

WILL OVERCOME ALL HANDICAPS

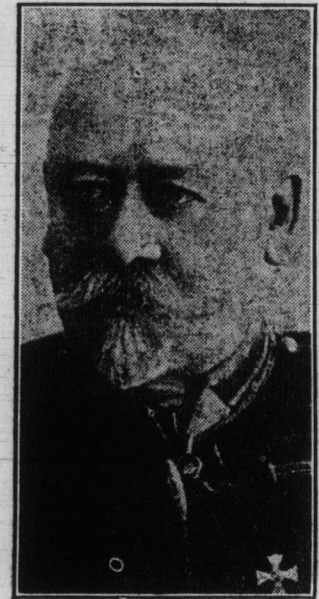
Polivanoff Promises to Remedy
Shortage of Munitions.

HAS ORGANIZED INDUSTRIES

New Russian War Minister Has
Taken a Leaf Out of Lloyd
George's Book by Appointing
Alexander J. Gutchoff to
Manage a Big Bureau
of Munitions.

GEN. POLIVANOFF, the Russian Minister of War, in a statement printed in The Ruskyy Slovoe, declares that the Austro-German victories over the Russians have been due to insufficient artillery, but that with the mobilization of industry the handicaps of the army will be overcome and that the Russians will continue to fight.

General Polivanoff's statement comes at the end of a long series of stories of the terrible odds against which the Russian War Office is working in its effort to secure munitions and supplies. The munition plants have been literally infested with German agents and spies who have caused explosions, filled cases with rubbish, and in a hundred ways impeded Russia's shell-making facilities.



GEN. POLIVANOFF.

ties which at the best are none too good.

Alexander J. Gutchoff, a former President of the Duma and recently head of the Russian Red Cross work in Poland, is said to have been selected by General Polivanoff as chief of the munitions bureau, a post corresponding to that held by David Lloyd George in Great Britain.

In an interview M. Gutchoff strongly urged that dictatorial powers be given to such an official.

Alexander Gutchoff, who is 52 years of age, belongs, not to the aristocracy, but to one of the great mercantile families of Moscow; graduating from the Moscow University, he received a commercial training, with the object of fitting himself for his father's business, and when the war broke out in South Africa proceeded to the Transvaal, and took service under the Boer flag against the English.

Gutchoff is very rich, is at the head of the great mercantile house at Moscow founded by his great-grandfather; added to which he is president and director of at least a dozen banks and insurance companies.

Germany's New Hate Word.

To judge by what appears in the German Press the motto, "Gott strafe England"—"May God punish England"—is gradually falling out of use, and is being replaced by another shibboleth, which consists of one word, "Hiddekk."

When two persons meet they say, instead of "Good morning" or "Gott strafe England," "Hiddekk," and to the same word they drink each other's health at the beer-table and at dinner.

But the reader will in vain seek for the meaning of the word in a German dictionary, nor will he find it in any existing or past language. It is a coined word, composed of the initial letters of the following phrase, "Hauptache ist dass England Kelle krieget," which can be translated thus, "The main thing is that England gets a good hiding."

Give Them "Bif, Bif!"

Private Harman of the King's Royal Rifles, wounded at Mons, gives a graphic description of his experiences, one of which was to see a fight between aeroplanes.

"We did not like the order to retire at Mons. We knew we were doing better than the Germans and inflicting heavy losses on them."

"The officers knew we were disappointed because on the fifth day of retreating—we had three days at Mons before we began to retreat—our commanding officer came round and spoke to us saying:

"Stick it, boys; stick it! To-morrow we shall go the other way and advance."

"The way he said 'Bif, bif!' delighted the men, and after that you could frequently hear the men shouting 'Bif, bif!'"

LINKS DUCAL HOUSES.

Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox One of Britain's Notable Women.

The Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, niece of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and only child of Lord and Lady Algonson Gordon-Lennox, is one of the most celebrated sportswomen in Britain. Born in 1887 she is charming and accomplished and exceedingly popular.

Her marriage, which is soon to take place, will unite two of the most famous ducal families of Great Britain. Her espoused husband is the Marquis of Titchfield, son and heir of the Duke of Portland.

Lord Titchfield, who is only twenty-two, holds a commission in the "Blues" and is at present attached to the headquarters Staff in France. Heir to vast estates, about 184,000 acres in extent, Lord Titchfield is the future owner of Welbeck Abbey, the world-famous home of the Dukes of Welbeck. Chief of the marvels of Welbeck Abbey, all of them due to the eccentric fifth Duke of Portland, who was consumed all his life with a passion for building underground tunnels and rooms, is a subterranean picture gallery excavated in the solid clay. This gallery is 160 feet long, 64 feet wide, and 22 feet high, and at night is lighted up with eighteen exquisite glass chandeliers to show up the priceless paintings which cover the walls.

From the chief entrance to the Abbey there is a broad tunnel which runs underground for a distance of over one and a half miles. From his accession to the estate to the time of his death in 1879 it is stated that the fifth duke spent no less than \$35,000,000 on creating new wonders for Welbeck. Most notable of the functions held at the abbey in recent years was the coming-of-age of Lord Titchfield in April, 1914, which was one of the greatest functions England has seen in recent years.

The Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox comes of a family of world-renowned sportsmen and sportswomen. She is very fond of hunting, fishing, racing and yachting. For the last three years she has acted as Maid of Honor to Queen Alexandra.

HAND GRENADES.

It Consists of a Piece of Cane and a Metal Head.

"We not only want shells, we want hand grenades," it was said in the House of Commons recently, "for we have no knowledge of the character of the hand grenades which are very largely used in the field." There is no doubt that the Germans have won not a few trenches by the use of grenades. Wiseacres before the war sneered at the idea of utilizing this ancient method of warfare. They forgot that it is impossible to hit a man with a rifle when he is snugly hidden in a trench fifty yards away. They did not realize that the whole trench could be cleared with the aid of grenades. Luckily, however, our soldiers have now been equipped with large supplies of these useful weapons.

The British hand grenade consists of a piece of cane with a metal head containing a bursting charge of lyddite, and a detonator or exploding arrangement to go off when the grenade strikes. The handle and head are 16 inches long over all, and attached to the end of the cane handle is a 3 ft. bit of cloth, known as the "tail," to make the grenade fly true and ensure that it strikes head first on its detonator.

The grenade is carried by a hook handle downward at the soldier's belt, the men being instructed to throw it at an angle of not less than thirty-five degrees from the ground, to give it the required range, and to ensure the machine alighting on its head and firing from the impact. Some soldiers throw it with an overhand movement, others underhand. The bursting charge of lyddite is sufficient to blow the steel head of the grenade into bits when it strikes, and kill men standing close by it.

In the old days the hand grenade was merely a hollow iron shell filled with half a pound of black powder with a fuse attached, which the grenadier lit from his always glowing match. The bursting charge of the grenade to-day, however, due to the great improvement in explosives, is five or six times as powerful, weight for weight, as the old-fashioned black powder.

Telegraph Wires as Barometers.

A phenomenon with which most people are familiar is the curious noise made by telegraph wires. It is accepted as ordinary; and yet there has been hitherto no final explanation. Professor Field, of the University of Ottawa, states that the song of the telegraph wires is the song of the barometer, and that the variations are in direct relation to variations of the weather. It is, according to Professor Field, a scientific indicator of the weather. If the sound is low the weather will change in two days. If it is sharp a momentary change is probable. According to the new theory the vibrations of the wire are transmitted by the posts, which receive them in turn from the earth.

The Cinema in the Navy.

A large number of H. M.'s ships now boast of a cinema, including the Colossus, Assistance, Conqueror, Iron Duke, Queen Elizabeth, Warspite, Queen Mary, Achilles, and Illustrious. Some details of the Achilles' cinematograph are now to hand. Those responsible for its installation—it is understood the commander is closely interested—have carried it out in a thorough manner. They possess a fine projector, which is run by a motor, and an excellent picture is secured. A weekly change of program is provided, also illustrated song slides, which are a popular feature on board.

English Terms Barred.

English sporting terms formerly in general use in Austria are now prohibited. Steeplechase has become "jagdrengen," handicap "anggleichsrennen" and spring meeting "Frühlingsrennen."

GENOA IS DEPUTY TO KING OF ITALY

Duke Acts as Regent During
Sovereign's Absence.

HE IS A NAVAL EXPERT

Italian Prince Whose Name Occurs
Frequently in the Despatches is
a Noted Admiral and an Au-
thority on the Subject of
Warships—He is Uncle
of the King.

THE Duke of Genoa, the regent of Italy while the King is at the front is almost a stranger in Rome so seldom has he been there for any length of time in recent years. The Duke is a noted admiral, and is considered one of the best technical experts in the Italian navy. He is now advanced in years, but it is certain that as adviser of the Naval Board in Rome and Commander of the fleet at Genoa, his voice, if occasion arises, will be profitably heard in the council room, though he is by nature quiet and unassuming.

The Prince of Udine, one of his sons, is a lieutenant in the Italian army and has risen to the rank of torpedo commander. Like his father, the Duke of Genoa, he is devoted to the navy as a profession, so also is



THE DUKE OF GENOA.

his younger brother, the Duke of Pistola.

The Duke of Genoa is uncle to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and he himself is the grandson of the noted Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, founder of the royal line of Italy.

It is well known that the Duke of Genoa is exceedingly anxious to cripple Austria's ability to make trouble for Italy in the Adriatic. If his counsel prevails, Austria will find its coast line curtailed to a very small fraction indeed, and an undertaking made that the dual monarchy is to adopt such a naval policy as will not impose upon Italy the enormous task of keeping up a competitive navy.

But the chances are that Austria-Hungary will no longer rank as a first-class power when this war is over.

French Hussar at Fourteen.

Paris Excelsior prints a photograph of France's youngest soldier, Albert Schuffrenken, aged fourteen, attached to the Third Hussars, but for the present taking a course of training at the French cavalry school after playing a man's part in the fighting around Muehlenhausen.

The son of a forester near Belfort, he first acted as guide for French troops through the forests. Then he attached himself to the artillery, who gave him their smallest uniform and made him a regimental pet. When the force was reorganized Albert managed to join the Forty-second Infantry, doing odd jobs for the soldiers, but he did not think this branch of the service sufficiently active. One didn't see enough Prussians, he told an interviewer.

He won the favor of the color sergeant of the Third Hussars at Noailles, who allowed him to take a place in the ranks on a horse whose rider had been killed. He went through the battle of the Marne unhurt, capturing four Prussian horses and killing the ulian who was leading them. As soon as his training is completed he will rejoin his regiment.

"Anywhere, but Must Fight!"

A British sergeant of the Third dragoon guards at the British consulate was calling out the names of reservists who were applying for enlistment.

"Any one else to enlist?" he shouted.

"Here!" said a voice in the corner, and a short man stepped forward.

"What's your name?" said the sergeant.

"Heinrich Heine," came the prompt reply.

The sergeant's monocle dropped suddenly. "And you want to fight the Germans?" he said, with surprise.

"Sure; anything's good enough for me. I was born in Canada of German parentage, but both my father and mother are dead, so I won't be fighting against them. I don't care who I fight with as long as I fight."

Italian Horse Artillery.

The Italian field and horse artillery are armed with Krupp quick-firing guns.

WORK TEAMS AND WEATHER.

"If it rains for several days you do not stay in the house or in bed all the time, do you?"

"Certainly not; you have work to do. But if you had to stay in it would be bad for you."

"It's just the same with the work teams. They need exercise in order to begin, when the weather clears, properly rested."

"A pasture is the best place for them if it is not actually raining, and exercise in box stalls or under a covered shed in the barnyard will be almost as good. Let them stretch their legs."—Farm and Fireside.

OREGON FARMERS TO FILL GAP

Ancient Custom of Growing Tares (Vetch) For Seed to Be Renewed. [Prepared by Oregon Agricultural college.]

Vetch growing is carried on in several parts of the United States, especially in the southern portions, but little of the crops is ever harvested for seed, in consequence of which most seed is purchased in the open markets for the southern use. Most of the purchased seed is grown in northwestern Europe, Germany and Russia being the principal producers. Exportation from these sources has been cut off almost entirely, and in case the war does not end in time for the fall shipments it is predicted that there will be a great shortage of vetch seed for the southern plantings.

Oregon farmers will try to bridge this big gap between supply and demand by growing larger crops of vetch this season and harvesting most of it for seed. The practice hitherto has been merely to grow seed for home use and partly to supply the demand for seed from southern California. But now that the European supply is likely to be cut off for one year or more and the Panama canal has been opened to traffic seed growing will become more of an industry with farmers of western Oregon.

To Eradicate Garlic.

Garlic is a bad pest on any farm, but is exceptionally so on a dairy farm because of the strong flavor it gives to the milk, says Farm and Fireside. A temporary expedient is to keep the cows off the infested pasture at least four hours before milking. This will greatly reduce the bad flavor. Then if the milk stands at least four hours the flavor may disappear altogether. Here is the best means of eradicating garlic altogether:

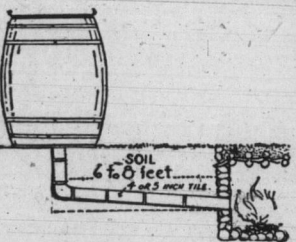
First.—Pour kerosene on the plant from an ordinary kerosene can. Do this before the garlic heads out. Soak the plants thoroughly.

Second.—Carbolic acid applied in the same way is also effective.

Third.—Dig the garlic out with a mattock. With practice you can take out a plant at every stroke, including the bulbs that have not yet sprouted. Destroy all the plants and bulbs removed.

"Cold Smoke" Smokehouse.

In smoking summer sausage be very careful not to get the temperature above 70 degrees F. In other words, the sausage should be smoked with cold smoke. If you have a low smokehouse it is better to make a smokehouse for cold smoke, as shown. The sausage should be smoked for from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, being



very careful to have a continuous fire. A large piece of wood with a big knot in it will smoke all night.

The sausage should be kept in a cool, well ventilated place. A little mold will improve the sausage, but if it spreads all over the skin it is harmful, because it gives a moldy flavor. If it begins to get too moldy rub off the mold with a cloth dipped in a mixture of salt and lard.

This sausage is eaten cold. A good way to keep it is to pack it in oats, as they will absorb the moisture, but it ought to be well wrapped in cheesecloth if packed in oats.—Minnesota Bulletin.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Set main crop celery plants now; also cabbage plants.

Sopasoids will kill plant lice. So will tobacco extract, kerosene emulsion or whale oil soap.

Meat is expensive. Beans are a good substitute.

Keep the weeds all out of the beds. Now is their time to put in some good ticks.

Cultivate the homely toad. He lives entirely upon insects and is always hungry.

The greatest mistake in a garden is crowding, which makes everything grow small and spindling.

Wood ashes are good fertilizers, but not for strawberries and potatoes. They do best in a slightly acid soil and the ashes neutralize the acidity. Ashes are excellent for tomatoes, peas and a general line of garden crops.

Provide the tomatoes with a support of some kind—trellis or stakes. Make two sowings of peas of an early wrinkled variety for a late crop.



Take One Tonight

—if you feel bilious, "headachy" and irritable—for that's a sign your liver is out of order. Your food is not digesting—it stays in the stomach a sour, fermented mass, poisoning the system. Just take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets—they make the liver do its work—they cleanse and sweeten the stomach and tone the whole digestive system. You'll feel fine in the morning. At all druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 14

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

The Duffer's Lament.

Old Player—Well, how do you feel after your first twosome at golf? Duffer—Feel? Huh! I started ahead of about forty twosomes and a half dozen foursomes, and I had so many people say "Would you mind our going through you?" that I feel like a human sieve!—Chicago News.

Circumstantial.

"Patricia denied that young Wasserby kissed her in the conservatory, but the evidence was against her."

"How so?"

"There was a large hole in her complexion on the left side of her face."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Talents.

"What makes you think Daubner will succeed as a painter?"

"He has the soul of an artist and the perseverance of a book agent."—Pittsburgh Ledger.

Tree Leaf Markings.

Expert botanists have found that the age of trees can be told by the leaf markings—the older a tree the smaller and more numerous its leaf cells.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.



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Why He Didn't Cry.

Mother—Goodness, how did you hurt your finger so?
Little Son—With a hammer.

"When?"

"A good while ago."

"I didn't hear you cry."

"No, mother. I thought you were out."—Stray Stories.

Wisdom.

Hope and success make a finer tonic than medicine.

The best tonic is fresh air.

The best restorative is sleep.

The best stimulant is exercise.

Fatigue calls for rest and not the spur.—Wisconsin State Journal.

One View of Golf.

"Pop, what is golf?"

"Golf, my son, is just the same as work, except that you get paid for work."—Pittsburgh Press.

Fops' Alley.

Fops' alley was in Her Majesty's theater, London. It was a promenade down the center of the pit and between the latter and the boxes. There the beaux of the day were wont to stroll between the acts, exchanging criticisms on the music and the singers and ogling the belles in the boxes.—London Mail.

Positive Relief

from the suffering caused by disordered conditions of the organs of digestion and elimination—from indigestion and biliousness—always secured by the safe, certain and gentle action of

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The Borrower Bit.

A theatrical manager asked an author-actor down to a watering resort as his guest from Saturday to Monday. The actor accepted with alacrity and went down with the full intention of borrowing \$500 from the manager before he returned to London. The time passed very quickly, however, and the would be borrower kept putting off the evil moment, hoping for a more favorable opportunity to prefer his request. When Sunday night came he decided to leave it till they were returning to town together. They seemed to be getting on so nicely that he did not wish to spoil it.

What was his horror and consternation when next morning, in answer to his inquiry for his host, the waiter said:

"He left, sir, by the early train for town and said I was to give you this note."

The letter ran as follows:
"Dear Old Chap—Had to leave early. Kindly pay the bill and let me know what I owe you when we meet in town.—Yours, L."—London Mail.

Couldn't Face Failure.

In 1782 James Price, a distinguished amateur chemist and fellow of the British Royal society, announced that he had succeeded in inventing a method of converting mercury and other inferior metals into gold and silver. He conducted a series of experiments in the presence of a number of men of rank and science which were apparently successful. Some of the gold thus produced was presented to the king and the University of Oxford, bearing of this, immediately conferred on Price the honorary degree of M. D. But a fierce controversy arose, and he was requested to prove the truth of his discovery before the Royal society. He assented, and on the appointed day the critics assembled at his house. He received them cordially, and then, stepping to one side, he swallowed a flask of laurel water and died in a few moments. He had, it is thought, made a mistake in his experiments and had not the moral courage to own it.—London Standard.

Some Transformation.

"Jones has changed very much since his marriage. He used to say a man could do what he pleased in this world."

"Well?"

"Now he doesn't say anything much, but he thinks, I gather that in the holy estate of matrimony a man can do whatever his wife pleases."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Concerning Posterity.

"We want posterity to feel that it owes a great deal to us," said the statesman.

"I don't know about its owing much to us," replied the politician. "But after we get through piling up debts posterity is going to feel that it owes a great deal to somebody."—Washington Star.

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