

A Little War Story

The large man, walking like Agag, came towards the prettily screened Heavy Battery. The rain was so pestilential that the Captain only saw he was an officer when he was a few yards away. The man came up, shook water from himself, and asked in an injured voice—

"In this P. Q.—Heavy Battery?"

The Captain admitted the fact. "Well, I'm glad you were above earth," said the other. "I might have walked another mile in this. You're almost too well hidden for comfort."

The Captain agreed that screening had its disadvantages as well as its advantages. He asked, "Do you want to see us particularly?"

"I would like to see the Colonel," said the other. "I'm from the Broadshires. We've just 'taken over' in front of you—but you know that."

"Oh, rather," said the Captain. He hadn't thought much of the Broadshires really, save that they were a new lot and given to frequent calling up and demanding battery fire, as is the way with new battalions. He was however, polite. "Oh, rather," he said. But, it's rather hard luck. The

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Colonel and the Major have taken advantage of the weather. They've gone to H. Q. for a pow."

The stranger emitted a noise that sounded like "Damn," or even worse. He said, angrily, "Confound it! I've walked through this for nothing."

The Captain grinned in sympathy.

"Quite a shame," he said. "But it always does happen like this. But don't call it 'nothing' exactly. If the mess is quite close handy, and we have some very mellow—"

"Oh, please," cried the stranger. Let us find the mess."

They walked towards the mess. The stranger was pleasantly affable. He was appreciative of their

dispositions. He certainly knew his business as a soldier, for his praise was acute and just. He complimented the battery on the way it had used the hillside as a screen. "No wonder the Boches can't get you," he laughed.

Going into the dug-out his head hit a canvas shelter, and some of its deposited water went over his neck and back. He swore fluently again. "This is the limit," he snarled.

"Filthy climate, ain't it?" said the Captain.

"Woman's weather—beastly!" growled the other.

The Captain said, "Oh—oh—ghastly!"

They went into comparative dryness, where a man could slake a thirst.

Two Subs were in the dug-out. They began to laugh at the wet man, but they stopped laughing. The stranger was peeling off his mac, to get at his neck. It was seen he was a Major.

The Captain produced whisky in its varieties.

"Which do you take, Major—?" "O-serily," answered the Major, "Irish, please."

The Captain filled glasses all round, but hesitated over his own. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll have tea. I prefer tea when it rains like the devil." He walked out of the dug-out. They heard him talk to his servant. In a minute he was inside, and in five minutes he had his tea, and all were friendly.

Major Oserily was good company. He was just out, and had a fair amount of news about home. He rather amused them all by the way he described the antics of his battalion under their first fire. They had been indifferent in the beginning, but, when they found that shells did more than look like fireworks, they had developed a sense of injury. They were now all extremely anxious to go over the top and wipe up the whole Hun army. It was an amiable little encounter. The Major had just begun to develop talk about the moral quality of gun-support, when "Signals" sent in a memo. to the Captain. The Captain read the memo. carefully, put it away, and then went on with the moral support of guns. It was very pleasant. It was with reluctance, it seemed, that the Major decided he must go.

At that moment, however, the Captain pulled out his revolver and thrust it under the Major's nose. He demanded "Hands up" instantly.

The Major's hands rose, but he spluttered with rage. He was understood to demand the meaning of this outrage.

"The meaning is," said the Captain "that Major Oserily is not known in the Broadshires, and he isn't known at H. Q., either. No,

don't splutter—it's a fact. You probably didn't count on my using the telephone to get facts of an ordinary everyday visitor. I have been using the telephone, all the same."

The Major erupted rage.

"Say all you have to say at H. Q.," said the Captain. "You're going there now—under guard. But I guess we'll search you first. Cuntly—"

The Major made a wild movement with his hand. It darted towards his mouth. Cuntly, rather an athletic person, collared the hand, and, with a sharp twist, had both secured it and opened the fingers. In the palm of the hand was a tiny pad. On the pad were a number of the weirdest signs. The Captain looked at them.

"Shorthand, I should say. But I know shorthand—the English variety, that is, and this isn't it. Must be the German breed." He annexed the pad, and they went through the Major's clothes. They found nothing more. All the same, the Major was shot soon after. The weird designs on the pad were shorthand, German and incriminating.

Cuntly asked the Captain how he performed miracles.

"I should never have guessed what the fellow was. His kit was absolutely it, and his face, and the way he spoke—you couldn't tell he wasn't British."

"No," said the Captain. "I should never have found out—only it was raining."

"That means?"

"When a Britisher wishes to express his extreme loathsomeness of weather he says it's filthy, or that it isn't fit to send a dog out in. The German expresses himself after the habit of his curious kind. Bad weather, to him, is something even too bad for his dog—it is just woman's weather."

Soldier States His Opinion of Clergymen

The army chaplains have set new standards for the whole clerical body, and many fine tributes have been paid them as a result of their notable work among the troops in England and France. Voicing the opinion of many another whose ideas have changed towards the clergy. Pte. G Newman Stewart, a well known English Socialist, writes: "There was a time when, mostly from the platform, I engaged gentlemen of the faith in controversy. I stigmatized them as being out of touch with that mighty, and mightier-to-be force, democracy. To-day, on meeting the clergyman, I gave him my best salute, knowing that he is indeed a helpmate, and an uplifter to us lads who are engaged in this international crisis."

Lost Hours.

"I say good-night and go upstairs, And then undress and say my prayers Beside my bed, and then jump in it; And then—the very nextest minute— The morning sun comes in to peep At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep, But seems to me," said little Ted, "It's not worth while to go to bed." —Sidney S. Dayre.

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Shaker Top That Fits Any Bottle



There are many times the cook wants to use a sprinkler bottle when she hasn't one. Shaker tops are very easy to make for any bottle. Two corks and a small corkscrew are all that is necessary.

Put the corkscrew into a cork that will go down into the neck of the bottle. Notch the cork so that there will be four channels for the contents of the bottle to flow out. Have the top of the bottom cork low enough to permit a top cork to fit in the neck.

The corkscrew is there for the purpose of pulling out the notched cork when it needs cleaning.

A JUMPING KANGAROO

A Mechanical Toy That May Be Made Easily

The newest kind of mechanical toy, according to the toy dealers' bulletins is a jumping kangaroo that jumps without the aid of a spring or any sort of inner works—simply utilizing a well known section of the law of gravity. Any one clever enough to carve rude figures in wood can make

The large hind legs of the kangaroo are fastened immovably on an axle or pin and are attached, one on each side, so that they will swing together. When the kangaroo is placed on a slightly inclined surface.

When the figure falls forward so that the front legs touch the inclined



surface the tail flies up and causes the swinging hind legs to forward until they come in contact with the incline again and relieve the weight from the front legs which go upward. When come down again by force of gravity, the operation being continued so long as the surface is inclined and the kangaroo moving forward by little jumps and bounds throughout the operation.

Adjust the weights in the body and the kangaroo will at least the weight of the body, so that the proper balance is maintained.

Bermuda's Coral Houses

Bermuda is the original home of the "White House." The simplest dwelling is built of the same material as the most pretentious villa, in almost precisely the same way. White coral blocks cut from the backbone of the islands are used for all building purposes. Many of the Bermudian negroes live in lovely little white coral bungalows and cottages, which for vivid, radiant whiteness would surpass the executive mansion in Washington. Paint can not rival the dazzling lustre of Bermuda's blue-tinted coral buildings, shimmering as they do in the brilliant, sub-tropical sunshine like pillars of light.

Russians Use Wooden Spoons

The peasant class in Russia, which forms 77 per cent. of the total population, still uses the wooden spoon. The people of this class can not afford plated ware. The middle classes use steel and plated ware, and the wealthy classes usually have sterling. Most of the steel and plated ware is manufactured in Warsaw. Probably 90 per cent. of the people of Russia use the very cheapest grades of table ware and only 10 per cent. of silver ware.

USE CARE WITH EGGS TO GET THE PRICE

Give the Customer Benefit of the Doubt First Principle of Good Marketing

In marketing eggs the highest prices can be obtained in supplying a retail trade. This is also one of the most satisfactory trades to cater to and is easy to get. There are hundreds of families in every large town or city that are looking for the person who will furnish eggs regularly each week. The ear around at several cents above the retail store prices.

The largest profits must come from superior marketing, and from special market advantages in selling eggs and stock. A difference of only a few cents a dozen makes a large increase in the income when several hundred hens are kept.

A neat package is a very good investment. An attractive shipping crate has much to do with fixing the product. The person who will take the trouble to prepare a neat package may be depended upon to be equally careful and painstaking about the quality of the goods which he puts into it.

The first principle of good marketing is to have good quality to sell. Quality sells itself. A fancy egg should be new-laid; that is, not more than one week old when it is delivered to the customer. It should be free from any foreign flavor due to improper feeding or to the absorption of objectionable odors.

To produce eggs of the highest quality requires skill and care. First, one must keep pure-bred fowls in order to get uniformity in color, shape and size of egg. Second, eggs must be selected for hatching that fulfil all the market requirements for the fancy eggs.

Eggs for a first class trade must be gathered regularly each day from nests that are especially fitted. If there is any doubt about the freshness of eggs, give the customer, not the eggs, the benefit of the doubt. Do not take any chance. One bad egg will ruin the reputation gained by selling a thousand good ones. As soon as the eggs are gathered they should be carried to a cool place and covered with a clean cloth so that dust cannot settle on them.

A damp cloth is required to rob off any slight discoloration. If it is necessary to wet the eggs, they should be wiped dry before being placed in the crate. They should not be washed. Soap absolutely necessary, because washing destroys the natural appearance of the shell.

LIFE OF A MAIL BAG

Most Office Boys Live Five Years or More

The life of a mail bag in Canada is about five years, some lasting six or seven, according to the geese who which they are given. Such bags pass into the hands of expert inspectors, who utilize such parts as still have some good material left, in making what is known as "pieced bags." Many are thus reclaimed and returned to the service, constituting, with the sale of condemned material, the salvage end of the repair shops. The remaining end is scattered all over Canada and given work to many small and large shops. The bags or parts of bags are sold (that is when they cannot be used) to the highest bidder.

Skull Hole Closed With Rubber For closing a hole in the skull Dr. A. Scandola of Naples uses rubber sponge. He reports to La Riforma Medica that he tried it on a rabbit and a dog, which he killed after nine and six months and found that except for slight loose adhesion to the dura, the rubber sponge was unchanged. It need no trouble and the animals died normally.

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