

The City of Bagdad

When Charlemagne revived the Western Empire at the end of the eighth century A. D., it was to the caliph of Bagdad that he addressed himself on terms of equality as sharing with him the dominion of the whole world. This caliph was the illustrious Harun-al-Rashid, who lives forever as the hero of the Arabian Nights.

The name Bagdad was by some supposed to be derived from Bag or Bagh, a garden, and Dad the name of a christian hermit; but Sir Henry Rawlinson exploded the legend when he discovered the brick wall of an old quay dating from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar (604-561 B. C.) and forming part of an ancient city named Baghdadu.

Bagdad stands in a central position in western Asia near the ruins of more extinct capitals than lie within an equal distance in any other quarter of the earth. Sixty miles to the south stood Babylon; still closer to it and down the Tigris were, on opposite banks, the Syrian capital, Seleucia, and the Parthian capital, Ctesiphon. When Abūjāfar Al-Mansur, the second of the Abbasside caliphs, founded Bagdad in 762-3 A. D., he used the bricks and stones of those fallen cities to build his own.

But the fame of Bagdad dates from the appearance of Harun-al-Rashid, whose caliphate began in the year 786. He extended the city to the left bank of the river, and he also devised a means of crossing the Tigris that has not changed for a thousand years. Sometimes the bridge is swept away in seasons of flood, and then the citizens can only cross the river in a kind of coracle or circular tub.

For five centuries the caliphs flourished in Bagdad, and then the Mongol host under Hulagu grandson of Genghis, "the scourge of God," appeared in the year 1258. Al Mostasim was the caliph of the time. He had amassed an immense treasure, which he stored in a lofty tower, but he had neglected the defenses of his country. Having no army to meet the enemy in the field, he shut himself up in his capital and hoped for the best. But the Mongols were irresistible and carried the place by storm. Mostasim was brought before his conqueror, and had to listen to the upbraiding of the victor for having neglected the first duty of a ruler in providing for the security of his country. Then Hulagu ordered this last of the Abbassides of any importance to be locked up in his treasure tower and left without food until he starved to death, and he gave Bagdad up to slaughter and pillage.

When the Mongols had finished their work it is said seven hundred thousand corpses cumbered the streets. This was the great sack of Bagdad, but Timour did what he could to emulate it about the year 1400. Two hundred and thirty-eight years later Bagdad passed into the hands of the Turks.

At a distance the appearance of Bagdad is not unworthy of its ancient fame. Crenelated walls, bastioned gates, numerous towers, a wide ditch, a lofty citadel, and a noble river flowing between opposing ramparts give it an aspect rare among the habitations of men. Above the walls appear the gilded domes of mosques and royal tombs, alternating with dainty minarets and cupolas.

A city built of burnt bricks cannot attain to the venerable age of one formed of marble and stone, and of the Bagdad of Harun there alone remains the tomb of his favorite wife, Zobeidah. More modern, but still of a respectable age, is the old madrasah, or college, of the thirteenth century, which, while it flourished, made Bagdad the chief centre of Arabic learning. It is now used as the customhouse.

The interior of Bagdad does not correspond with its outside show. There is no sewerage the unfiltered water of the Tigris is conveyed from house to house in skins that are the nurseries of continuous generations of microbes. It is not surprising that cholera is epidemic and that there is a special local disease known as "the Bagdad date mark." The reforming governor, Midhat Pasha, wished to grapple with this problem when he

was in the city from 1868 to 1872, but either time was too short or the work too great. Things went on as before, and Bagdad still awaits its Nimrod or Tarquinius Priscus.

THE AMBITIOUS FLASHLIGHT

Once there was a pocket flashlight, whose notions became inflated from conversing with an electric chandelier in the shop.

"Why," he asked, "should I give forth only flashes of brilliancy, while the electric light shines all night? Am I not electric, the same as he? Is not my light as bright, while it lasts? Why this paltry button arrangement, springing back so quickly and condemning me to darkness

so promptly? I also will have a career! I also will be a permanent luminary!"

"Look out!" a gas fixture warned him. "Don't try to ape your betters. Be content to be what you were designed to be."

"My betters!" the flashlight exclaimed. "I'll show you that I'm as good as the gas light."

Thereupon, the next time his master pressed the flashlight button, it stuck fast, and the flashlight continued to burn, unknown to his master.

"There!" the flashlight exclaimed. "Now you see what I really am. Behold me, are light, incandescent, gas light, all of you! See how bright I am. See how steady I am. Am I not a wonder?"

So the flashlight continued to exult for

half the night; and then, suddenly, he grew red and went out.

The next night, when his master tried to use him, there was no answering flash, nothing but darkness.

"Pooh!" said his master. "Another flashlight gone wrong. I've lost patience with the whole lot of them. They are more bother than they're worth."

He tossed the flashlight on to a dusty shelf, and there it has remained to this day.—Æsop Jones.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.



A Mother's Tribute

THIS letter from Mrs. Roberts gives such a fine idea of the value of Dr. Chase's medicines for use in the home that we shall publish it without further comment.

Mrs. Everett Roberts, 44 Endicott Ave., Halifax, N.S., writes:

"I feel it a pleasure as well as my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Ointment. After the shock of the Halifax explosion my system was all run down, and I was so weak that I could not walk. Night after night I lay awake unable to sleep. Nothing did me any good until one of my neighbors recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After a treatment of this medicine I can positively say that my health and strength have been restored, and I can now sleep well and do my work as well as ever.

"I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for my baby, who had ringworms all over his face. I tried almost everything I knew of without success until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. This cured him in a short time. I would not be without either of these medicines in the house, and trust this may induce others to give them a trial and be convinced of their merits."

You can scarcely ask for a stronger guarantee of the value of a medicine than the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box. This is for your protection against imitations and substitutes. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.