

The Endless Chain

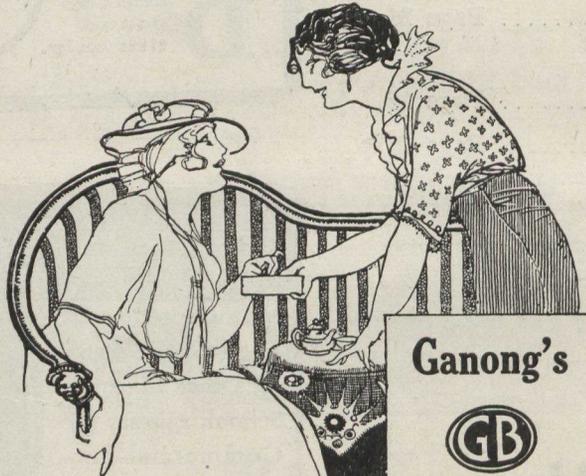
Mr. Retail Merchant; your business depends entirely on the prosperity of your customers. Canadian factories running at top speed mean top-notch business for Canadian merchants.

The merchant himself can be a big help in bringing this about. Consumption of goods "Made in Canada" means employment for every Canadian workman.

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**Push Them Because They're
"Made in Canada"**

A5



"My dear, they're Ganong's."
"Oh, then I can eat all I want."
'Certainly, do you know I'm the same way—that's why I always eat Ganong's for preference.'

Ganong's
Chocolates

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In Lighter Vein

Rare Courtesy.—"How do you like your new music-master?"

"He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday he said: 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—Le Figaro.

Utter Proof.—"Do ye love me, 'Erb?"
"Love yer, 'Liza, I should jest think I does. Why, if yer ever gives me up I'll murder yer. I can't say more'n that, can I?"—Punch.

Agile Parent.—"Papa, what is an escutcheon?"

"Why?"
"This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon."

"Oh, yes! An escutcheon is a light-colored vest. He had probably been carrying a fountain pen."—Houston Post.

Overdoing It.—The constable in a small town received by post six "Rogues' Gallery" photographs, taken in different positions, of an old offender wanted for burglary in a neighbouring city. A fortnight later the constable sent this message to the city chief of police: "I have arrested five of the men, and am going after the sixth to-night."—The Argonaut.

Sufficient.—Incredulous friend (to soldier invalidated home).—"What, you captured ten Germans by yourself? Good gracious! How did you do it?"

Tommy—"I just shouted out 'Waiter!' and they came along."—Punch.

Opportunity.—A young suburban doctor whose practice was not very great sat in his study reading away a lazy afternoon in early summer. His man servant appeared at the door.

"Doctor, them boys is stealin' your green peaches again. Shall I chase them away?"

The doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, then levelled his eyes at the servant.

"No," he said.—Lippincott's.

The Bulldog Breed.—Officer—"Now, my lad, do you know what you are placed here for?"

Recruit—"To prevent the henemy from landin', sir."

Officer—"And do you think that you could prevent him landing all by yourself?"

Recruit—"Don't know, sir, I'm sure. But I'd have a dam good try!"—Punch.

Improvement on Nature.—At the orphan asylum the childless Mrs. Hathaway, who had selected an infant for adoption, suddenly showed trepidation.

"Will I have to keep the baby, if it doesn't suit my husband?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Of course you won't have to keep it," responded the accommodating matron. "You can bring the kid back and exchange it any time. We're not arbitrary, like the stork."—Judge.

Painful.

"I can not sing the old songs,"
She warbled. It was true;
And it wasn't a bit less painful
When she tried to sing the new.

—Musical America.

Some Variations of an Old Story.

"Well, what do you say, old girl?"
"My darling, life without you would be a desert waste."

"Only say the word and I'll be the happiest man in the world."

"Kiss me and call it a go."

"You are the only girl I ever loved."

"Is it—yes?"

"I want you to be my wife."

"I've never had any other thought but you."

"We were just made for each other, now weren't we?"

"I love you, I love you!"
"Sweetheart!"—Life.

The Dinner War Map.—Enthusiast (explaining the situation).—"Let this 'ere meat-axe be the Russians a-comin' in on the East; the carvin'-knife's the Frenchies along 'ere; our boys is the mustard-pot; and 'ere's the Germans—this 'ere plate o' tripe."—Punch.



"Folks say I'm 'sad,
I'm really glad,
Sad Iron cried
with glee.
"Although I'm 'flat,
I'm bright at that,
Old Dutch has
polished me."



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