those only skin deep (which are not now to be considered) secondly, those which are caused by a bad state of the blood, and which attack various parts of the body in different ways.

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The OINTMENT called 'THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND' And the ALTERATIVE PILLS, Called 'PILULE ANTISCROPHULE.' These Two Medicines have now stood the test of 100 years' trial, having been introduced to the public in the latter part of the last century.

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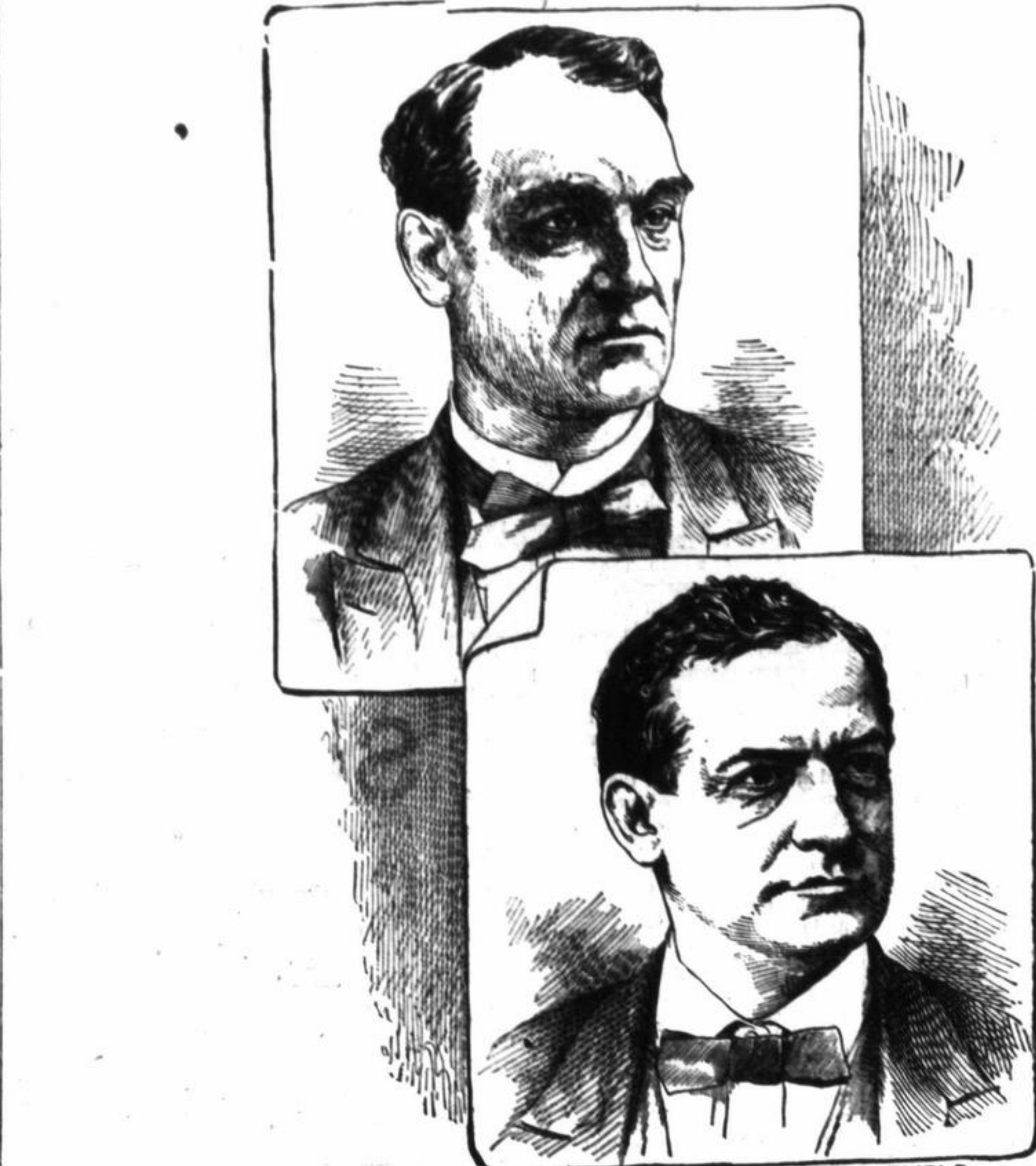
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TWO EMINENT STATESMEN, RANDALL AND CARLISLE. Leaders of Opinion in the United States Congress. (See Sketch, Page IV.)

to thrust their bare feet into velvet slippers, spangled gold, and loll on soft divans in rooms lined with bright marble. The trade is carried on by Jews and is a necessary part of polygamy. The slaves enter better conditions than they leave, are usually kindly treated, and by law are free at the end of seven years.

Contracts for marriages are oftentimes made by the mother of the bride, who sometimes does not see her fiancé till she is robbed for the ceremony; and old maids are unknown in empire where maids are marriageable at sixteen or younger.

Wedding festivities sometimes last a whole week. The men, in their rooms, smoke solemnly and sip coffee; "laughter," says their proverb, "is for women and children." And merrily laughter rings through the screened doors before the apartments of the women. Their gaily overflows in jests and playful tricks, trivial and meaningless to us, but delightful to them. Charms are practised, fortunes foretold, and dreams, in which they have childlike faith, are related.

The presents of the wealthy are jewels, furs, and embroideries, shawls from the goats of Thibet, silks of Indian dyes rich as coronation robes, scarfs of Mecca, woven of pure, white silk shot with silver. The larger garments are strung on cords stretched against the walls of the bridal chamber. A wreath of artificial flowers borders its ceiling, and the draperies below make a vari-colored lining, gay as the shawl-lined tent of Haroun-Al-Raschid. All is arranged with the unerring eye for color which distinguishes the Oriental, and the work goes on with intervals of feasting, eating sugar plums, and wild fantastic music, at once harsh and sorrowful.

The bride is radiant in white or rose pink wrought with gold; her nails and finger tips are dyed with henna, and an amulet of cornelian, inscribed with a verse from the Koran, is hung round her neck, a defence against the evil eye. When the hour comes for the betrothed strangers to see each other face to face, for the first time, her best friend kisses the bride between the eyebrows, removes her veil and spreads it on the floor. The bridegroom kneels upon it and offers the touch-

ed "face writing." Turkish women understand the arts of repairing the ravages of time, and their toilet service is varied and effective.

Meals are served on bright brass trays of various sizes, and a piece of bread serves as spoon, knife, and fork, so deftly used that there is neither spilling nor crumbling about the low table beside which cushions are ranged instead of chairs. Exquisite neatness prevails and many attendants are in waiting.

Every Turkish harem has its bath rooms, three in number, if the owner is well to do. The first is square, chiefly of marble, (in the Sultan's palace of Egyptian alabaster), lighted from a glass dome. A large reservoir built against the outer wall, with an opening into the bath, contains the water, half of which is heated by a furnace below it. Hot air pipes throw intense heat into the room, fountains lead the water from the reservoir and here the rubbing process is conducted. The second room is less and furnished only with a marble platform holding mattresses and cushions, where the bathers repose after the fatigue of ablutions too many for description. Here they smoke cigarettes, eat fruits and sweets and finally wrap themselves in soft barmouses and pass to the outer chamber where they drowse and doze on downy couches till they recover from the steaming heat and the languor that follows a long, warm bath.

Besides these, there are public baths where women spend many hours in gossip and the passive enjoyment of being thoroughly rubbed, brushed, combed, and perfumed. I once met a famous lady, bought with a great price by a high official of Stamboul. She was a Georgian, I think, with hair of reddish-gold—the sunbright tresses of Medea—ivory white skin, eyes black as death, the antelope eyes of the poets. The faintest line of antimony drawn on the lids at the root of the long lashes added to their lustre and the witchery of her glance.

She wore the yashmak and as only ladies were present I begged her to remove it so I might see her unveiled loveliness. She complied without affectation of timidity or blushing and returned my gaze with smiling serenity, too well used to open admiration for embarrassment. I cannot recall her name, it was something which being interpreted might mean Tulip Cheek. A river of pearls lay on her neck, snow on snow,

average morning visit in the land we love to call our own.

The seclusion of the harem gives much time for discussion and many a question of grave import is there debated. The women are well informed in politics, fond of intrigue, and so artful that our missionary, Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, writes: "Any one who has a private scheme to advance, a policy to develop, an office to gain or to keep, a boy to provide for, or an enemy to crush, sends his wife to the harem of a grandee. Women here bring about the most astounding results."

Their manner is ceremonious during formal calls, and they still kiss the hem of the garment in deference to age or superior. In familiar places, they have a sweet frankness like untrained young girls and listen to accounts of our ways of living, how we keep house, do great charities, manage the churches, etc., etc. "How hard," they say in tender pity; "that life may be good for you but would not be at all good for us. You are made for work, we are made for love; this suits us best." So they lean back on the silky cushions, taste the conserve of rose and of quince, light their cigarettes, and are happy.

The Bleeding of Life

And death is one of the mysterious functions of the human organism. There are constantly battling two rival elements; the one throwing off waste and effete matter—death, the other to supply living atoms to build up and sustain life. It is when the system grows sluggish, when the effete and dead particles are not eliminated and remain to clog life's channels, that Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut render greatest service. They cleanse the system, restore the liver to a healthy action, correct morbid secretions, renew the springs of life by making digestion more perfect, and proved by use the most perfect family medicine in existence. Accept no substitute for Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. At all druggists and dealers in medicine.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Pills may well be termed "Perfection."