

Canadian Candy

is wholesome

It produces real energy

ALL through the war the highest medical and food authorities were insistent in their recommendations to give the soldiers candy.

In Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes candy was allowed to seriously wounded patients, whose condition called for constant nourishment in a light, nutritious, easily-digested form. As the war progressed, the demand for candy grew to enormous proportions. Soldiers and sailors alike found by experience that candy produced real energy, while stimulants gave only deceptive temporary strength.

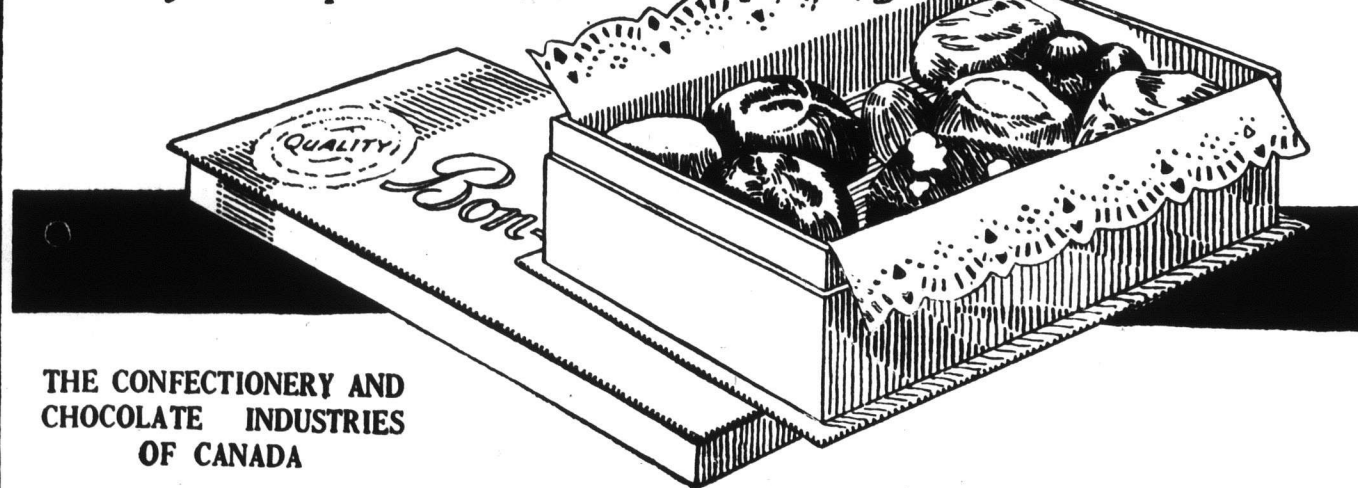
This war experience is supported by scientific opinion, and some misconceptions are set right in the following extract from the *Canada Lancet*:—

"Candy and Chocolate are nutritious, stimulating foods. There is not the least scientific foundation for the opinion that eating candy is injurious to the teeth. The lack of sugar is much more likely to injure the teeth through impaired nutrition than even its excessive use is liable to do by any digestive troubles which might result from overuse.

"In like manner there is little foundation for the common opinion that the consumption of candy causes digestive troubles."

Candy brings sunshine into the lives of children. Children are fond of candy because their bodies require fuel which candy best produces. Not only eat it yourself, but encourage your children to eat candy in rational quantities. It is good for them.

Candy is a Splendid Food.



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A story of the absolute imperturbability of an English officer deserves to be told. This particular officer who is a Squadron Commander, and a splendid flyer, was starting out one day from a Royal Air Force camp towards the German lines, and as he was passing over friendly country instead of circling round and round to get his proper cross-country altitude of 4,000 to 6,000 feet to be out of range, he went straight off climbing steadily, with the result that a mile or so from the camp he was only about 1,000 feet up, and then he passed over some French troops going up to the fighting line.

Now, one of the things that worried the aviators most is that French and British troops insisted in those early days on firing on every aeroplane they saw, regardless of its nationality. Apparently it was impossible to teach them the difference between the various types of machines, and the troops themselves took no chances of letting a German machine off by mistaking it for a British one. Consequently, as soon as they saw this particular machine, the Frenchmen started firing at it, and as it was well within range the machine was hit in several places.

This so annoyed the pilot that instead of climbing faster to get out of the way he shut off his engine and glided down straight at the French troops, and landed close alongside the road. The Frenchmen rushed forward to make a prisoner of the supposed German aviator, but to their surprise a British officer climbed out of the machine. Brushing aside the men who had come to arrest him, he walked straight up to the commanding officer, and started with, "I say, damn it all, this isn't good enough," and proceeded to deliver a lecture on the evil effects which might accrue from firing at a British aeroplane, and further explained to him the difference between French, British and German machines.

Then he got a few of the French soldiers to hold the tail of his machine while he started his engine, and then set off again. About a mile further on he passed over some more French soldiers, and, of course, this lot did exactly the same thing as the first. Thereupon, he gave up for that day, at least, the idea of being an aviation missionary to the French army, and got well up into the sky as quickly as he could.

Another incident which caused considerable joy to the Royal Air Force, because it allowed them to score off the Staff, befell a young officer who is an uncommonly good pilot. He was told off one day to take up one of those highly intellectual Staff officers, who know their own particular jobs to perfection, and have had no time in their lives in which to pick up general knowledge. They started off from their own landing ground quite comfortably, and were well over the German lines when a shell from an anti-aircraft gun smashed one of the ailerons of the machine. Naturally the smashing of an aileron means the removal of nearly all the lateral control of the machine, though a certain amount of control may be maintained by skilful use of the rudder, always providing the machine does not get too far on the damaged side. Seeing what had happened the pilot got the machine safely round, headed back for his own lines, and eventually by some very clever rudder work, landed exactly where he had started without smashing a thing.

Immediately the machine came to a stop, the Staff officer scrambled out and rushed off to Headquarters to report how the pilot to whom he had been entrusted lost his nerve immediately a German shell burst over the aeroplane, and had come back to the landing ground in abject fear. He wished him to be court-martialled forthwith for cowardice in face of the enemy. It was only when the Staff came to investigate a little further that it was discovered that the passenger owed the pilot not only an apology, but very sincere thanks for getting him back alive under circumstances in which many pilots would probably have lost control of the machine altogether, and have finished up with the machine, pilot and passenger all one mangled heap on the ground.