

BRANTFORD, CANADA



ASPHALT

ROOFING

RANTFORD

RUBBER

ROOFING

CRYSTAL

ROOFING

You cannot always judge a roofing by its price. Lower-grade roofings are often sold at about the same price as Brantford Roofing. So please be care-

You can only make sure of lasting service by first making sure that you are getting the GENUINE Brantford Roof-

ing. Remember that each roll of the genuine bears two trade-marks. One trade-mark is "a roof with a big letter B in the gable." The other is a "rooster" in the act of crowing.

Send right now for our big roofing book. It tells our reasons for making Brantford Roofing higher in quality than any other ready roofing. We believe you'll appreciate these reasons. It also tells why we make Brantford Roofing in THREE finishes—Asphalt, Rubber and Crystal, BRANTFORD ROOFING COMPANY, LIMITED

Canada Brantford Winnipeg Agents: General Supply Co. of Canada, Ltd., Woods Western Bidg., Market St., East. Vancouver Agents: Fleck Bros., Ltd., Imperial Bldg., Seymour St.

Quality Brass Bed No. 2103 Quality Beds

are beds after your own heart, in design, material and workmanship. They are the best beds made in Canada—or anywhere else. We prove it, this way. Go to your furniture dealer and have a Quality Bed delivered to your home. Use it for thirty days, and if you do not say it is the firmest, steadiest bed you've ever used, he takes it away—no charge. If it is not best in finish and craftsmanship, there is no sale. We take all the risk and you take none. Besides, all

Quality Beds

carry our Quality Guarantee Ticket—the best policy for metal bed insurance. It binds us to replace any Quality bed that fails to stand the test of five years. The Quality Guarantee is specific and conclusive. It admits of no element of doubt. Quality Beds must meet your idea of what a first-rate bed should be, or they do not cost you one cent. Best of all, Quality Beds cost no more than inferior kinds. We want to send you our beautiful catalog, "Bedtime," to post you thoroughly on brass and enamel beds. Write for it now, on a postal. We'll mail it free.

Quality Tag WELLAND, ONT. MANUFACTURERS

you'll never see anything in them but love."

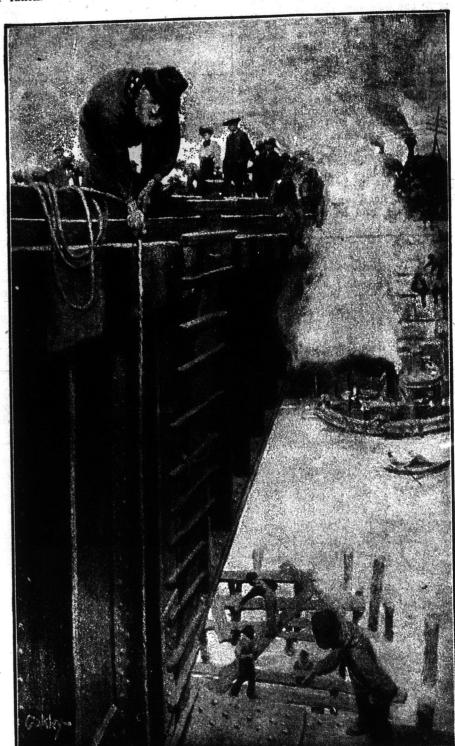
Mary Holden smiled, though her eyes filled with quick tears, and she said, 'Frank' your father must come to the car and hear them congratulate you."

"Indeed he must," assented Frank. Wash up, dad ,and come to the car for lunch.

listening to compliments to his boy. "Isn't Frank splendid?" asked Miss Holden of Dan, when the hero had

modestly responded to the speeches. "He is so," whispered Dan. "He's the finest boss I ever saw. Oh. I'm glad I saw him boss a job."

Miss Holden looked at the old man



He lowered the rope, steadily, quickly.

he put on his "walking clothes," as he | him finish the work. That was fine!" called them, thankful that he wore such fine garments to and from work, and was soon seated at Miss Holden's side | well as his, miss."

Dan's knees were all right now. He | with a new expression. "I did not mean hurried to the tool-house, where, after that," she said, "I mean how splendid a lively spashing in a bucket of water, it was in him to have you here to help

"It was so," answered Dan simply. "It has made the day my triumph, as

Baby Mine"

By George J. Leovy.



The Real

Quality

Guarantee

CROSS a stretch of [were the great gaps in its rotten, shinwhite beach, some fifty feet above the line of high tide, at the far east end of the pretty, straggling little village of Pass Christian, on the Mexican Gulf, stood

a tumble-down old boat-house, in the last stages of decay. Wild vines and luxuriant undergrowth closed in around it, and the path which had once straggled down to it from the shell-road could have been traced only by a native-born. A line of posts, the remains of what had once been a private pier, stretched out into the water; some leaning to every point of the compass, others reduced to mere shell-covered stumps, by the never-ceasing work of the teredo. The boat-house inclosed, but so many

gled roof it could hardly be said to shelter, a boat of some twenty-eight to thirty feet in length, all but falling to pieces from decay. Calking lead and putty had fallen from the gaping seams of deck and hull, and the fatal malady of dry-rot showed in every plank and timber. But, despite neglect and the ravages of time, it was still evident from her smooth lines, the broad expanse of her forward deck, the oval oak coaming of her open cockpit, and many another feature significant to the knowing, that she had "lived while she lived," and that her career had been among the aristocracy of boatdom.

On a particularly hot summer day her peaceful slumber in the old shed was broken. Seated in her cockpit was a perspiring, dusty, roughly-clad individual, apparently much disturbed in mind,