

Lord Milner Expresses

Hope of the Imperialists
In Very Striking Words

"A TIME may come—I hope and believe a time must come—when the supreme direction of Imperial affairs will be in the hands of a Government representative of and responsible to the people of all the states of which the Empire is composed." This statement, made by Lord Milner in the course of a recent speech in London, marks a very definite stage in the working out of the great problem of the future government of the British Empire, which has been growing rapidly in importance during the last decade.

For several years prior to 1914 there had been in process of development a tendency on the part of the self-governing Dominions to claim a more direct share in the government of the Empire, and there was also manifested a growing tendency amongst statesmen at home to admit the justice of these claims, and to welcome the prospect of a more comprehensive scheme of government for the Empire. Then came the war, and, for the moment, little more was heard of the question. By a common consent it was left over, as it were,



LORD MILNER.

for discussion in the future, and the Dominions rallied to the support of the Empire without a question asked or a whisper of "terms." Since then, however, the logic of events has gradually forced the matter to the fore again. One by one, as the Dominions' ministers visited England, they were invited to take part in the deliberations of the home government, until the policy came to be not only accepted, but taken for granted. Thus the idea of all Imperial Government, such as that indicated by Lord Milner, no longer seemed to be the dream of a visionary, but, on the contrary, very practical and acceptable politics, and when the calling together of the Imperial War Cabinet was announced, it was accepted almost as a matter of course.

It is not, it is true, possible, at this juncture, to discuss profitably the position which is likely to evolve itself, in this connection, after the war; but if the war is proving one thing beyond doubt it is this, that many so-called emergency measures have come to stay; that there will, in fact, be a unanimous desire, on the conclusion of peace, so to adapt them to peace conditions as to render them, in all their essentials, permanent. "And so we are anxious, as far as is humanly possible," Lord Milner declared in another part of the speech already referred to, "to assure ourselves that we are acting, not only in accordance with our own judgment, but also with that of the men who enjoy the confidence of our fellow subjects across the seas. That is the meaning and purpose of the invitation we have addressed to them." It is safe to say that the desire for just this assurance will not vanish with the war; but that it will, if anything, be strengthened, and that measures will be taken to make certain that, through some kind of imperial council, or in some other way, such assurance will always be readily obtainable.

Small Churches.

Many claims for the "smallest church" have been made; but the distinction, such as it is, belongs to that of Culbone, a lonely and secluded parish on the coast of Somerset. The dimensions of Culbone church are thirty-three feet by twelve feet, and it is a complete structure, with chancel, nave, and south porch. On the Western Heights at Dover may be seen the ruins of a church which in some respects is a rival to Culbone. These ruins form no more than a ground-plan, and were unearthed in 1806. They consist of foundations disclosing a western circular narthex, thirty-two feet in diameter, with a chancel twenty-four feet long. Lullington Church, on the River Cuckmere, at the foot of the South Downs, in the neighborhood of Eastbourne and Newhaven, has been called the "smallest church in England"; but, however small it may now be—it measures only some sixteen feet square—it should be said that this is but the fragment of a church. In this competition for smallness Wasdale church, at the head of Westwater, in Cumberland, makes what is often considered to be a strong claim, says Mr. G. C. Harper in The Guardian. Its measurements are said to be forty-two feet by sixteen feet, but they do not challenge those of Culbone.

Samara tied to Baghdad

Among Important Cities
When World Was Young

THE ancient town of Samara, lying on the Tigris, some hundred miles up the river from Baghdad, enjoys a curious distinction. For about fifty years, in the Ninth Century, it was one of the first cities in the world. Before that time it had hardly even existed, and, after its short-lived greatness, it steadily fell into decay.

It was in the heyday of the power of the Kalifs of Baghdad that the story of Samara began. The reign of the famous Mamun, one of the greatest of the Abbasides, after the Kalif Mansur, had just come to a close, and the succession was sought by one Abu Ishak al Motasim. Motasim, as he has come to be known, had for a long time been preparing himself for this project. Every year he had bought Turkish slaves, and when he accompanied Mamun on his last expedition, he had with him a formidable bodyguard composed of some 3,000 Turks. Backed by this force, he appears to have compelled Mamun to designate him his successor, and the chroniclers record that he wrote, in the name of the Kalif, to the authorities at Baghdad and elsewhere, intimating that he was to be Mamun's successor. His intentions, however, were not greeted with favor by the army, which insisted that Abbas, Mamun's son, should take his father's place. Abbas, however, publicly renounced all claims to the kalifate, and in the end the army, with that rapid change of front so common in those days, accepted Motasim, who hastened to Baghdad and made his public entry into the city as Kalif on September 20th, 833.

The people, apparently, received him well, but the new Kalif was determined to have more than one string to his bow for the purpose of making his position secure. The approval of the army and the people was well in its way, but he had secured the first steps of his progress with the aid of his Turkish bodyguard, and he had every intention of strengthening this arm of his service, rather than doing away with it. One of his first acts, therefore, on coming to Baghdad was to procure officers for his guard, and for this purpose he bought up all the Turkish slaves in Baghdad, who had in any way distinguished themselves, and many of them afterwards became famous. The Turks, however, were unruly and undisciplined, and they not only outraged the good people of Baghdad by their excesses, but scandalized them by the open contempt they displayed for the religious precepts of Islam. At last the people could stand it no longer, and they rose against the guard and slew as many as they could.

Motasim was in a serious difficulty. He dared not act with severity towards the city, so he decided to solve the problem by moving his capital. Proceeding up the Tigris, along much the same course as General Maude's forces have been following during the last few weeks, he came to the little town of Samara, close to the edge of the great Mesopotamian plateau. There he built himself a new residence, changing the name of the place from Samara, which could be interpreted to "Unhappy is he who sees it," to "Sorr-man-rah," "Rejoiced is he who sees it." Motasim undertook the building of his new capital with energy, and, within less than ten years, Samara rivaled Baghdad in splendor. Palaces quickly rose on either side of the Tigris, and the minaret of the great mosque which he built was visible for many miles around. Then, Motasim's immediate successors continued to make the city their capital, and great sums were expended on it. Pleasure grounds were laid out on a large scale, and planted with palms from Basra; whilst exotic plants were imported from Syria and Khorassan. Canals were made in all directions, and the desert was transformed into a garden; whilst workmen were collected from every part of the empire, and teakwood, together with marble from Antioch, was imported on a colossal scale. As has been said, however, the days of Samara's greatness were short. Within fifty years the kalifs had returned to Baghdad, and, with the decay of the kalifate, which quickly followed, Samara lost altogether that glory, the shadow of which, at any rate, Baghdad retained so long.

Three Races.

I have heard from several officers home from the front the following story of Sir Douglas Haig's estimate of the ruling qualities of the soldiers of the three home races under his command, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian. It is true that the account comes at third or fourth hand, but I believe that it is generally accepted at the front. Sir Douglas is said to have remarked that whenever a particularly brilliant and rapid piece of work was reported from any part of the line he thought it would be an Irish regiment, and usually it was so. If a remarkable piece of work had been done by men sticking it under tremendous fire, with no artillery help and holding the position against heavy assaults, he concluded that was an English regiment, and usually it was so. But when he was wrong in either case it was usually the Scottish. The Scottish he thought, were not quite so fiery and immediate in their operations as the Irish, but they were more so than the English, and not quite so tenacious in holding on under punishment as the English, but they were more so than the Irish.

Murderous Italy.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is first.

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE

35 St. Rose St., Montreal, April 4th. "For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease. I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-lives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was "Fruit-a-lives" that gave me back my health."

MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

PERILS OF AIR FIGHTING.

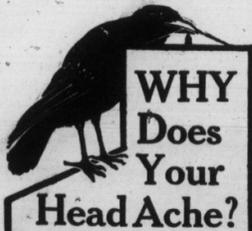
Many Lessons Learned by Very Bitter Experience.

In a particularly interesting article on air-warfare in Everybody's, William G. Shepherd shows how hard has been the road blazed by the nations of Europe: "The long, hard road along which the nations in Europe have struggled in learning aerial warfare is not pleasant to view.

"It is a feverish and bloody progress that has been made in flying in Europe. In the laboratory of aerial warfare, during the last thirty-three months, human lives have been spent in experiments like the lives of animals on the vivisectionist's table; but thousands of airmen, testing every new idea, and hundreds of aerial engineers and scientists, madly struggling in their laboratories, have achieved a progress that not a hundred years of peace could have brought about.

"While in peace times we find one Pegoud who shocks the world by taking his life in his hand to prove that an aeroplane can fly upside down, there have been hundreds of grim men in Europe since the war began who have lost their lives showing how aerial warfare ought not to be conducted.

"No one, for instance, knows how many lives have been lost, on all sides in proving that the monoplane was not practicable. In England one day, early in the war, two young men of fine families went up in a monoplane to test its value as a machine for observation purposes. They fell, and both were killed. The next day two young men were sent up to try to find out whether or not the accident of the day before was due to inherent dangers in the one-winged type of aeroplane. They too fell, and both were killed. Wherefore the monoplane was wiped off the British books. No army uses monoplanes today."



WHY Does Your Head Ache?

Headaches, sick or other kinds, don't happen to people whose livers are busy and whose bowels are as regular as a clock.

Thousands of folks who used to have headaches say this is the way they removed the cause:

One pill at bedtime, regularly. Larger dose if there's a suspicion of biliousness or constipation.

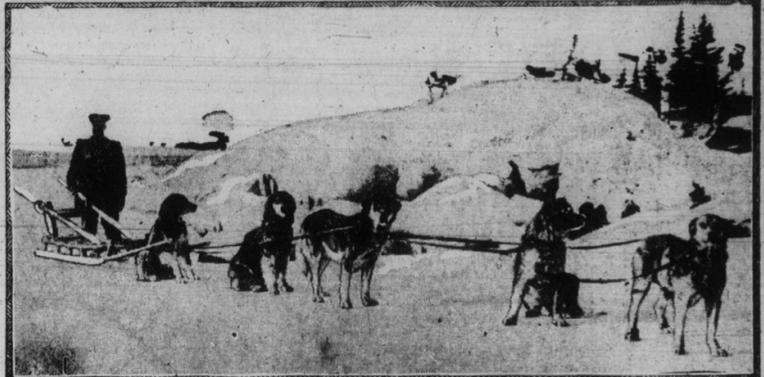


Evidence bears Signature Bentwood

Colorless faces often show the absence of Iron in the blood.

CARTER'S IRON PILLS will help this condition.

DOGS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN



DOGS are a versatile breed. The bloodhound will never live down his record as a policeman; the Pekinese always suggests his career as a Sunday supplement favorite; the mere mention of a dog serves to evoke memories of the dog of sport; the trained mongrel wags his tail on every vaudeville stage; the Red Cross dogs of the French front bring a lump into the throat of the world round. But after all, save and except the role of "friend" which is what all dogs are born for, there's no trade in dogdom so useful as that of the Northland canine who thinks he's a horse.

We can't go to the open ice of Greenland or the Labrador to see the dan-shaped teams whirling their sleighs along under the aurora. Most of us can't go anywhere north of the disadvised rise to zero. Teams are entered by owners living from California clear to the pole. And every dog who runs in a collar is eligible to compete—husky, malamute, Siberian wolfhound or plain wonderful all-enduring mongrel.

In Alaska and the Yukon, hotels are sleeping places and meals are taken in side-street cafes with Chinese cooks. Last summer the writer travelled the thousand miles from Vancouver to Skagway in the Canadian Pacific Steamer "Princess Charlotte," took train a hundred and ten miles over the old "trail of '98" to Whitehorse and was preparing myself by an excellent dinner to catch the Yukon river boat for Dawson City. I was sitting with my back to the screen door of the little restaurant when I had that odd sensation of "being watched" which comes to everyone with eyes in the nape of his neck.

Turning I saw the biggest silver-greyest, softest furred dog you ever set eyes on. I dropped my knife in amazement. The restaurant waitress came smiling out with a plate of fish refuse.

"Never seen a malamute before?" she asked. "Some dogs, ain't they, and they do say they can live on air. I don't see how the ones in this town always look so fat in summer unless they fish in the rapids."

"Why, yes, you could buy him if you liked. Guess you could just run away with him, and nobody'd bother you. But, of course, you know he'd eat up your own dog when you got him down home. Then he'd jump the tallest fence you could find, and go clean up the neighborhood."

Grey Brother had finished his fish course. His eyes were as yellow as topazes and the fur on top of his head stood up in a silver fluff an inch thick. He was laughing all over with good nature and the idea of such murderous exploits as the waitress suggested seemed impossible.

Down the street came a tangle of bells and a tangle of dogs. In the middle was a team—Jersey, Sport, Blackie and Shep—and surrounding them like sportive comets was an assortment of unattached canine energy sufficient to run a mill. The boy who drove the dogs from his little cart was about thirteen.

"Mush on Mush on!" he cried to his team, unmindful of the cameras of the tourists as of the gyrations of his satellites.



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"Paint My House, Too"

THE spirit of neighborhood improvement fills the very air. The glad, bright colors of spring have replaced the somber hues of winter. Grass is green—flowers are springing into glorious bloom.

Now's the time of all times to dress up your home in fresh, new colors. Give it a couple of coats of

Low's Brothers HIGH STANDARD LIQUID PAINT

—the investment paint. A good painter and a few gallons of HIGH STANDARD Paint will make your house the best looking in your neighborhood. Speak to your painter now. Bring him to our store and let us help you select the right colors for your house. Booklets and color cards upon request.

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