

"Here! Waiter, where's my portion of sugar?"

"That must be that beastly fly again, sir—as soon as I puts down a portion of sugar, along 'e comes and sneaks it!"—London Opinion.

The energetic automobile salesman had just delivered the fair customer her new car, and everything was lovely. He had scarcely entered the office, however, when he received a telephone call. She said:

"I thought you told me that this car was a self-starter."

"So it is," replied the salesman.

"Nothing of the sort. I have to push a button to make it go."—Financial America.

There is a certain member in Congress who stutters except when he makes a speech or talks over the telephone. Recently he had occasion to call up a friend in Seattle on a matter of personal importance. When the transcontinental connection had been made the man in Seattle shouted through the 'phone:

"Who is talking?"

"This is 'Tom Smith,'" answered the Congressman at the Capital end of the wire.

"No, it is not 'Tom Smith,'" snapped the man in Seattle.

"Yes, it is 'Tom Smith,' I tell you," the Congressman fairly bellowed. "Why do you doubt it?"

"Why, 'Tom Smith' stutters."

"Darn it, do you think I am going to stutter at a dollar a word?" the Congressman retorted as he banged down the 'phone in disgust.—Nebraska Legal News.

There is nothing that Germany longs for more ardently than peace. All her people feel that their position is des-

perate. But before thinking of peace we must be certain of having finished with the military imperialism. Before accepting any peace those who are charged with the destinies of nations should give serious reflection to the terms; for on the peace we sign will depend for generations the peace and the future of the whole world.—Lieut. General C. Smuts.

The twentieth century was born without a memory. It's so busy with today's achievements, and tomorrow's projects, that no one has time to remember yesterday's exploits.

The good priest had come to his parishioners after the funeral of the latter's mother-in-law to express condolences.

"And what complaint was it, Pat?" he said, sympathetically, "that carried the old lady off?"

"Kumplaint, did ye ask, father?" answered Pat. "Thir was no kumplaint from anybody. Everybody was satisfied."

#### RATES OF POSTAGE.

The following are the rates of postage on parcels to soldiers in Europe, England, Belgium and France:

To England, 12c. a pound or any fraction thereof; limit weight on parcels to England is 11 pounds. To France or Belgium, the rate is 24c. for parcels, and weight up to three pounds; three pounds to seven pounds (the limit) the rate is 32c., not 32c. a pound, but 32c. for any weight from three to seven pounds. Any letter or parcel for any soldier in a hospital (even if the hospital is not known to the sender), having the word "hospital" marked across it, will be delivered. A customs declaration must be attached to each parcel. This may be obtained at the stamp window at the post office.