

## BRITAIN PLANTS GREATER ACREAGE

AN ADDITIONAL 3,000,000 TO BE CULTIVATED.

Government Demand for Increased Production in Fair Way of Being Realized.

The Government demand for the cultivation of an additional 3,000,000 acres during the present year is in a fair way of being realized, and despite the difficult weather conditions that have prevailed during the past few months the work is well in hand, says a British correspondent on Feb. 25th.

In the opinion of the officials of the Food Production Department the national programme, which requires an increase of one acre in addition to the four previously ploughed, will be carried out, providing the weather holds good for ploughing.

Up to the middle of January almost a quarter of the 2,000,000 acres of grass land which it is hoped to put under the plough had been broken up through the season for ploughing grass land had only just begun. While the million acres of arable which is intended for food crops of higher value than those formerly grown is in an even more forward condition.

Reports from a number of districts state that never before has so much wheat been planted under satisfactory conditions. Reports give details of the willingness of the farmers to break up their grass lands, and in several counties the quantity broken has exceeded the demands made by the department. In Cornwall the wheat situation is good. A total of 52,128 acres has been sown or prepared, these figures showing 35,000 acres more than last year, while another 22,000 acres will be dealt with also this year.

Government Supplies Tractors.

Farmers are making full use of the tractors supplied by the Production Department. In one area of Lincolnshire alone in the months between August and November more than 5,000 acres were ploughed by mechanical traction, while a Somerset district exceeds this figure by 2,000 acres.

The Wiltshire return to the middle of January gives 12,000 acres ploughed out of the 25,000 acres ordered—7,000 acres in this area have been sown to wheat. In one week 329 acres were tractor ploughed. The report includes the statement there are ten women drivers sufficiently trained to take over new tractors as soon as they arrive.

The premium offered to the farmers of an extra \$5 for every ton of potatoes grown on freshly broken land is proving an incentive to further cultivation of grass lands. In Cornwall, where the season comes earlier than in most other districts, the farmers are placing a very large acreage under potatoes.

The surplus supply of potatoes grown during the last year will be largely used to stretch the breadstuffs. Up to the present the Ministry of Food has contented the Food Economy Department by requesting the bakers to use potatoes in bread making and giving demonstrations of their use in bread. It is expected that the department will shortly issue an order making the use of potatoes in bread compulsory.

Stock Farmers Complicate.

In regard to the cattle question there are not so satisfactory. The grading order, which gives the farmer the actual weight of dead meat produced, at the wholesale price, does not differentiate between the different qualities of meat. Thus the farmer gets just the same amount a pound for the lean beast as for the prime cattle. This grievance will shortly be adjusted.

Farmers who have been in the habit of buying store cattle in Ireland and fattening them at home point out that the price allowed under the grading order takes no account of the present cost of feeding stuffs, while the existence of a free beef market in Ireland handicaps the British farmer considerably.

A feature of the tremendous effort that is being made to increase the food supply of the country is the readiness with which the public have taken up with the allotment movement. The Government gave the local authorities powers to enter any land that was not being used for the growing of foodstuffs and let plots at a nominal rent or free in certain cases to persons who were willing to work it.

Up to end of 1917 over 1,500 local authorities had exercised their powers and provided not less than 200,000 plots, representing approximately 15,000 acres.

The crops produced during the year were estimated to have included over 800,000 long tons of potatoes and vegetables enough for 3,000,000 families, while the value of the crops grown must have been considerably over \$15,000,000.

Demand for Wartime Plots.

In the London district the demand for these wartime plots has been so great that it is almost impossible to find a vacant plot that is not under cultivation. In the parks and open spaces portions have been set apart for allotments, and the demand for these plots has exceeded all expectations.

tions, while the crops raised have been of excellent quality.

The demand for plots in the greater London area has been, and is still, so great that many of the playing fields belonging to private owners have been taken over by the authorities and let as plots.

FORESTS AS A FACTOR IN WAR.

A Very Necessary Asset of the Country That Would Win.

Victory is with the army whose country has the greatest iron mines and smelters, the largest areas of waving grain and an abundance of wood. Of all the products of the soil upon which the very life of a nation depends in times of war, wood is the only one that cannot be rapidly increased under necessity and by the employment of adequate labor. Therefore, provision for adequate national defense necessitates the maintenance of vast reserves of timber throughout the nation, reserves from which billions of feet can be drawn in a single year if necessary to meet the needs of the army and navy.

A sane and conservative development of forest resources to meet the needs of the nation in times of peace necessitates a constantly increasing intensity of management of all absolute forest land and the building up and maintenance of an enormous forest capital. Please remember this forest capital can be drawn upon in times of war and may determine the fate of the nation.

For generations, England has obtained most of the wood used in her buildings and industry from beyond the sea. The stress of war found her with a meagre forest capital, and the sons of England and Canada are today felling the remnant of the forests of that proud country that the empire may live. When the sombre clouds of war are lifted from Europe's battlefields and peace again rules over the earth, England's lesson, learned in this bitter strife, will be taken to heart by her people and forests will clothe her idle lands. A forest capital far beyond that of former days, will not only add to her economic development in times of peace, but be developed and maintained to better insure her against vital needs in times of possible future strife.—Prof. J. W. Tounney.

AN HISTORIC WRITING-DESK.

Romantic History of the White House Desk Used by the President.

The United States has often been the recipient of a national gift, the most prominent being, of course, France's gift of the Statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York harbor, but of none more useful, or more intimately associated with the daily work of the President, than the desk at the White House on which the President does almost all his writing, and on which probably his famous despatches and manifestoes have been penned.

It was made from the timbers of H.M.S. Resolute, which was sent to the Arctic to look for Sir John Franklin in 1852, and, in its turn, caught in the ice and abandoned. An American whaler discovered it and extricated it three years later, and the Government of the States purchased it and sent it, as a token of good will to Queen Victoria. Years afterwards the Resolute was broken up, and from some of her soundest timbers a desk was made, which was sent to the President by Her Majesty as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute.

So in the fullness of time that desk, made of British oak, has supported the paper on which some of the most epoch-making decisions have been recorded, decisions which will affect for centuries the relations of the two great English-speaking nations, and through them will influence the human race.

NEXT WINTER'S FUEL.

Decline in Production of Coal Predicted by Commission of Conservation.

Foresight is always more effective than hindsight, but in handling the coal situation a combination of both is better than either alone. The growing scarcity of fuel during the past few years culminated in a near catastrophe during the present winter. It has surely been demonstrated beyond peradventure that it is very dangerous to try "to muddle through" any longer. The experience of the past has not been lost if that lesson has been thoroughly learned. Indications are not lacking, by any means, that the shortage of coal next winter will be more acute than ever. The output of the Nova Scotia coal mines has declined from 7,263,485 tons in 1913 to 5,657,000 tons in 1917, or 22.75 per cent. Owing to the steadily growing scarcity of mine labor and to recent serious mine accidents it is evident that there must be a further marked reduction in 1918. At the same time there has been a large increase in the consumption of coal in the Maritime provinces during those years. In fact, it appears as if the Nova Scotia mines will not be able to do better than to supply their own requirements and those of the Maritime provinces. If this is done, little or no coal will be available for Montreal and it is assumed that no Nova Scotia coal will be available for Ontario. Foresight indicates that in the woodpile lies one of the means of preventing panic and disaster next winter.

A TOUCH OF COLOR.

Householder's Lack of Artistic Sense Produced a Ridiculous Picture.

Not long before the war a French artist of distinction was offered a commission, which he declined but for which he recommended a brilliant pupil who was much in need of money. It was to decorate the newly built mansion of a rich manufacturer who had an aspiring wife. The lady thought herself artistic and had all too definite ideas of what she wanted. To his pupil—eager because of a sick mother but reluctant because of his art—the elder artist explained the situation frankly.

"The pay will be good," he concluded, "and for the rest give madame your skill. It is what she wants; she would not understand your art; that will not enter into the affair at all. It is, of course, a pity; but you will not need to do such a thing again, and for one's mother—Well! Art can wait."

So the young man accepted the commission and complacently followed madame's instructions, smothering his artistic instincts as best he could. Sometimes he succeeded in modifying and toning down until the results were not bad; at other times they sent shivers along his aesthetic spine. Unfortunately, the lady herself also got upon his nerves. She was a woman devoid of tact or consideration, and her imperiousness at one moment and complacent condescension at another were equally irritating. Nevertheless, he submitted with outward patience, nor did he scheme for revenge—but it was almost thrust upon him.

The last room to be embellished was the dining room. Madame had devised, she announced, a truly delicious scheme of decoration. The colors were to be green, gray-green and gray, with touches of vivid red for relief. The colors were to be employed in conventional designs as a fresco along the walls and repeated and emphasized in a large panel picture above the mantel.

"It is to represent a mermaid in a sea cave sporting with the creatures of the sea," said madame. "Gray rocks, green water, gliding silvery-gray fish, streaming green seaweeds and the mermaid's long, green hair. She must recline upon a flat rock and look out of the picture, smiling, while she teases a little group of vivid red lobsters in the foreground."

The young artist gasped. "Red, did you say, madame? Yes, certainly, that would be effective; extraordinarily effective!" A mermaid on a rock playing with three or four red lobsters—very red lobsters, with a sunbeam striking down through the water to bring out the full value of the color—you are sure, madame, you would be pleased with the picture when it is finished—like that?"

Madame was very sure, and somewhat impatient. It was her last chance, and the impatient look it for her. He painted the panel exactly as she wished it. Not until her first grand dinner party in the completed room did she learn with fury and chagrin from the lips of her laughing guests that the lobsters with which that sportive mermaid played were boiled.

THE YELLOW HORNBILL.

A Bird That Hides to Change Her Dress.

When we were schoolboys we read with interest about the strange-looking hornbill which lived in India and Africa and walled its wife in a tree when she was ready to hatch her eggs. Recent studies of these birds, of which there are half a dozen varieties, says the Library of Natural History, reveals the fact that the female hornbill helps her mate wall her in. They build the nest inside a hollow tree. Then the female climbs in and lays her eggs. Her mate brings mud and sticks which she helps arrange into a strong barricade, leaving only a small hole through which, as the weeks pass, her mate passes food to her mouth. A persistent naturalist in Damaraland dug a female bird out of her tree nest. As a reward for the liberation of his hands by her sharp bill he found a miserable, half-famished, featherless, withered-looking bird. She had been molting while hatching her eggs.

"Very probably," writes the ingenious traveller, "the female bird knows she looks like Sam Hill with her feathers off and tells her mate that he must shut her in, making the hatching period her excuse. It's a clever wife who slips into the closet to take off her switch."

The yellow hornbill, one of the most interesting of the species, is a comparatively fearless bird and is easily killed. The male is fond of perching on the tip-tops of tropic trees and making a noise like a young puppy.

The natives in Africa find young hornbills easily tamed. They dig the birds out of the tree nests when quite young and raise them on milk and berries in their huts. When grown the hornbill remains attached to its foster parents and will eat out of the same dishes. Left free, the hornbill comes and goes much as does a pet crow and remains about the hut until the first mating season, when it goes away with one of its kind, rarely to return.

That is the five hundredth time you have bumped off your seat driving lickety-split over the same stone! The next time you go that way take a pick-axe, dig out that stone and put it where it never will bother anybody again.

## TREES AND NATIONAL CHARACTER

AN OPINION SET FORTH IN "VIEWS OF NATURE."

The Vegetation of a Country Produces Most Lasting Impression Upon Traveller's Mind.

Alexander von Humboldt has written in his "Views of Nature," I think, that it is the vegetation of a country which produces the first and most lasting impression upon the mind of an observer. To credit that assertion, one must stop and reflect a moment. The more careful the consideration the more likely will one be to recognize the truth of Humboldt's statement.

In the cooler parts of the globe we have well marked contrasting groups of trees which grow in diameter by annual additions of new wood outside of the old wood and immediately under the bark, namely the broad-leaved deciduous trees—the oaks and hickories; and the trees which, in general, shed their leaves so slowly that they are called persistent-leaved trees, the pines and spruce, in which the new leaves are on before the old are off. At any season of the year one can hardly fail to observe the differences of appearance between an oak and a pine. One might almost say that they had but little in common beyond the fact that both were trees, so far as external appearance revealed. If, however, the view point were changed to a tropical region, a new type of tree would claim our attention. The simple beauty of the palms would attract us at once. To the palm we might add the tree fern, which though wholly unlike the palm in its structure and methods of reproduction, possesses a marked general resemblance in form, i.e., in shape. The year through, the tropical forest would be perpetually evergreen. Here there are three distinct types which force themselves upon our notice at once.

Tree Impressions.

In addition to the forms of deciduous leaved and "persistent-leaved" trees, there would be the topographical setting in which we found them, but a moment's thought will convince that it is the trees and not the setting which produces the permanent mental picture, unless the topographical settings are different—as a winter street scene and a winter river view. But place both of our northern tree types on the same setting, and no matter how striking it would be, the trees would be the first to claim the observer's notice.

The exuberant growth of the tropics produces one mental impression and the stern, harsh simplicity of a northern pine, or spruce forest, another, each equally abiding, though quite different in kind. So much for the scene, in mass—the impression made, we may say, upon the ordinary observer. Beyond and deeper than this, however, are the sensations awakened in those who observe more minutely.

The "red-blooded man," who camps annually in the woods for the love of it, will recognize that his Camps in the pine or spruce forests differ in his memory from those made in the broad-leaved forests. This is especially true if he thinks of his winter camps, where he has a sense of protection under the evergreen foliage of the pines and spruces that is wholly wanting in the leafless forests of the broad-leaved trees. The passing storm has in each a different note. The bending snow-laden branches of the evergreen tree is a picture quite other than the rigid branches of the leafless tree, as but little snow can remain on the latter.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,

The ladies they will all turn out,

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah, hurrah!

The village lads and lassies say, With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home.

60,000 Camels in British Army.

Far the most interesting and curious use to which an animal in war is subjected is the use of camels, chosen and trained because of their strange coloring and height.

Small groups of them have been stationed among clumps of acacia trees, with a spy mounted on a camel's neck. This is the safest place a person could be, for the camel or giraffe, standing with only his head above the trees, looks precisely like a bit of the foliage in the distance. In the last Afghan campaign the British lost over 50,000 camels and to-day, in Egypt, there are 60,000 in army service. They are especially used for transportation purposes.

No system of farming is a success unless it makes men better citizens.

THE FIRST FLIGHT.

Graphically Described by a Passenger In An Airship.

A young American who recently went up with an aviator of the famous Escadrille Lafayette thus describes his sensations:

There were two other passengers besides myself; I sat behind the pilot, with my knees pressed against the back of his little chair and my arms round braces that went from the edges of the car up to the superstructure. Then the mechanics swung the monster plane round, the propeller speed increased, and we began to move slowly down the field. It was like being in an excellent automobile moving over bumpy ground. The man in front of me turned the steering wheel, and we swung bumpy round in a great half circle. Then his hand slid up on the throttle segment, the buzz of the big propeller became a roar, and a great gust of wind began to be sucked past. Gradually our speed increased. The grass sped by beneath us and the bumps became one continual vibration of rushing speed. Then with a little lift, as if shaking itself free of the earth, the front of our machine rose slightly—the back followed, and we were up!

A sudden and remarkable transformation took place. From the rush of a racing car we were transported in an instant into a great calm. The roar of the motor and the strong wind continued, but all the intimate contact with motion was gone. The ground continued to race by beneath, but it seemed quite dissociated from our existence.

I gave myself over to studying my sensations. The most remarkable was the utter cessation of all the ordinary attributes of motion. Although we climbed in three great circles to a height of twenty-five hundred feet, it seemed rather as if the landscape beneath us passed slowly through metamorphoses, of which we were calm and disinterested spectators. The past experience most like the present was the experience of being on a mountain top. To the tremendous wind there was added of course the roar of the engines and the whir of the great propeller. In spite of the wind and the noise we seemed perfectly stable and perfectly still—like a mountain top beaten by a gale. The distant views of forests and lakes added to the illusion.

Directly beneath us, however, was a new kind of landscape. The hills seemed very unimportant, but every house and hedgerow stood up like a toy, outlined by its clear-cut shadow. And crows in the field would have been mere speckles on the green if it had not been for their own little shadows, which gave them reality.

There was no fear possible. It was the sense of living. All the little things of life were forgotten; everything except the landscape and the glorious wind. By a wild stretch of imagination one could imagine falling toward that little landscape below; falling with wing, perhaps. In the thought there was something rather pleasant. You would have plenty of time to right the machine when you got nearly down. The very distance seemed to be a tremendous cushion of safety; seemed to insure against a sudden catastrophe.

Looking out through the wing, I was surprised to see it lift against the scene behind it. Then I realized that we were "leaning" against a turn. The centrifugal force, I suppose, accounts for the fact that while you are in the air you are hardly aware of leaning.

The sensation changed. There was the feeling one has in a car when he reaches the crest of a hill. We began to glide downward. The earth below grew larger, rapidly reversing all the phenomena of our slower ascent. I saw the hangars and the field. We were almost down. I wondered how the pilot could be sure we would pass over the houses and trees that loomed large ahead of us, and then we were over them and gliding toward the grass of the field. The downhill feeling suddenly ceased and we were gliding almost level through the air. Just a touch, then another, and before I knew it we were bumping along over the field, terrestrial beings once more.

NEXT WINTER'S WOOD.

Take Steps to Avert a Possible Fuel Shortage.

Already a number of municipalities are preparing for a possible fuel shortage next winter. Carleton Place, Ont., is arranging for the purchase of at least 1,000 cords of wood. Ottawa, too, is making similar preparations on a larger scale. Efforts are also being made to speed up the output of the coal mines of Canada. All these activities are receiving the endorsement and assistance of the Commission of Conservation. They are steps in the right direction. The narrow escape from a fuel catastrophe this year has shown, with startling clearness, the serious dependence of Canada on the United States for supplies of coal and the urgent necessity that exists for obtaining substitutes in central Canada, for the duration of the war at least.

The Commission of Conservation's bulletin "Wood for Fuel" will be sent on request to any municipality interested.

Make Your Maples Work.

To-day in France only one and one tenth pounds per individual per month of cane sugar is allowed, and in Italy but one pound per month. Make the sugar maples work this spring.

## RELICS FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS

TREASURES WHICH LIE MANY FATHOMS DEEP.

Instances of the Recovery of Articles That Had Lain Buried For Thousands of Years.

From the days when the first prehistoric man ventured on the sea in his rude dugout to our own days when ships of twenty thousand tons plough the sea, there have been disasters in which vessels have gone down with all their contents, perhaps only a few badly made water jars, or perhaps treasures of art, of science and of industry, priceless in their day and illustrative of the civilization of that time. There they lie together at the bottom of the sea, being slowly destroyed or gradually covered with silt. It is a very common thing, says Chambers's Journal, to recover guns and shot from the sea. In the Tower of London there is a gun that was brought up from the wreck of the Mary Rose three hundred years after she sank, in 1545, off the English coast. Some years ago a trawler brought up from the Goodwin Sands a Roman amphora that was two feet six inches in height and nearly two feet in diameter and of about sixteen gallons' capacity. It had a rounded base and two handles at the neck. Without doubt, it had lain at the bottom of the sea more than a thousand years.

The portrait of Capt. Edward E. Williams, the friend of Shelley, who was drowned with the poet in the Gulf of Spezia in 1822, is one of the frail things recovered from the ocean. Capt. Williams drew the portrait himself, and it appears to have been little damaged by its immersion in the sea. In sharp contrast to such fragile things is the post chaise that was brought up from the Goodwins. The wheels were still attached to the axles and came up with the vehicle.

An Ancient Relic.

Some sponge fishers recently discovered on the coast of Africa the wreck of an ancient vessel that lay in nineteen fathoms of water. It proved to be a Greek galley laden with bronze and marble treasures dating from the earliest years of the Christian era. Most of the marble statues were injured by the water, but some, deeply buried in the mud, were fairly well preserved. The bronze medallions, on the other hand, were not much the worse for their years in the water. In addition to the works of art there were many utensils and pieces of ordinary furniture, including beds, chairs, kettles, bowls and a terracotta lamp that still retained its wick.

The east window of the church in Quernmore Park in Lancashire has a curious history. The glass was made in England for a church in Cannes, France, and was forwarded by sea. The vessel in which it was shipped was wrecked near Marsailles, and, as the window was given up for lost, a new one was ordered in England. A Greek merchant bought the wreck and the cargo and succeeded in recovering the window, which he sold at auction with the rest of the salvage. The owner of Quernmore Park purchased the window and set it up in the church there.

Some of the old railings removed from the front of St. Paul's Cathedral about forty years ago were sent to America in the steamship Delta. The ship was wrecked, but the railings were recovered. They were placed about the tomb of John George Howard and his wife in the High Park, Toronto, and the following inscription was recorded on a brass plate: St. Paul's Cathedral for 160 years I did enclose.

O stranger, look with reverence, Man! man! unstable man!

It was thou who caused the severance.

In 1851 a lecturer on naval architecture gave a list of the failures in the attempt to sheathe English ships with lead, and hinted that something might have been learned from a Roman galley of the time of Trajan that had been recovered from the bottom of the lake of Rieda, and that was found to be sheathed with lead fastened on with copper nails. Many lessons in naval architecture and gunnery are now being laid on the bottom of the sea for the enlightenment of future generations—but it is to be hoped that those generations will not judge the present age wholly by such memorials.

Life's School.

When first your stumbling footsteps passed

Through our front gate, to go to school,

I watched through eyes that dimmed too fast

To see my laddie turn, at last,

And wave his hand, as was his rule.

Before the road hid him from view

I'd say, "Good-by, and good luck, too!"

And now your steps go marching by,

My little son, though grown so tall,

I watch you with a smile, and sigh,

With pride and love within my eye:

"My son, who answered to the call

Of Liberty, I'm proud of you!

Good-by, dear boy, and good luck, too!"

—A. M. Hucks.

Remove piles of straw, trash and lumber which harbor rats in fields and vacant lots.

## AMBASSADORIAL "DR. FELL'S"

MISFITS IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

Men Who Have Been Obnoxious to Nations to Which They Have Been Accredited.

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, The reason why I cannot tell; But this alone I know full well, I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

The International Diplomatic Service has come in for a good deal of criticism during this war, and its representatives from the enemy countries have met with well-deserved rebuffs everywhere.

But it is not generally known that no ambassadorial appointment is ever made without first having received the absolute approval of the Government to whose country the envoy is nominated.

There have been several famous instances of breaches of this unwritten law of diplomatic etiquette, and the offending individuals have been very summarily pronounced "persona non grata."

Banned by Queen Victoria.

The most unfortunate affair that England had to contend with when we notified the French Government after it proposed sending the late Marquis de Montebello as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, that that gentleman was undesirable.

It is said that Queen Victoria's righteous antipathy against this diplomat dated from the time of the death of Empress Eugenie's son and heir, the Prince Imperial of France, when the Marquis was Charge d'Affaires in London. He had declined, for fear of being suspected by his Government of Bonapartist sympathies, to postpone a large dinner at the French Embassy on the night following the arrival of the news in England that the ill-fated Prince had been killed in South Africa by the Zulus.

Queen Victoria was very wroth, and gave expression to her anger in unmeasured terms, exclaiming that "M. de Montebello should have remembered that it was the great-uncle of the Prince Imperial who raised his stableman of a grandfather to be a duke and a field-marshal. These favors were surely worth the few saucers that would have been wasted if M. de Montebello had postponed his dinner."

Things Better Left Unsaid.

America has in past years often been very unfortunate in some of her diplomatic citizens. It would be impolite to mention names; but it is well known that one of her envoys to a northern Continental country behaved in a most extraordinary and uncalled-for manner when he was first presented at the Court. This gentleman, who was a multi-millionaire and hailed from Chicago, was highly amused at the red Court dress of the gentleman present, and, going up to one dignitary who was rather fat and pompous, slapped him on the back, exclaiming, in full hearing of the company present: "Hallo, my fine, fat flamingo!"

Needless to say, he was not retained in diplomacy for any great while. President Cleveland had the mortification, in 1885, of having an envoy chosen by him rejected by two European countries. It was Anthony M. Kelly. This gentleman was first appointed Minister to Italy without taking the precaution of sounding the Italian Court beforehand. Someone dug up an old speech of his, in which he had denounced the Italian Government for depriving the agency of its temporal possessions. Consequently, President Cleveland then nominated Mr. Kelly as Ambassador to Austria.

He was not, it turned out, even acceptable by the Austrian Government, on the ground that Mrs. Kelly was a Jewess, and, consequently, barred from the Viennese Court.

The Evil Eye.

Japan also pronounced as persona non grata Senator Blain, who was nominated by President Harrison, in 1891, as Minister to Peking. He, too, had to thank an unfortunate speech of his own for his rejection. In it he had referred to the yellow race in San Francisco as "The seeds of death, unless the plant can be uprooted and exterminated."

The Italians and Spaniards are credited with being very superstitious, and they both fought shy of a very distinguished Dutch diplomat, and refused him welcome, claiming he had the "evil eye." And even Constantinople would have none of him. So Holland was compelled to put the gentleman on the retired list.

Meat Consumption on Decline.

The consumption of beef and mutton in Britain during the last year of peace was 150,000 tons per month. During 1916-17 this amount had fallen to 120,000 tons per month. The total available supplies at present in sight for the current year are not more than 88,000 tons per month.

Early peas, onions, parsnip, asparagus, cabbage, cauliflower, carrot, leek, lettuce, spinach and turnip may be sown as soon as the ground can be worked.