

**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**  
With the Quality sealed in the Can

In 1/2, 1, and 2 lb. tins—in the bean, ground, or fine ground for percolators.

Write for booklet: "Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made". It's free.

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL

**Of Course, it makes good Pastry**

In fact, "Beaver" Flour is a special pastry flour. It contains the choicest Ontario fall wheat (the finest pastry wheat in the world) blended with western spring wheat to increase the strength.

**BEAVER FLOUR**

MILLED OF BLENDED WHEAT

makes the lightest, flakiest Pies and Tarts—the most inviting Cakes, Cookies and Doughnuts—and real homemade Bread, with the delicious, nutlike flavor.

There's no comparison between the tough Pastry and tasteless Bread, made with western wheat flour, and the "good things" made with "Beaver" Flour. Order some

DEALERS—write us for prices on Fed. Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR, CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

CANADA FOOD BOARD FLOUR MIL L LICENSE NO 10.



**Three Destroyed One Roof Escaped**

The picture tells the story. Mr. Offer's letter confirms the fire-resistant qualities of

**Brantford Asphalt Slates**

He says:

"I covered the roof of 201 Marlborough Ave., Toronto, with your Asphalt Slates some time ago. This house is one of a row of four, the remaining three were covered with Cedar shingles.

"These houses were close to a railway track and on the night of August 15th, 1918, these roofs caught fire from a spark from a passing train.

"As you can see in the picture, the roofs on three houses were completely burned through, including the sheeting boards and rafters. The boards and rafters on 201 were also burned through, so that the fire passed over and under your slates without harming them in any way.

"I have rebuilt the roofs and covered them with your Asphalt Slates since I have had such good proof that if the four roofs had been covered with your slates no fire would have occurred."

And here is another letter, from G. F. Wingrove of Walsingham, Ont., dated December 2nd, 1918.

Mr. Wingrove says:

"The house I live in is a large frame with dry pine rafters and sheathing. I covered same with Brantford Roofing last May.

"On November 24th, at eight in the morning, we discovered that it was all aflame inside of roof of one part, 18 x 20, with a fine breeze fanning it. But by the use of the telephone and the splendid fire-proof qualities of your roofing, we got the fire out and found spaces where the rafters and lumber were burnt out from in under the roofing and the roofing still doing its duty of resisting fire. Also remember this is out in the country where it took the best part of half an hour for help to arrive."

The Inspector of the Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Company, has this to say about Mr. Wingrove's fire:

"I inspected this risk after the fire. It was particularly evident that the fact that the roof was covered with Brantford Roofing kept the fire confined below the roof. If it had been possible for the fire to break through I do not see how they could have saved the building. As it was the loss was comparatively trifling."

When roofing a building, it pays to put on a fire-resistant roof as well as a beautiful one. Brantford Asphalt Slates (individual size shingles) and Brantford Asphalt Slab Slates (four shingles in one) are fire-resistant, durable, economical and beautiful.

Samples and prices furnished on request.

**Brantford Roofing Co., Limited**

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY, BRANTFORD, CANADA  
Branches at Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg

For Sale by  
**J. H. GILL, Charlottetown, P. E. I.**

**Flying! Flying! Way up in the Air**

Ten years ago a proposal to fly across the Atlantic in an airplane would have seemed hardly less practicable than a suggestion today that a flight ought to be arranged to the Moon. The thing seemed absolutely beyond the pale of possibility. The airplane at that time was still a novelty, although it had been seen in many parts of the world, but it was regarded by all except a handful of enthusiasts as something little better than a toy, something of not much more scientific value, say, than Alpine climbing—a new scheme whereby dare-devils could break their necks. But on July 5, 1909, Louis Bleriot, a Frenchman, shook the world by flying across the English Channel, and thereby his name became immortal. It is true that the distance he traveled was perhaps twenty miles, the trip taking forty minutes. The feat was accomplished at dawn. The machine used was a monoplane, a frail thing that cost only \$2,000 to build, and of a type that would now be as obsolete as the things we used to call horseless-carriages. Nevertheless, the feat was a daring one, and only a bit of luck enabled Bleriot to land safely in Dover, for after the Channel had been cleared, the plane fluttered dubiously a couple of times as though about to fall to the earth.

**Flying the Channel**

This was not the first attempt that had been made to cross the Channel, for Hubert Latham had tried the trip six days earlier and had fallen into the sea a few miles from Calais, the cause being that his engine went cold. Shortly afterward Latham tried again and got within sight of Dover only to fall again. Whether he lived to make the flight like so many thousands of others we do not know, but if so he would think no more of it than a Toronto man thinks of motoring to Hamilton. A fortnight afterward he would be unable to remember what in particular fraction of what hour of what day of the week he made the trip. The history of the heavier-than-air machines may be said, for practical purposes, to have begun in 1902. In the October of that year the Wright Brothers glided more than two hundred yards on their trial grounds at Kitty Hawk. They started their machine from a hill, and taking advantage of the wind, in kite fashion made a record breaking flight through the air. The next year they built a motor which they attached to their plane, and dumbfounded humanity by remaining in the air for fifty-nine seconds. It was probably after this trip that the first prediction of flying across the Atlantic was made.

**The Wright's Triumph**

The Wright brothers had mastered the underlying principles of flying, and the only thing that stood between the fifty-nine second flight and the forty-nine minute flight was a suitable engine. Today all that stands between the existing record and the fifty-nine hour flight is the problem of an adequate engine—that is to say a light enough and strong enough engine—and a sufficient supply of fuel. In 1905 the Wrights had found an engine that was considered a wonder in those days, and with it made the first important flight ever made in a heavier-than-air machine. It extended over twenty-four miles, and consumed thirty-eight minutes and three seconds. In that year they made no fewer than forty-five flights, and convinced the world that the airplane had come to stay, but whether as an important means of communication and transportation, or merely as a freak, like liquid air, few could say with authority. But War offices began to be investigated. Prizes were offered. The Wrights were by no means the only pioneers, in France airplaning was taken up with enthusiasm by scores of experimenters. The same was true in a less degree in England.

**Britannia, Rule the Air!**

In 1908 the Wrights went to Europe to prove that their models were better than those in which the French had been doing some stunts then considered remarkable. They had had luck at first, because their engines did not work properly, but

**The Monroe COLLAR**

CLIPPER & BROTHERS, Ltd., CANADA LIMITED

on the last day of the year Wilbur Wright achieved his greatest triumph when he remained in the air for two hours, twenty minutes and twenty-three seconds. This broke all records. On descending, this daring prophet predicted that men then living would see the day when an airplane would ascend to 3,000 feet maybe to 5,000 feet. The record today is about 30,000 feet. Of course if it had not been for the war there would have been no such development of the airplane as has taken place in the past five years. Nor would Great Britain have attained her great position. She was behind all the first-class powers in aviation when the war broke out. Today she leads them all, in the number of airplanes, the number of aviators, their achievements in the war and their general daring and enterprise. What Canada and Australia have done to thus establish the Empire's ascendancy we do not need to mention.

**An Old, Old Dream**

The dream of man flying like a bird is one of the oldest dreams of the human family. Leonardo da Vinci, painter, sculptor, engineer, and one of the greatest all-round geniuses the world has seen, was convinced of the practicability of flying, and drew up plans that for long passed as scientific to show how it might be done. He had no scheme but that men might be provided with artificial wings that should be operated by the shoulders just as the birds operate their pinions. Of the hundreds who discussed the subject from the beginning of the sixteenth century till the beginning of the twentieth, few had any other conception of flying than that elaborated by da Vinci or that represented in the balloon. It was the gasoline engine that made modern flying possible, any limitations that are today imposed upon it are due also to the engine.

**MT. ALBION SOLDIERS TENDER-ED RECEPTION.**

The most pleasant hours in the course of our lives are those spent in meeting old friends and making new acquaintances, but words fail to give adequate expression to our feelings for our soldier boys as they come home to us after suffering untold privations and hardships in our behalf on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

The comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jenkins, Mt. Albion, was the scene of one of those happy reunions a few evenings ago, when the Mt. Albion Red Cross Society, besides a large host of friends from the surrounding districts assembled to welcome home from overseas, Mr. Jenkins' three sons, Spurgeon, Arthur and Christie, also Gr. John H. Myers of the same place.

It is a miraculous thing, and certainly a great reason for gratitude on the part of those parents, to have three sons, one of whom enlisted at the beginning of the war and the rest shortly afterwards, to take part in such a tremendous war, and return home without receiving the slightest wound and apparently none the worse for their experience. Gr. Myers was not quite so fortunate, having received a shell shock, which secured for him a place in the hospital for a short time, but he is at present as good as ever.

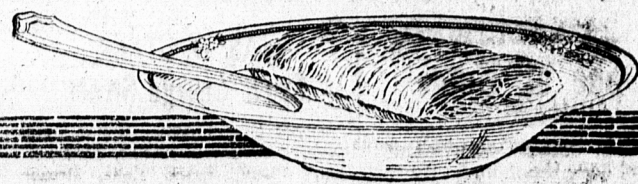
After inspecting the many curios the boys took home, which consisted of a couple of German officers' uniforms, revolvers, helmets, bayonets, etc., Mr. Wm. Jenkins, Vernon, was appointed chairman, and the following important program was carried out:—Chorus, Home Again; remarks by the chairman, Messrs. Benj. Jenkins, Robert Jenkins and Wm. J. McEachern; recitations by Miss Lona Jenkins and Clifford Myers; solo, Betty Richards; duet, by Misses Victoria Jenkins and Marguerite McEachern; instrumental music by Miss Lottie Jackson and Mr. Harry Brown. After the rendition of the program an address of welcome was read by Mr. Wm. McEachern, and each soldier presented with a purse of gold by Misses Edna Jenkins, Olive Horton, Emma Brown and M. McEachern, to which Gunner Spurgeon Jenkins replied on behalf of the boys, in a neat speech by thanking all present for their kindness to himself and the other boys "over there." He also gave some interesting anecdotes of his four and a half years' experience in Europe. The ladies of the Red Cross served ice-cream and cake to all present, and it was "some lunch"—just what those acquainted with the Mt. Albion women expected. The following is the address of welcome:

To Mrs. J. Spurgeon Jenkins, Arthur E. Jenkins, Chrystie Jenkins and John H. Myers.

We, your friends and neighbors assemble here this evening for the purpose of extending to you our congratulations on your safe return home from overseas, and of recognizing collectively and publicly the great service you rendered to King and country in our behalf. We feel also like congratulating you in being present and taking part in the greatest armed

**WAR DID NOT CHANGE IT**

War did not change the process of manufacture or the nutritive value of Shredded Wheat. It is the same Shredded Wheat you have always eaten—pure, clean, wholesome unadulterated. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Try it with milk or cream and fresh fruits.



MADE IN CANADA

conflict in the world's history, where the future of the human race and the destiny of our great Empire hung in the balance until decided by the valor and self-sacrifice of her sons. During these long dreary years spent on the battlefields of France, burdens have fallen upon you of which we know nothing, particularly those of you who had enlisted at the beginning. Through those dangers and privations a kind Providence has brought you. But we are saddened tonight by the thought that some of our Mt. Albion boys have not been spared to share in the great victory, for which they made the supreme sacrifice, we ask those who mourn such loved ones to remember that their sacrifice has not been made in vain, that their heroic deeds shall be engraven on the tablets of enduring memory and that they shall receive a just reward from Him who hath said: "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The earth is sacred where they fell. Forever on it lies the spell, Of hero deeds in freedom's cause— And men unborn shall come and pause.

To say a prayer, or bow the head, So leave these graves to hold their dead.

We fail for words to fully convey to you our appreciation for the service you young men rendered our King, our Country and our Homes. This is a debt we are conscious of, and which we feel will have to remain to a certain extent unpaid.

The years you spent on the battlefields have brought to you the record of "duty nobly done," of responsibilities unflinchingly met and of steadfast, unbending courage. Surely the ideal of service has been before you, and to this ideal through many weary days you have been splendidly true. Nor are we overlooking the part played by your parents during those trying years. They experienced trials, anxious moments, troubled thoughts and sleepless nights, of which the majority of us knew but little, but Divine Providence has been kind to them, and has rewarded them by bringing you back safely in apparently as good health as you enjoyed previous to enlisting. In the transition from military to civil life, we wish you all the success that comes to those who labor hard, and we hope

that this country which you risked your all to defend may be the better for your living in it. In conclusion we ask you to accept these gifts not in recognition for any service you have rendered, but as small mementos from your friends.

**DON'T STOP**

If you stop to find out what your wages will be And how they will clothe and feed you, Will, my son, don't go to the Sea, For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command And argue with people about you, Willie my son, don't go on the Land, For the Land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done And to boast, what your labor is worth, dear, Angels may come for you, Willie, my son, But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear!

R. K.



**"I Am So Weak and do Not Seem to Gain Any Strength"**

"It takes time you know." "Yes, but I am getting tired of having people trying to encourage me that way."

"You are too impatient." "Perhaps so, but when will I ever get strong if I do not gain a little every day?" "Have you tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"No, I have not, but so many have told me about it that I have a notion to give it a trial."

"I certainly would try it if I were you, for it certainly helped me wonderfully when I was so weak and nervous last spring. And, besides, I could tell you of a dozen women who have used it when they were like you are, and soon got strong and well."

"Nurse was reading me a letter published in the paper from a Mrs. Conrad Smith of Milverton, Ont., and she also told me of other cases she has known about.

She says she never ran across anything which helps women so much to gain strength after child-birth."

This is Mrs. Smith's letter:

"Two years ago last spring I was run down, had nervous prostration, and was in a terribly nervous condition. I could not sleep or eat, could scarcely count the nights that I passed without sleep, and if I did eat, had sick headaches and vomiting spells. My limbs would swell so badly that it hurt me to walk. I would jump up in bed, awakened by bad dreams. In fact, I was so bad I thought I could not live, and started to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food without much hope. It was not long before I began to improve under this treatment, and I can truthfully say it has done me a world of good. It took some time to get the nervous system restored, but I kept right on using the Nerve Food regularly, and gradually gained in health and strength. I have a fine baby now. He weighed 12 pounds at birth, and, though my friends were anxious after the condition I was in, I got over that fine, and now weigh 120 pounds. Before using the Nerve Food I was a mere skeleton."

For your protection the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.