

## We are Sole British Columbia Distributors for

Genuine Garlock Packings,  
Victor Balata Belting, R. F. &  
C. Brand Rubber Belting,  
Rockwood Pressed Steel Un-  
ions, Coghlin's Track Tools and  
Car Springs.

We offer our services to secure  
any other Material for you.

## Gordon & Belyea

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## Your Chimney Needs Cleaning



"Let the Witch Do It"

## PURDY'S CHOCOLATES GO EVERYWHERE

Mr. Purdy is counted among  
the six first candy makers in  
America.

Only two of these men are  
on the Pacific Coast.

Purdy's Chocolates are sent  
to every part of the world and  
on their mailing list are names  
from every province in Can-  
ada and each State in United  
States.

### R. C. PURDY, LTD.

Maker of Purdy's Ice Cream  
675 Granville St. Vancouver

The ten little gamins dance  
ecstatically upon the bank, wav-  
ing their shirts and shrilling "A  
Berlin! A Berlin!"

The ancient Gaul props himself  
up against the pie-bald cow and  
shakes his ancient head. "C'est  
la guerre," he croaks.

The deserted Riding-Master  
damns his eyes and blesses his  
soul for a few moments; then  
sighs resignedly, takes a cigar-  
ette from his cap lining, lights it  
and waddles off towards the vil-  
lage and his favorite "estami-  
net."—Patlander, in "Punch."

## THE SONG OF THE TYPE- WRITER

I tell mankind of toil and speed,  
Of worry and of strife,  
My song is dear to those who lead  
Our modern, breathless life.

Riskful it is to look around,  
Or falter in life's race;  
Rest but a moment—someone's  
found

Eager to fill your place.

Praise to the pushing and the  
strong,  
Down with the slow and weak;  
Pause, and you're trampled by  
the throng—

Those words I plainly speak.

So, hurry forward! hurry on!  
My lay comes clear and quick;  
"Work at full speed or get thee  
gone!"

Thus chants my fateful click.

—Lewis Wharton.

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By Lieut. Col. John D. McCrae

(Written during the second battle of  
Ypres, April, 1915. The author, Dr.  
John D. McCrae, of Montreal, Can-  
ada, was killed on duty in Flanders,  
January 28, 1918).

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.  
We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
in Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies  
grow

In Flanders fields.

## AMERICA'S ANSWER

By R. W. Lillard

(Written after the death of Lieut.  
Col. McCrae, author of "In Flanders  
Fields," and printed in The New  
York Evening Post).

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.  
The fight that ye so bravely led  
We've taken up. And we will keep  
True faith with you who lie asleep  
With each a cross to mark his bed,  
And poppies blowing overhead,  
Where once his own life blood ran  
red.

So, let your rest be sweet and deep  
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.  
The torch ye threw to us we caught.  
Ten million hands will hold it high,  
And Freedom's light shall never die!  
We've learned the lesson that ye  
taught

In Flanders fields.

When the car left the terminus a  
very stout lady, clad in muslin, was  
hanging on to a strap for dear life.

A very small soldier, who was  
wedged in on the seat, struggled to  
his feet, and in quite the old-world  
manner offered his seat to the ample  
lady.

Smilingly she thanked him, and  
then, looking rather bewildered, said,  
"Thanks so much! But where did  
you get up from?"

\* \* \*

Recruit: "If you was to put the lid  
on, you wouldn't get so much dust in  
the soup."

Cook: "See here, young feller-me-  
lad, your business is to fight for your  
country."

Recruit: "Yes, but not to eat it."

\* \* \*

"Father," said the small boy, "what  
is an overt act?"

"My son, an overt act is something  
that either compels you to be so rude  
as to fight or so polite as to pretend  
you didn't notice it."

\* \* \*

"How many revolutions does the  
earth make in a day? It's your turn,  
Willie Smith.

"You can't tell, teacher, until you  
see the morning papers."