

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Smithsonian Scientist Finds Bees Can Smell

WASHINGTON.—Experiments with 5,500 honey bees recently completed by Dr. N. E. McIndoo of the Smithsonian Institution have led him to the conclusion that bees can smell and taste. The two senses are combined so closely that the scientist says they cannot be separated.

In testing the senses of these insects the following substances were the most important ones used: Vinegar, lime sulphur, kerosene, carbolic acid, formic acid, oil of peppermint, quinine and strychnine and various other salts mixed with cane sugar and honey.

The experiments show that bees like honey best of all foods, and that they are able to distinguish the differences between various kinds of honey. Doctor McIndoo also discovered that bees don't like oil of peppermint.

Doctor McIndoo's tests during four years convince him that the sense of smell of the bee is much keener than that of man, and that it serves him as a sense of smell and taste combined.

The department of agriculture also has been interesting itself in bees and is pointing out to beekeepers their needs, especially during the long flowerless winters.

The investigators of the department found, for instance, that fully 10 per cent of the colonies of bees in the country are lost each winter from starvation, cold and similar causes. One of the principal reasons for trouble is that the owners of colonies are not willing to allow their tiny laborers to retain a sufficient supply of the honey they have gathered to feed them even on a low ration, or in lieu of this to supply sugar syrup.

Another trouble is that the owners fail to make any provision for solving the temperature problem, assuming that the bees can manage to get through the winter's cold without trouble. As a matter of fact, he government's bee specialists point out the hives containing the insects should be packed carefully for the winter by being placed in a larger case, the space between being filled with sawdust, dry leaves, cork chips or other insulating material.



FROM wanderings and explorations in the remote provinces of China, up into Tibet, across the stretches of the Gobi desert, into Russian Turkestan, across the Altai mountains, and through the virgin forests of the upper Yalu and Tumen rivers, Frank N. Meyer, plant explorer for the department of agriculture, has returned to Washington, bearing with him, in the form of hundreds of specimens carefully assorted, labeled and classified, new and strange plants, seeds, leaves, roots and cuttings that may, after thorough investigation and exhaustive tests, prove of incalculable value to the farmers, fruit growers and gardeners of the United States.

Startling as have been the adventures of other explorers of the earth's uncharted and unmapped regions, none of these have been of more interest than have befallen Mr. Meyer in his wanderings about the unknown regions that lie above and back of China. Indeed, his fourth and latest trip was cut short and he was forced to abandon his prearranged program because his bearers were strongly disinclined to enter the wilds of a hitherto unpenetrated portion of Tibet in the face of declarations by Tibetans that should they proceed they would most certainly be boiled alive in oil.

In search of plants of immediate economic importance to agriculture Mr. Meyer has traversed the fertile plains and the immense stretches of the steppes of eastern Siberia, and has penetrated the jungles and the deserts where grow the rudimentary and as yet unused wild plants that may by cultivation be adapted to the use of man. Among his discoveries is the wild peach of China, believed by present-day scientists and botanists to be the parent stock. A wild pear is another discovery of this quiet Hollander on Uncle Sam's pay roll. This wild pear, sturdy, hardy and strongly resistant to diseases such as prove almost insuperable obstacles in the way of fruit growers, is to be used in tests and investigations as a grafting stock. In the hope that it may be found the solution of the problem of eradicating pear blight and other tree diseases that for years have wrought havoc in American orchards. A hitherto unknown variety of chestnut, strongly resistant to the deadly chestnut blight that has killed thousands of trees in eastern United States, was another of Mr. Meyer's discoveries.

Varieties of wild grapes and wild plums that may prove invaluable to American horticulturists are also among the discoveries of this scout of science, who has brought back with him cuttings and roots and seeds to be tested at the various experiment stations of the department of agriculture.

Plant Explorer Brings Specimens From Asia

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Story of the Auto, the Copper and the Negro

DURING the icy downpour of sleet that engulfed Washington on a recent day, one of Mayor Pullman's finest stood beneath the awning at the entrance to Keith's theater in his water-proof cape and watched the pedestrians floundering about in the slush.

Two handsomely dressed women left the theater and crossed the street to an automobile. Getting inside the machine, they wrapped themselves snugly in and gave two or three yanks and pulls at the steering apparatus, but the car didn't budge. This process was repeated several times, when the guardian of the law, observing their predicament, hastened from his station under the awning and volunteered assistance. The cop gave the iron starting handle a twist or two, but there was no visible sign of life in the car. He tried it again, and then again and again. Gradually a crowd of sympathetic eyewitnesses gathered and offered advice. "The cop" gave his cap to a newsboy to hold and then he tried it again. For some strange reason the car refused to move. Evidently the carburetor was sick or some other ailment peculiar to automobiles had seized the machine.

"Let me get a trial at the car, boss," said a dusky son of toil, shoving his way through the little circle. No one objected, and taking a firm grip on the handle, the darkey ran it around a couple of times. A pause for breath and he tried it again. The response was instantaneous, and as the motor commenced to work everybody laughed. The ladies expressed their thanks, the crowd dissolved, and the "cop" wended his weary way back up Fifteenth street to Keith's.

What the policeman had to say about automobiles as he strode along was confidential, but it was a comment which deserves to go down as "concise and peppery."

Bomb Scare Interrupted the Senatorial Labors

THE senate office building one afternoon recently was humming with the rapid workings of legislative machinery. But just as Senator Blank turned to Senator Dash and inquired "How many cards" a page entered in hot haste to whisper in the senatorial ear.

The senator gasped and, arising hastily and wrapping his senatorial dignity about him, took the shortest route to the door. He was followed by others, as the rumor spread that a German spy had been found in the garret and was about to drop a bomb down the elevator shaft.

But it was all wrong, Von Reventlow, it was all wrong. He wasn't a German, anyway; he was an Italian named Volpe Tommagna, and he didn't have any bomb, and he was caught by a policeman and taken where he belonged—to St. Elizabeth's, which is the Washington name for Matteawan.

N. B.—Senator Dash ultimately took three cards, but he didn't better.

At the German court it is against etiquette for the emperor to shake hands with anyone who is not of royal rank.

Joseph Choate, who is now eighty-four years of age, is still sought by clients as the leader of the bar.



DIARY OF A PATROL

Officer Tells of Reconnoitering Duty at Night.

Company Commander Sends Him Out With Squad to Find Out if There Are Any Germans Opposite—Dislikes Commander.

London.—One of the many little magazines published by the soldiers contains the following extract from the diary of an officer commanding a reconnoitering patrol in France:

6 p. m.—Waked from sound sleep.

6:15 p. m.—Met company commander. Told him I didn't believe any Germans opposite. Company commander said in that case I was just the man he wanted, and would I go across at 5:30 p. m. and find out.

6:30 p. m.—Said I would think about it.

6:32 p. m.—Went to think about it in secluded spot.

6:50 p. m.—Still thinking in secluded spot.

6:55 p. m.—Thought I might have left unsaid remark to company commander about no Germans.

7 p. m.—Went to tell off patrol.

7:15 p. m.—Patrol went to think it over in secluded spot (same one).

7:25 p. m.—Observed with telescope four Germans in trenches opposite. Seemed to be large, cheerful men.

7:30 p. m.—Went to think it over in secluded spot.

7:35 p. m.—Pretended to eat hearty dinner. Asked company commander whether patrol was necessary, in view of four Germans seen by me. Company commander said four Germans probably caretaker, wife, and two children looking up for the night. Dislike company commander.

8:30 p. m.—Noticed one of patrol writing on black-edged notepaper. Said it was his last will and testament, and would I censor it, as he wished to send it off tonight.

8:45 p. m.—Discussed weapons with patrol. Company commander lent me his Colt automatic pistol and explained mechanism.

9:05 p. m.—Let off Colt accidentally. Severely frightened company commander. Felt happier.

9:15 p. m.—Enemy's evening "hate."

9:40 p. m.—Went to look for patrol.

9:45 p. m.—Found patrol whistling "Dead March" in unison. Told patrol we will wait a bit.

9:50 p. m.—Told patrol I thought we would start.

9:55 p. m.—Told patrol we ought to start.

10 p. m.—We must start.

10:05 p. m.—Company commander came and asked why we hadn't started. Produced Colt as if to load.

10:06 p. m.—Company commander noticed Colt, and pretended adjutant wanted him on telephone.

10:10 p. m.—Patrol started. Night very dark.

11:20 p. m.—Fall into large shell hole getting over parapet. Lose company commander's Colt, probably at bottom of shell hole. Felt happier. Company commander suggests I should carry the bombs, as am now unarmed. Reprove company commander for talking. Tread on our listening patrol, all five of us. Listening patrol annoyed. Reprove listening patrol for swearing. Reach our wire front line. Curious smell. Crawl under wire into decaying cow. Remove portions of dead cow from my face. Patrol complain of smell of dead cow. Corporal suggests more open formation. Patrol in succession from the right, fall into dis-

FOR "FRESH-AIR BABIES"



Youngsters may enjoy air and sunshine in a new-styled crib, suspended from windows high above the streets.

In the near future, in your travels about the city streets, you will cast your eye upward and see what appears to be a sort of incubator, and not until you see chubby hands wildly gestulating through the screened sides will you know that this is the latest device, constructed so that baby may have all the air and sunshine there is to be had. In tenement sections as well as in the sections occupied by none but the elite this crib is now being accepted as a necessity for the bringing up of "fresh-air babies." The cribs are close screened and are of welded pressed steel and anchor firmly in any window and are constructed to resist 500 pounds pressure. Wind and storm cannot budge them. They are fly and mosquito proof.

GOVERNMENT SEEKS OIL LAND

Title of Indians to Property in Oklahoma Hinges on Identity of "Tommy Atkins."

Leavenworth, Kan.—Musty records of a local church and its cemetery, and its faded roll of a school conducted here in 1893 is given in evidence here in the hearing before a commissioner appointed by the federal court in the so-called "Tommy Atkins" oil suit. The United States government is seeking to revert to the Creek tribe one of the richest allotments of oil-bearing property in Oklahoma. Interests in control of the land claim that it was obtained from a woman known as "Indian Minnie," whose son, "Tommy Atkins," owned the property by virtue of tribal allotment.

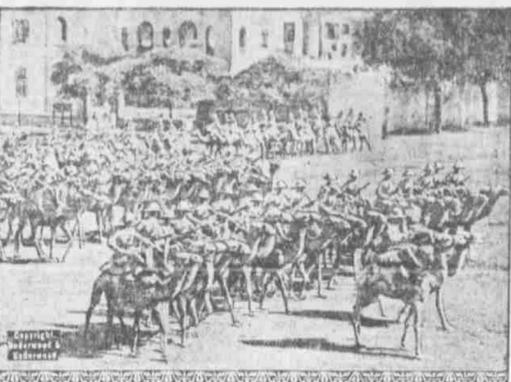
To Wear Simple Colors.

Washington.—One hundred thousand members of the Women's Made-in-America league have been asked to "wear simple colors" to conserve the supply of American-made dyes, which are in great demand as a result of the lack of German dyes.

First Vacation in Thirty-Eight Years.

New York.—Stricken with nervous breakdown, Justice Isaac F. Russell has just begun his first vacation in 25 years.

CAMEL REGIMENT LEAVING CAIRO



This is a part of one of the camel regiments which the British have concentrated at Cairo, together with great numbers of other soldiers, to frustrate the threatened attempt of the Germans and Turks to invade Egypt.

used trench full of water. Fell myself. My orderly reports his rifle lost. Reprove him for carelessness. Find I have lost my own rifle. Prolonged search for rifles. Ask corporal whether he knows way back. Answer in the negative. Collect opinions of patrol as to direction of our lines. Patrol quite positive on four points of the compass (one each). Take my own line. Fall over trip wire into several tin cans. Suspect corporal of using bad language about me. Order corporal to lead the way. Corporal falls over another wire into polemica of tin cans. Swear at corporal. Decide to lie low and listen. Do so. Directly hear Private Jones implying to be allowed to shoot. Platoon sergeant inclined to think it safer to shoot first and inquire afterwards. Excellent telling platoon sergeant that was the thing to do. Shoot. Platoon sergeant answers. Saved. Rally patrol, and fall over parapet on to fixed bayonet.

11:45 p. m.—My servant brings me rum in my dugout. Notice he is wearing respirator. Discover a good deal of dead cow still adhering.

12:30 to 2:15 a. m.—Write report to headquarters. "Distance covered by patrol estimated at five hundred yards. German trenches overcrowded. Object of patrol attained, etc."

3 a. m.—Went to observe path of patrol by flashlight. Distance appears less than it seemed at night.

3 a. m.—Fetch company commander and ask him how far it is. Company commander says about 50 yards. Dislike company commander. Company commander asks for his Colt. Feel happier.

3:20 a. m.—Retire to sleep.

4 a. m.—Waked by company commander who asks me if I realize that I am on duty till 8 a. m. The company commander says—"Stratford."

SAW MIRAGE OF SELF ALOFT

Austrian Airman When Flying at Height of 4,600 Feet Thought He Met His Double.

Vienna.—Lieutenant Panizza of the Austrian flying corps has reported here the curious phenomenon experienced in a recent flight on the Isonzo front of meeting his double at a height of 4,800 feet in the air. The incident occurred about four o'clock on a moderately clear, sunny afternoon.

After emerging from a cloud bank at the height of almost a mile he observed another aeroplane coming toward him at great speed. He tilted his vertical planes sharply to go below the approaching machine, and it did the same. He then noticed that the machine was the counterpart of his own and that the pilot was a reflection of himself. As he apparently met it in collision he reports a distinct physical shock from a stratum of cold air.

The explanation given by scientific men here is merely that there was a vertical stratum of cold air behind the strata of warm, dense air in which he was flying and that this acted as a mirror. The phenomenon has been reported, it is said, occasionally among aviators.

JURY PAYS THIS MAN'S FINE

Then Came a Check for the Costs and the Prisoner Was Set Free.

Shelbyville, Ind.—A jury in the city court recently found Charles Stafford guilty of assault and battery on William Kloene and handed in a penny with its report to cover the fine of one cent, hoping that Stafford would be freed until he could arrange for paying the costs. When the court demanded an immediate settlement the 32 men announced they would claim nothing for their services, thus reducing the costs to \$10. One of the jurors then wrote out a check for \$10 and Stafford was allowed to go home. He was arrested because of a fight that resulted when he found Kloene talking with Mrs. Stafford, a hotel-keeper. The Staffords are separated, and Stafford blames Kloene for a part of their troubles.

WEALTH REWARDS COURAGE

Man Who Saved Settler From Indians Forty Years Ago Gets Fortune.

Kokomo, Ind.—John W. Boyer, seventy-five years old, has received notice from an attorney at Independence, Kan., that he has inherited a large farm and thousands of dollars' worth of stock from the estate of a wealthy Kansas farmer, John Westfall, who died ten years ago. Fifty years ago Boyer surprised and, single-handed, drove away a band of Indians attacking the home of Westfall, then a poverty-stricken settler, saving Westfall, his wife and daughter.

Westfall, on his deathbed, requested his family to reward Boyer, it is said, and Westfall's daughter, who died recently, had instructed her attorney to carry out her father's request.

Enrolling Baldheads.

Winsted, Conn.—The president of the baldhead club of America, with headquarters here, has started enrolling all members of congress eligible to membership.

Lays Two Eggs a Day.

Auburn, N. Y.—A local deputy sheriff has a hen that lays two eggs daily.

Sometimes a man becomes famous through the efforts of others to prove that he isn't.

"GIBRALTAR OF THE BALTIC"

Powerful Fortress of Sveaborg, Guarding the Gulf of Finland, Has Been Frequently So Called.

After more than 18 months of naval war upon the Baltic sea between the fleets of Germany and Russia, the first successful shot has yet to be fired against the mighty fortress of Sveaborg, which guards the neck of the Gulf of Finland, and the water approaches to the Russian capital, says a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society at Washington. Sveaborg, best known as the "Gibraltar of the Baltic," powerfully secures its holders' control to all the wide basin of the Gulf of Finland, thus giving them a most important base for disrupting the control of the northern inland sea. It was the acquisition of this stronghold that constituted the strongest impelling force in Muscovite politics toward the conquest of Finland from the Swedes.

Across the neck of the gulf from Sveaborg lies Reval, the seat of other powerful shore defenses and of important Russian navy yards. These two points block the way from the Baltic against any naval power almost as securely as the forts Kliff Bahr and Chanak Kalesi blocked the English ships at the Dardanelles. Reval is situated on a sharp bay at the northeastern gulf shore of Estonia. Sveaborg fortress stands just before Helsinki, the capital of Finland.

There are hundreds of small, thickly wooded islands strewn over the coastal waters around Helsinki. It is upon a group of seven of such islands, which are larger than their neighbors, that the almost impregnable Sveaborg fortress is built. Moreover, small redoubts and batteries are well concealed in several of the outlying islands which surround, like a thicket of skirminish line, the fortress near the coast.

Many a vain seaward attack has shattered against Sveaborg's defenses in bygone days, and in recent years Russia has brought the strength of the place up to Twentieth Century requirements. It is said that more than 1,000 guns are mounted here and several thousand soldiers are quartered in the fortress even in times of peace. During the Crimean war the allies attacked this point vainly and with-out success. The story goes that English guns alone hurled more than a thousand tons of shot and shell into the fortress, almost without apparent effect. It has fallen only once, and then bribery is credited with victory and not the force of arms. It surrendered to the Russians without an effort at defense, surrendering at the same time that its garrison of 6,000 men laid down their arms and turned over their formidable defenses, the whole country of Finland.

BUYS ART GEM FOR A SONG

United States Consul Pays Fifteen Dollars for Picture Worth Thousands.

Winnipeg, Ont.—Frederick M. Ryder, American consul-general at Winnipeg, will soon be \$2,485 richer.

He picked up an old oil painting in a local auction room for which he paid \$15. On the advice of several authorities on old masterpieces Ryder had it valued and has been offered \$2,500 for it. It is believed to be worth thousands of dollars more than that figure.

The picture is the work of Philipp Peter Rook, who lived in the seventeenth century.

"The works of Rook are rare," said Ryder. "There are eight in the Dresden gallery, seven of which are landscapes or pastoral scenes, and the other represents Noah surrounded by animals from the ark; in the Uffizi gallery at Florence there are two depicting cattle and pasture scenes on the Roman campaign; in the Louvre at Paris there is one representing a wolf devouring sheep, and in Lichtenstein gallery, Vienna, one of a sheep and shepherd."

Foreigners arriving from Austria are bringing paintings of this class, but they do not seem to know their value. Ryder's prize is a view of a herder watching cattle at a river, with a ferryman in the distance pulling to shore.

SURPRISES SMART SET

Scared by Canary.

If after spending a night in the street of many lights, you should be awakened by something tweeting on your doorstep, you naturally would fear the worst had happened, wouldn't you? Someone on the tenth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria kicked up an awful noise during the early hours of the other morning, says the New York Times. He summoned clerks, bellhops, porters and detectives to his aid. When they reached his room they found the sojourner covered beneath quilts expecting any minute to have a pink elephant or giraffe lick his face. The cause of his fright was a canary. There it was, perched on the rail of his bed, flapping and tweeting and enjoying its freedom. After the bellhop had captured it, the sojourner called for a brazer and then swore good behavior forever afterward. During a banquet at the hotel the other night some of the members in moments of inconspicuous activity opened a few of the cages and let the canaries sit out into the room. Since then a canary has been appearing here and there in the hotel at annoying intervals and frightening sleepers.

Russia's Stock of Vodka

The Russian government has before it a problem whose solution is full of potential interest for other countries, says the New York Times. Owing to the prohibition of the sale of vodka, it now holds in stock 260,000,000 gallons of that liquor, and is wondering what can best be done with it.

A question of more complexity but similar in spirit is coming over the horizon of other nations, including our own, by reason of the rapid spread during recent years of the principles of temperance, total abstinence, and prohibition. For Russia the matter is simplified by the fact that the government owns the liquor that its own laws have made valueless. It can do what it likes with this ocean of vodka. Russia is just now finding her stores of vodka an embarrassment of riches. But if she can put it to industrial uses, her solution of the problem will have much significance for other nations confronted by the same question.

Feed 3,000 Starving Elk

Driven from the mountainous portions of the Yellowstone National park by the heavy snowfall, which prevented their grazing, great numbers of wild animals, wards of the United States, are being fed by the government park officials here until such time as the weather moderates sufficiently to allow them to return to their native haunts.

Three thousand elk, 2,000 deer and several hundred mountain sheep are drawing a daily "ration" of hay at the feeding grounds a few miles from the park.

Government officials believe no great loss of life among the animals has occurred.

No Duds.

"I s'pose I'm a regular old fogey," said Uncle Ezra, "but I'm blamed if I can see any sense in that there bathrobe my nephew sent me from the city. I tried to take a bath in the darned thing last Saturday night, and if it wasn't for the style of it I could have done a doggone sight better without."

NO CONSCRIPTION IN CANADA

No War Tax on Land—Embargo on Shipment of Live Stock Removed.

During the prevalence of the foot-and-mouth disease in some portions of the United States, an embargo was placed upon inter-state shipments. This also had an effect upon shipments to Canada, and necessarily an embargo was placed upon them making it almost impossible for upwards of a year to ship cattle into Canada, from the United States. This was especially hard on the settler. As a result, Western Canada lost a number of settlers, they being unable to take their live stock with them. Canada is practically free from horse and cattle diseases, and the wish of the authorities is to keep it so.

Recently, though, an order has been issued by the Department of Agriculture, removing the embargo, and settlers are now free to take in the number of head of horses or cattle that are permitted by the Customs authorities and the freight regulations. This will be welcome news to those whose intention it is to move to Canada, taking with them stock that they have had in their possession for six months, and which it is the intention to use on land that they will farm in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

There are thousands of splendid homesteads of 160 acres each in any of these provinces, that, upon the payment of a ten-dollar fee and fulfilling the requisite tilling and cultivation duties, these lands are well adapted to the growing of all the small grains, and besides, having an abundance of grass, and sufficient shelter, they are well adapted to the raising of stock.

If one prepares to purchase land, there could be no better time than the present. Prices are low, and particularly may be had from any of the land companies, of which there are several, or from the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways, whose holdings are in the older settled districts, and whose terms are exceedingly easy to the settler. What these lands will do in the matter of production cannot be more strongly emphasized than in reading the reports of the crops throughout all parts of the Canadian West in 1915. Yields of 50, 60, and as high as 70 bushels of wheat to the acre were numerous, while reports of yields of from 20 to 45 bushels per acre were common. Oats as high as 130 bushels per acre are reported, 50 and 60 bushels per acre being ordinary. The prices realized by farmers have placed most of them on "easy street."

Lately there have appeared articles in a number of United States newspapers to the effect that there was conscription in Canada, or that such a law was likely to be put into effect. We have it from the highest authority in the Dominion that there is no truth in the statement. Sir Robert Borden at the opening of Canadian parliament on January 17th, said:

"In the first few months of the war I clearly stated that there would not be conscription in Canada. I repeat that statement today."

This statement should set at rest the conscription talk that has been so freely used to influence those who may be considering settling in Canada during the war.

It has also been said that there was a war tax on land. Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, over his own signature has denied this, and the premiers of the different provinces join in saying "such a report is absolutely untrue, and has no foundation whatever in fact, nor is there likely ever to be any such tax upon land in Canada."

The general prosperity of Western Canada farmers and business institutions is such that Canada is well able to take care of the extra war expenses without any direct war taxation. This has been well illustrated by the magnificent response to the Dominion Government's recent bond issue, which was more than doubly subscribed for within the first eight hours of its being offered to the public.

(The above appears as an advertisement and is paid for by the Dominion Government which authorizes its publication.)

It looks as if some men actually enjoyed being mean.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and indigestible food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

A horse show is a place where society shows the horse he has no show.