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when days are wet and "all out-doors" is sloppy, is a good pair of rubbers, rubber boots or rubber farm shoes.

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

By Rev. Harold T. Roe

The Devil one day was roaming at large

Amid all the shams of the earth,
When he spied the Kaiser with lofty
prow
And Satan laughed loud in his
mirth.
He knew the crazy ambitions and
dreams,

STEELE BRIGGS SEEDS

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HAMILTON TORONTO WINNIPEG

World-conquest and power and all
And the crafty old Devil contrived a
plan
To compass the Emperor's fall.

He lured him to a mountain apart
And showed him the kingdoms of
earth

"All these shall be ours, Oh Kaiser,"
he said—
"If you give me the price of their
worth."

"Now what are they worth? the
Kaiser asked,
"They indeed are a goodly prize!"—
And he rattled his sword, and tilted
his lance,
While vanity gleamed in his eyes.
"Make war," said the Devil, "put
back the clock,
Bid civilization be gone,
Be ruthless and frightful, savage
and grim
and to you shall they all belong.

"But I have made treaties—" the
Kaiser said,
"They tie my hands from war,"
"Mere scraps of paper," the Devil
replied,
"Tear them up—that's all they
are."

"Mein Gott!" said the Kaiser, "and
if I do
will you grant my wishes fond?"
"Ay, Ay," glibly Nick as he scrib-
bled a note—

"See here is my written bond."

The Kaiser departed and set to
work with diabolical skill,
Belgium he raped, and called in old
Tirpitz
Women and babes to kill.

Ruine and murder, slaughter and
lust, Zeppelin, submarine, gas,
Each one of these tried in their turn
But none brought his wishes to
pass.

Two years passed by, and the Kai-
ser
Sought out the Devil once more
"I've done as you bid—but what of
your bond?"
And the Kaiser actually swore.

"Don't swear," said Satan, "its ruse
and besides
A German oath's rarely sincere,
Perhaps you'll be shocked at what I
must say

But listen a moment my dear."

"I call you 'my dear' because we're
such friends,
In devilish work we delight,
I've torn up my bond as you did yours,

I wish you good luck and good
night."

"With what measure ye mete," says
sacred lore,
Of the same doth Shakespeare tell

In "Measure for Measure" a grand
old play—
And the rule holds even in Hell.

Anecdotes of Richter.

Mme. X. was singing at a rehearsal
and was decidedly out of tune. Dr.
Richter stood it as long as he could,
then turned to her. "Madame," he
said, "will you kindly give the orches-
tra your A?"

At another rehearsal one of the in-
strumentalists made a mistake. "No,"
said Dr. Richter, "it goes so (thum-
ming) — run-tun-tum!" The same
player made another mistake. "No, no
— run-tun-tum!" At the third mis-
take Dr. Richter momentarily lost pa-
tience and cried, "Why do you make
so many mistakes, Mr. —?" Then
quickly recovering his habitual good
humor, "Ah, I know why it is—you
like to hear me sing!"—*Manchester*

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usually stops a stubborn
cough or chest cold when
ordinary specifics fail.

It helps strengthen the
lungs and throat—adds
energy to the blood—and
gives the system the force
to help resist disease.

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Refuse Substitutes

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FOOLING MARK TWAIN.

An Autograph Joke That Was Sprung
Upon the Humorist.

George W. Cable had been giving
readings from his wonderful Creole
stories and had visited Mark Twain in
Hartford. While there he had been
taken down with the mumps, and it
was during his convalescence that the
plan for a combined reading tour had
been made. This was early in the year;
the tour was to begin in the autumn.

Cable, having quite recovered in the
meantime, conceived a plan to repay
Mark Twain's hospitality. It was to
be an April fool—a great complemen-
tary joke. A few days before the first
of the month he had a "private and
confidential" circular letter printed and
mailed it to 150 of Mark Twain's
friends and admirers in Boston, New
York and elsewhere asking that they
send the humorist a letter to arrive
April 1 requesting his autograph.

It would seem that each one receiv-
ing this letter must have responded to
it, for on the morning of April 1 an im-
mense pile of letters was unloaded on
Mark Twain's table. He did not know
what to make of it, and Mrs. Clemens,
who was party to the joke, slyly watch-
ed results. They were the most absurd
requests for autographs ever written.
He was fooled and mystified at first,
then, realizing the nature and magni-
tude of the joke, he entered into it fully
—delighted, of course, for it was really
a fine compliment.

Some of the letters asked for auto-
graphs by the yard, some by the pound.
Some commanded him to sit down and
copy a few chapters from "The Inno-
cents Abroad." Others asked that his
autograph be attached to a check.
John Hay requested that he copy a
hymn, a few hundred lines of Young's
"Night Thoughts," etc., and added:
"I want my boy to form a taste for
serious and elevated poetry, and it will
add considerable commercial value to
have it in your handwriting."

Altogether the reading of the letters
gave Mark Twain a delightful day.—
Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

SLEEPING NEAR DEATH.

Naps That Might Have Landed Those
Who Took Them In Eternity.

A short time ago a man was discov-
ered in his lunch hour fast asleep on a
plank. His arms were hanging down,
one on each side of the board, which
was about a foot wide. He was snor-
ing gloriously and quite carelessly, whether
awake or asleep, that if he turned
over for greater comfort he would
"tumble out of bed" 120 feet, for that
plank was part of the scaffolding erected
for the repair of a church spire!

A similar disregard for danger was
reported lately during the erection of
some electrical works. One of the men
engaged on the tall chimney, missing
his mate at the lunch hour, went up
the half finished chimney to find him.
He discovered him fast asleep on a
narrow ledge of brick inside the shaft,
a fall from which meant a drop of
eighty feet.

On one occasion a circus arrived in a
certain town not a hundred miles from
London at an early hour after a long
journey and a performance the previ-
ous night. As a consequence few of
the company got any sleep. That day
there was the usual procession and the
afternoon performance. The lion tamer
had had a very rough time because of
the illness of one of his beasts.

The evening performance arrived, and
this man had to pretend to go to sleep
with his head on the body of a conch-
ant lion, finishing up the performance
by springing up and putting his head in
another lion's mouth.

But when the lioning up time came a
gentle snore was heard. The man was
fast asleep with his head pillowed on a
lion!—*London Globe*

YOURS TO ENJOY



You'll Like the Flavor

An Eskimo's Dwelling.

We do not look for any great amount
of inventive genius among the Eski-
mos, but for years they have employed
a rather complete respirator, used in
the preparation and taking of a vapor
bath, as a means of protection from
the dense smoke. This Eskimo respi-
rator is a little basket woven of twist-
ed strands of fine grass. It is placed
with its shallow side against the
mouth, and a wooden peg, which
arises from the center of the basket,
is held between the teeth. For this
purpose water is evaporated over a
big fire in a very low hut, which is
tightly closed to keep in the heat. In
this stifling atmosphere the employ-
ment of a respirator is absolutely nec-
essary.—*London Globe*

He's Won't Deny You.

The big boss was consulting Nobe-
l's father relative to the qualifica-
tion of an applicant for a place as
a plant janitor.

"Do you know this boy's reputation
—truth and veracity?" he asked.

"Yes, sah; yes, sah; I guess I do,"

responded Nobe.

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, sah, he always tells de trufe,
reckon—that is I never is ketchin
him in no lie. But bout dis here
crasty bizness I'm gwinter be fair
wid you. Some say he will an some
say he won't."



"Good bye and Good Luck!"

"Thank you for the wishes and for

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This great little pick-me-up
is full of vigour and vim for
the jaded soldier. Quenches
thirst, allays fatigue, gives
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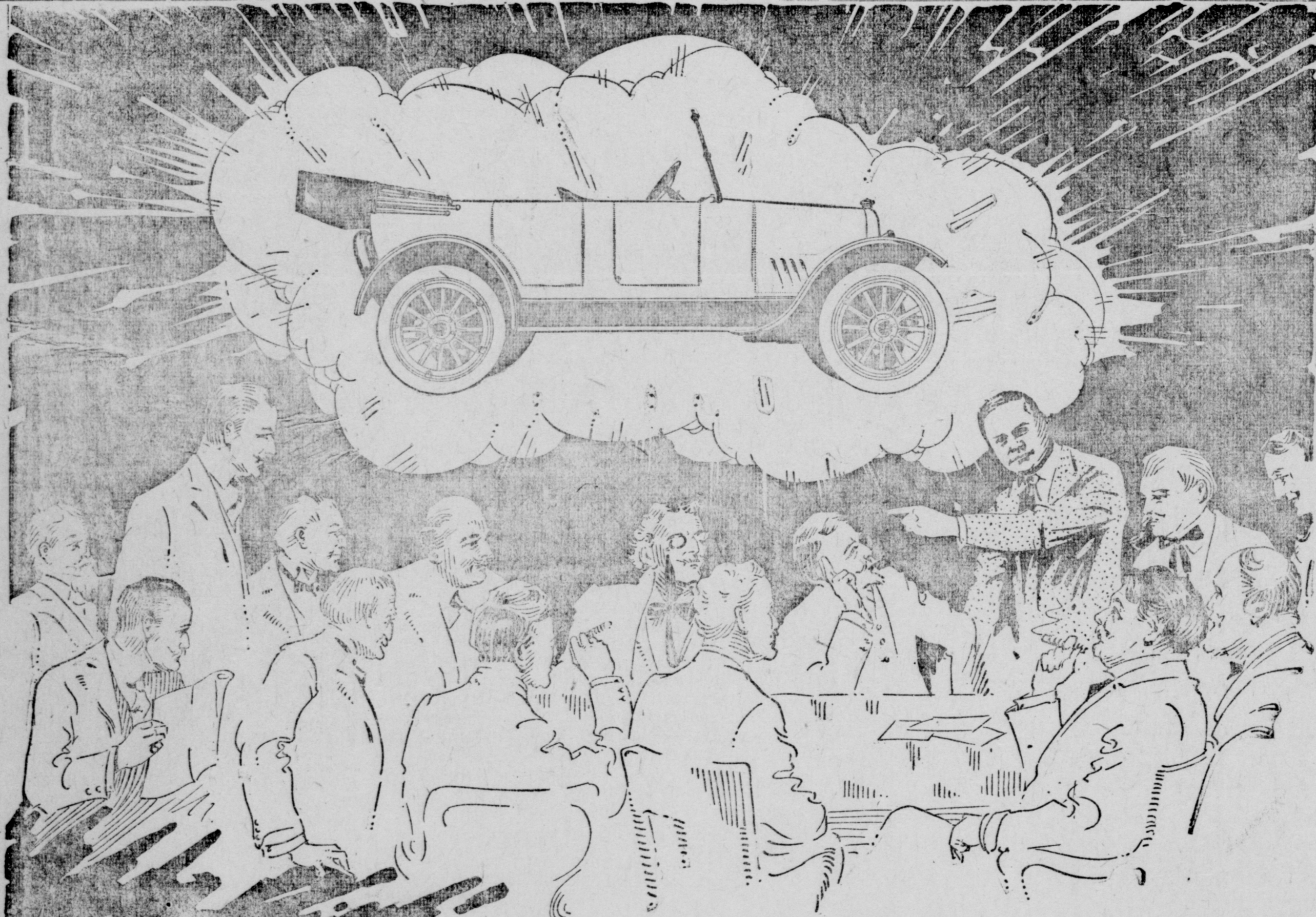
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the better for it.

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The Climax of Million Experiments

THE BRISCOE is not a
new car. It was con-
ceived in the mind of
Benjamin Briscoe, one of the founders of
the automobile industry, away back in 1904.
It is the climax of a million experiments—the final
outcome of an unconquerable determination to make
the automobile value of a dollar greater under the Briscoe
name than anywhere else in the industry. Three years ago,
after having been identified with the construction of more than
a million light cars, Benjamin Briscoe went to Paris. There
he surrounded himself with fourteen of the most famous Euro-
pean engineers. For two years these men worked together with
a single purpose—the perfection of an automobile of the highest
possible class to sell at a price within reach of all. Their
first achievement was the now-famous BRISCOE Motor.
The long stroke, 5 1/2 inches, with its relatively small bore, 3 3/4 inches,
means greater economy, because it utilizes every possible ounce of ex-
plosive force in the gas, making possible from 30 to 35 miles per gallon.
Next, the mechanical details of operation, balance, flexibility, and
accessibility came in for their rightful share of attention, and, finally,
the important matter of Body Design was disposed of. Benjamin Briscoe's
designs have always been noted for their beauty, and the BRISCOE,
B "4-24" is a masterpiece of artistic excellence. It is graceful, smart,

distinctive. Both the driving compartment and the tonneau are roomy
and luxurious, with deep upholstery and high seat backs which come up
well over the shoulder blades. There is ample leg and elbow room for
the tallest and stoutest of men, and the many refinements and convenient
appointments make an instant appeal to the most critical feminine mind.
When Benjamin Briscoe had finished his work in Europe, he returned
to America and completed arrangements for the production of his master
car both in Canada and in the States. In the immense Briscoe factories
at Jackson, Mich., and Brockville, Ont., every detail of production has
been developed to the highest standard of efficiency. The BRISCOE
car is "Made in Canada" in the truest sense of the term. Everything
necessary to the complete manufacture and equipment of a car, that is
made in Canada, is used in the BRISCOE. The Canadian organization is
controlled by men of large interests both in Canada and the United
States, and is affiliated with the \$6,000,000 Briscoe corporation of
Jackson, Mich. The President and General Manager are both Cana-
dians, and their wide experience and thorough knowledge of the industry
have been largely responsible for the instantaneous success of the
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COE is a Real Car
—powerful,
beautiful,
reliable,
economical—the car
you have longed for, at the
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