

MOVING THE CAPITAL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO AUSTRALIA IS DISCUSSED

An ex-Lord Mayor of Sydney has been suggesting that the future capital of the British Empire will leave London and move to Australia. It is the kind of suggestion I often heard during my recent Empire tour," writes Dr. L. Haden-Guest in the London Daily Express.

The new, young and vigorous Dominion feel that "they are the people," that the future of the Empire is in their hands, and that the balance of power, influence of prestige will inevitably shift in their direction. Perhaps. But in which direction? Why the capital of the Empire in Australia instead of Canada? And there are other chaimants.

The probability is that the capital will not move, in any period with which we need concern ourselves, for formidable reasons.

The Empire is widespread and covers about a quarter of the surface of the earth. It is an Empire of the new worlds—of Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand—but it is also an Empire of the East—India, Burma, Malaya—an Empire of tropical Africa and an Empire of the West Indies and tropical America.

Where in this Empire is the centre? And although an Empire of new worlds, Great Britain unites it closely to the Old World. We are inescapably united to the destinies of Europe by our geographical position, and are specially bound to Europe by the part we take in the League of Nations. We may say indeed that Great Britain, the Dominions and India are the backbone of the League of Nations.

Being an Empire of the East, we straddle the world and unite West and East together in a way which has never happened before. Being an Empire of tropical Africa and tropical America, we are the responsible rulers of forty millions of black peoples, now for the first time taking part in world civilization.

And it is a matter of sober fact that London is the most central point for the meeting of those concerned with government and business in tropical Africa and also of those concerned with the West Indies. So also is London central for the Dominions, India and the rest of the Empire.

All of this merely concerns convenience of access. But convenience of access, rapidity of transport and communications are affairs of vital importance. The roads of the Roman Empire were among the great foundations of its power, and all roads led to Rome. So in the British Empire all roads lead to London.

The roads of the sea lead there and the new roads of the air which are

linking us to India, Australia, South Africa and tropical Africa will soon link us to Canada.

But London is not only geographically convenient; it is also the money market of the Empire. From London the streams of wealth go out which fertilize new lands and make possible great projects. And London is the Empire centre of commerce and the capital of Great Britain, from which men and women go out to do the Empire's work.

When Australia has sixty million people instead of six, Canada a hundred millions instead of ten, when South Africa has grown and solved her native problem, when tropical Africa, the West Indies and America produce a greatly increased wealth, when India is a great industrial nation, London will still remain the financial, commercial, and political centre.

And even if this prophecy is in part not realized because of unforeseen political and economic changes, London still remains the custodian of a thousand years of political tradition, the embodiment of millions upon millions of memories.

Westminster, St. Paul's, the Guildhall, the Temple—these places and many another, written of in books, novels, poems—these things are stamped as symbols on the consciousness of the race, and men and women overseas who have never seen them, and may never see them, dream, and desire, and long to "go home" to see them.

In moments of expansion and exuberance the overseas citizen thinks naturally of his own land as the centre of the Empire, but in the sober quiet times, and in the trying times his thoughts turn to London.

London will remain the capital because not only do all roads in the Empire lead to London, but all hearts in the Empire turn to London. And the more the Empire unites, pacifies, and benefits the hundred nations beneath our flag, the more the hearts of those whose race is different from ours will turn to London.

The Indian thinks of London as the protector of his liberties and of his ordered progress, the black man of Africa thinks of London as the guardian of his rights.

Kings, maharajahs, emirs, chieftains come to the Court at Buckingham Palace. Great as are the Imperial traditions of the past, those now in the making in our democratic commonwealth are still greater. And of all of them London is custodian, and every day strengthens its influence as the capital of Empire.

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CLAIM BRITISH AIRSHIPS EXCEL GERMAN ZEPS.

London, Nov. 12—Great Britain's two new airships, now nearly ready are far in advance of the Zeppelins that has just crossed the Atlantic.

This claim was made by Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for Air, in an address on aviation and the British Empire before the Royal Geographical Society of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

"We believe," he said, "that if we can successfully solve the problems that have surrounded the airship, we can use it for eliminating two-thirds of the time that is now spent in journeys between London and the capitals of the Empire.

"This is the justification of the program under which for the last three years we have been engaged on the design and construction of two great airshipss. We have studied the lessons of past experience. We have availed ourselves of scientific theory and practical experiment, and as a result we believe that the two airships that are nearing construction are far in advance of any airship hitherto built.

"The future alone can prove whether or not we are right. It is, however, worth noting that the new German Zeppelin, an airship as we believe far inferior in design and construction to our own, has succeeded in making a trans-Atlantic flight in the face of adverse weather conditions. As I say, we believe that we shall succeed with our experiment, and the Dominion Governments believe that we shall succeed with it, for they are co-operating with us."

Punctual Flying.

The formation of air services "that will fly punctually and safely from one end of the Empire to the other" was another of the objectives of the Air Ministry.

"Up to now," said Sir Samuel, "it has been a period of careful experiment. We have had to prove to the world that air travel can be made safe and that air time-tables can be kept.

"The first of the new developments will be a regular air service to and from India, capable of carrying passengers, freight, and mails safely and punctually, and of making the journey in from five days to a week. So far as I can see, the obstacles in the way of this service have now been removed, and in the early part of next year it should be running every week between London and Karachi.

"The other great trunk line for British airplanes is the line between London and apetown, a line with great possibilities, passing through British territories and dominions, and eventually reaching South Africa, with its gold and diamonds, that are peculiarly suited for air transport.

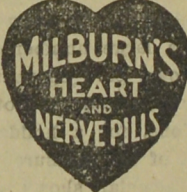
"If in the comparatively near future we can inaugurate regular airplane services between London and Calcutta and London and Capetown, we shall have created by far the two most important airplane lines in the world."

H. A. Willett of Moncton is in the city today.

R. F. Callum of Sussex is in the city today.

Heart Trouble Hands and Feet Numb and Cold

Mrs. Wm. Fowler, Auburn, Ont., writes:—"Several years ago I was troubled with my heart and nerves, so bad, at times, my hands would become numb and cold. I took doctor's medicine, for a while, but it did me little or no good. I happened to see



advertised and started taking them at once, and continued for some time, and since then I have had no return of my trouble."

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more preparation that may be given to a speech, the less explanation may be called for in the aftermath of criticism. And it seems to be demonstrated that the more sparkling the spontaneity the more studied may have been the anticipation.

A PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK THE GREAT BY ANTON GRAFF WAS FOUND IN NEW YORK

New York, Nov. 9—A German national art treasure of great historic importance, which vanished more than a century ago, has come to light in this city, it was learned yesterday.

This is a portrait of Frederick the Great done from life by Anton Graff, the most noted German portrait painter of the eighteenth century. The great historic value of the painting lies in the fact that it is said to be the only portrait of Frederick the Great which is known to have been painted by an artist who studied the pictures of the living man.

Foremost among the famous portraits of the Prussian monarch in existence is a painting in the San Souci Palace near Potsdam. This has long been recognized as a copy and circumstantial evidence indicates that it was based on an engraving by Bauso which, after an obscure career of a century, has been recognized in New York city.

The likeness, eclipsed by twelve coats of varnish and grime, was peddled from dealer to dealer here. This semi-opaque accumulation has been scraped off by Stephen Pichetto, restorer for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A vivid portrait of Frederick was revealed—the only picture of the famous warrior done from life by a competent hand. Historically, this work has a value which might attach to a Gilbert Stuart Portrait of Washington, if he had painted only one, instead of 172.

Despised Artists.

The great king despised artists, especially German artists. He would never pose. When one of his retiring generals asked Frederick to have a portrait painted for him, the monarch wrote, advising the soldier to have a monkey pose for the picture instead. He sent the general a snuff-box to be remembered by. The King's contempt for artists met with retribution, because no king in history has ever been so grotesquely mishandled by artists. After Frederick's death the demand for likenesses of him was supplied chiefly by third-rate workers at the trades of painting and engraving.

Graff's portrait of Frederick at the age of 69 is the only exception to the uniform maltreatment of the king's features.

The Graff portrait, which has emerged from a century of oblivion, is human, lifelike and full of expression. The head is cocked to the right, and great, blue youthful eyes glance imperiously from wrinkled eye-lids and age-lined features. The glance is one of preemptory inquiry, calling on the spectator to give an account of himself. His right hand is on the cane which used to belabor ministers and princes. The upper lip is thinned down to an almost invisible line.

Haughty Expression.

The thin lower lip projects autocratically, every line and touch of the artist co-operates with every other line and touch to give the impression that the haughty and fierce old conqueror is about to burst into wrathful interrogations. The nose is high, long and thin. The forehead is lined and intellectual, the jaw strong, the cheeks somewhat sunken with age. The king wears a blue uniform coat, with blue facing. The engraver's copy of the picture tides the monarch a little by giving him a lace jabot, but Graff in this portrait made no effort to dress up the ageing Frederick, who was notoriously careless of his dress in his old age.

BOSTON FALLS BACK ON THAT OLD EAST WIND

(New York Sun)

Every section of the United States has a reputation among all other sections of apologizing for its climate. Boston, though, in the opinion of a New Yorker who has given up the collecting of first editions and has gone in for weather apologies, is proudest of Boston.

Boston, he maintains is the only city—or section, if you please—that charges all misevents in the weather

to a single point of the compass. Boston, he alleges, blames everything on "the east wind."

"I have been there" he says "in winter and in summer, in fall and in spring. Always, when the weather is untoward, it is 'the east wind.' I was there once when it was bitter cold. The natives told me that Boston weather ordinarily was very delightful but that east wind occasionally came along and cut you like a knife and it was unfortunate that I happened to be there then of all times.

"One very hot day in Boston, the same natives assured me that Boston summers were exceedingly cool and pleasant but that occasionally that east wind would come in and sort of dry you up."

"Are you a clock watcher?" asked the employer of the candidate for a job.

"No I don't like inside work" replied the applicant without heat "I'm a whistle listener."

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