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Mr Dooley on the Origin of Man

"Wat ar-re ye readin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

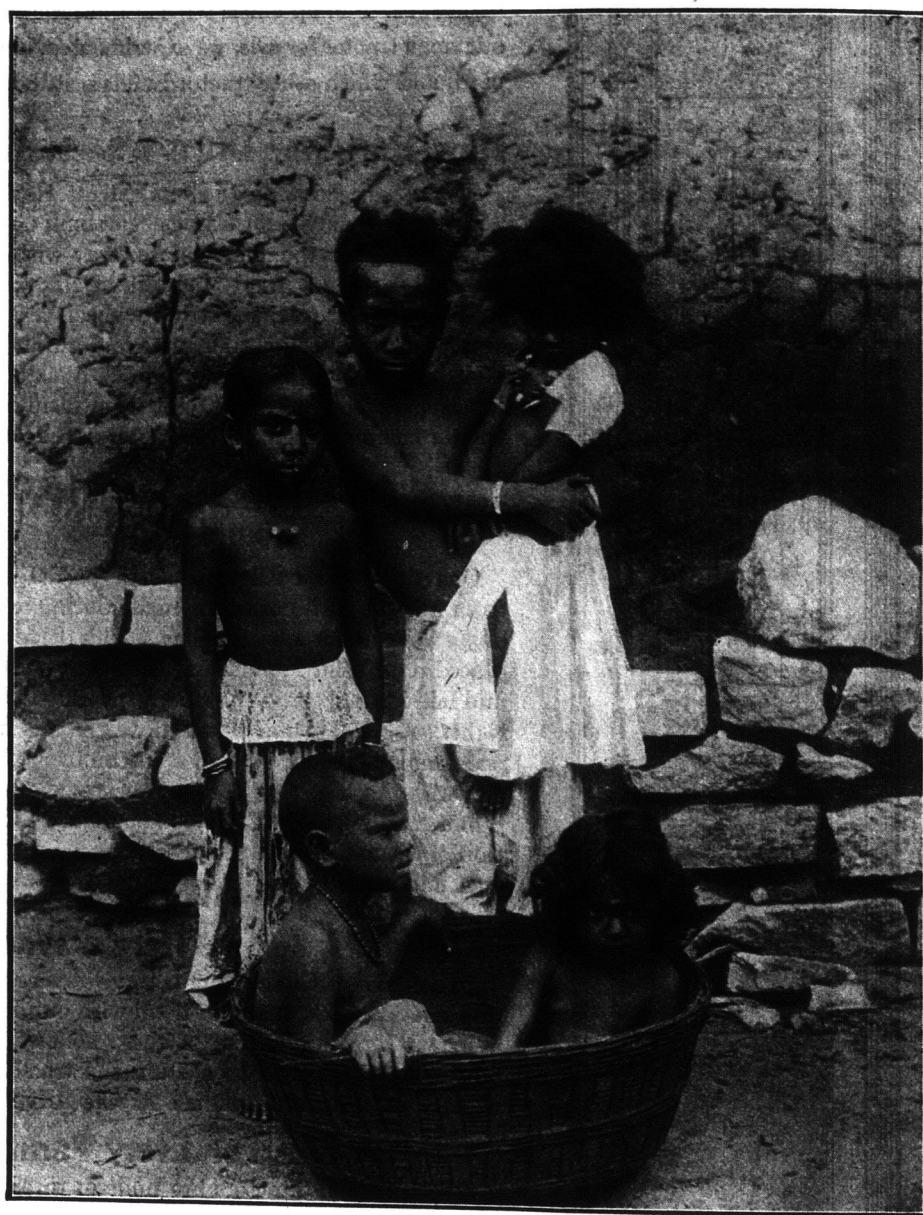
"A comical little piece in th' Sunday pa-aper on th' Descent iv Man," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye get a good dale iv knowledge out iv th' pa-apers when ye're not lookin' fr' it, an' a fellow that's paid five cents to find out where Gyp th' Blood spint his vacation, if he doesn't stop there but goes on r-readin', is li'ble to end up an idjicated man."

"Maybe ye'd like me to read ye something out iv this here fable in slang. Well, thin, listen to th' profissor: 'Such habits not on'y tended to develop the motor cortex itself,' he says, 'but thrained th' tactile an' th' kin—th' kin I'll spell it fr' ye—k-i-n-a-e-s-t-h-t-i-c—pronounced anny way ye plaze—senses an' linked up thir cortical areas in bonds iv more intimate assocaytions with th' visyool cortex—'"

"What kind iv language is that?" Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

new problems an' was th' first married man. But it hurted a good manny proud people to think that but fr' th' luck iv th' game they might all be up in the Zoo makin' faces through th' glass at little boys an' girls. So Darwin was excymunicated fr'm manny a church that he'd niver been in, an' expelled fr'm th' Knights iv Pythias, an' gin'rally treated as he desarved fr' a long time. But after awhile people begun to take more kindly to th' idee an' to say: 'Well, annyhow, it's more comfortable to feel that we're a slight improvement on a monkey thin such a fallin' off fr'm th' angels. Fr' awhile it looked as though we weren't holdin' our own. But now it looks as if we are on our way,' an' thought no more about it. An' th' monkeys had no access to th' press, so they cudden't write in kickin' letthers signed 'Indignant Monkey' or th' like iv that.

"But this profissor has gone further thin Darwin in pusoooin' our lineage down to its disgraceful start. He has



Fashions do not trouble the youth of India

"It's scientific language," said Mr. Dooley. "I've been thyrin' to wurruk it out mesilf with th' aid iv a ditchnry, but I cudden't put it together till Dock O'Leary, who's great at these puzzle pitchers, come in. Fr'm what he said I guess that th' profissor that wrote it meant to say that th' reason man is better thin th' other animals is because iv what's in his head. I suspieted as much before an' have often said so. But nobody has iver ast me to go before a larned society an' have me chest dhraped with medals fr' sayin' it. I cudden't fill up me time on th' program. All I cud say wuld be: 'Fellow profissors, th' thing that give ye an' me a shade over th' squil an' th' grass-hopper is that we have more marrow in th' bean. Thankin' ye again fr' ye'er kind attintion, I will now lave ye while ye thranslate this almost onfathomable thought into a language that on'y a dhrug clerk can underherstand.'"

Adam Was Far Better

"I can well remember how hot ivry-body was agin' Darwin on account iv what he wrote. Nobody had been very proud iv Adam as an ancesthor, but still ye cud put up with him if ye took into account that he was dalin' with

run acrost a lot iv old town records, marredge certificates, birth registers, an' so on, an' has discovered that our original progenitor, th' boy that give us our push tords respectibility, th' first mumber iv th' fam'ly that moved uptown, th' pilgrim father that came out iv th' jungle, th' foundher iv th' fam'ly fortune was—what d'ye think? Ye'll niver guess if I give ye a thousand guesses. It was th' jumpin' shrew iv South America. It's as I tell ye. Here ye see it in black an' white before ye'er eyes; 'Man descinded fr'm th' jumpin' shrew.' Hence our sunny dispositions an' th' presint campaign. I niver cud understand why if mankind come down fr'm th' monkey we weren't more janyal. But now I know. It's th' old shrew blood that still coorses through our veins that makes us so cross with each other.

The Peacemaker

Village Grocer—"What are you running for, sonny?"

Boy—"I'm tryin' to keep two fellers from fightin'."

Village Grocer—"Who are the fellows?"

Boy—"Bill Perkins and me!"—Puck.