LONDON'S AUCTION OF ANTIQUES

A Sale of Which Brought Fabulous Prices—2,000 Guineas For a Bookcase.

London Express: The great day at Holme Lacy has come and gone.

Every one in Hereford today appeared to carry the buff-colored catalogue of the sale. The only convenient train from Hereford was filled to its utmost capacity.

The continuous rain and the endless procession of motor-cars had churned the paths into quagmires. The rawness of the morning penetrated the saloon, setting folks' stamping their feet for warmth, but the chilly day was forgotten in the series of excitements which led up to the sale of the Chippendale bookcase, which is supposed to be one of the gems of English furniture, and the fairylike carvings of Grinling Gibbons.

The sale of the bookcase provided the most exciting incident of the third day. Mr. Knight, the auctioneer, wasted no time in eulogy, but asked for a bid at once. It came in an offer of 500 guineas. This was immediately capped by a bid of 600 guineas, which in turn went down before the bids of 800 and 900 and 1,000 guineas. The bidding then settled down to a contest between London and the provinces, while the crowd filling the large sale room looked on breathlessly.

Exciting Contest.

Mr. Partridge, of St. James street, appeared as London's champion, while Mr. Mallett, of Bath, entered the arena on behalf of the provinces. With curious nonchalance they hurled fifty-guinea bids at each other until 1,500 was reached. Then came a pause as if the champions rested to take breath while the auctioneer murmured cajolingly, "Fifteen hundred guineas."

Mr. Partridge began again with a hundred-guinea bid. Mr. Mallett hurled defiance with a like amount.

"Seventeen hundred," repeated Mr. Knight. "Seventeen—fifty," answered the man from Bath. "Eighteen fifty," came from Mr. Partridge, amid a buzz of excitement. "Nineteen hundred," cried the champion of the provinces.

There was another ominous pause, the auctioneer's hammer remained suspended in the air, and all eyes were turned on the London dealer. He shrugged his shoulders, "I'm not particular to a hundred or so," he said. "Two thousand guineas!"

The auctioneer's hammer remained poised in the air as he glanced towards Mr. Mallett, but the champion of the provinces was silent. As the hammer came down with a smart rap the excited people gave vent to their pent-up feelings in an outburst of applause.

Run of High Prices.

Previous to the sale of the bookcase there had been a steady run of high prices. The very first lot of the day, the crimson curtains of the saloon windows brought ten guineas. The third lot, a fine old Venetian carved and gilt chair aroused all the competitive instincts of the crowd. It was bought by Mr. Halliday for 35 guineas. A Louis XVI. clock followed, and brought 5 guineas.

A fine old Boule writing-table, presented to the first Viscount Scudamore, a British ambassador in France, by the French king, provided the next excitement.

"Two thousand pounds was once offered for this table," explained the auctioneer. "I'll give you 35 shillings," shouted a facetious dealer. The first serious bid was 50 guineas, which, after jumping to 100, rose by tens to 300, then by twenties to 400.

A procession of porters bearing eleven gilt chairs, inspired a bid of 55 guineas, while ten chairs of the same pattern, but without gilding, brought 90 guineas, which shows that the unadorned lily is the more costly. A very old and discolored lacquer chest brought 110 guineas from Lewis & Simmonds.

Exciting bidding took place for a pair of William and Mary side tables in walnut marqueterie with mirrors to match. All the combatants were routed except Mr. Mallett and Mr. Lee. The last-named secured them at last for 580 guineas.

Mr. Lenygon, of Old Burlington street, bought nine Charles II. oak chairs for 690 guineas, and Mr. Lee became the owner of an Adam writing table for 280 guineas. A hundred guineas was paid for a Louis XV. Boule clock.

The selling of the Chesterfield ancestral portraits was not nearly so merry an occasion as Charles Surface's ancestral sale. There were several keenly fought contests, notably those between Mr. M. Harris and Colonel Rigby for Van Dyck's portrait of Sir James Scudamore, which went to the colonel for £440.

Lee Brothers then secured a Layman portrait of Catharine Stanhope for £430, and Colonel Rigby fought for and won the Allan Ramsey portrait of Jane Brydges at £600.

Florence Lady Nunburnholme was among the purchasers of portraits, and during the day obtained eight lots.

UNSELFISHNESS OF ANIMALS

Instances of the Help That They Give One Another.

A keeper in the Zoological Gardens at Stockholm has seen the mountain foxes deliberately throwing pieces of meat out through the bars of their cages to the grey foxes waiting outside.

The weather at the time was bitterly hard—it was March last—and the crows were half starved. It was not one fox only which acted in this curious fashion. Two of the animals were seen to feed the crows on two different occasions, and it seems hardly possible to doubt that the well-fed foxes had some sort of desire to help a hard-up fellow-creature.

Not so many years ago the idea of one animal being kind to another of quite a different sort would have been laughed at. We were told that wild life was one fierce struggle for existence. There was no room for unselfishness.

But as our knowledge of nature slowly increases we are finding out many things of which we never before dreamed, and one is that some animals exercise the virtues of charity and unselfishness.

A Scotsman living in St. Helena had some goats and also a pet monkey. The latter struck up a friendship with one of the goats, and the two became great chums. One day the goat, wandering far afield in search of food, got among a patch of prickly pears, and when it came out its nose and coat were full of the needlelike spines.

The poor beast was in misery. To his astonishment the owner soon afterward saw the goat lying down, while the monkey, with the utmost care and patience, and with more than human accuracy, pulled out one by one all the hundreds of spines.

This was not the only time that the monkey performed a similar service. Many times afterward the same thing happened. Whenever the goat got among the cactus it went straight to its clever friend, who patiently acted the part of surgeon.

When we were children we used to be told a wonderful story of how those little American marmots which are called prairie dogs shared their burrows with owls and rattlesnakes, and that animals, birds and snakes lived together in perfect amity. This yarn had not the merit of truth. While it is a fact that snakes do invade prairie dog towns, it is far the purpose of living on the unfortunate inhabitants. The poor little dogs are in terror of the reptiles.

But even had the story been true, on our own northeastern coasts you can see for yourself something quite as curious. Puffins, known as sea parrots, may be found sharing burrows with rabbits, and birds and animals live together apparently on excellent terms.

There are many animals of different kinds which live in partnership. The shark and the pilot fish are an instance in point. The greedy shark never touches its small companion, but on the other hand gives the little fish protection from such enemies as the bonito, while the pilot fish appears to act as guide and intelligence officer to the shark.

A rare and interesting lizard known as the tuatera is found in the Chicken islands, off New Zealand. This is rather a slow and stupid creature, and does not appear able to find much food for itself. It is, however, clever at burrowing and digs deep holes in the sandy soil.

The islands are a great resort for the petrel, a small sea bird which nests there in vast numbers. The petrel cannot burrow, so the two creatures, the lizard and the bird, have entered into partnership. The petrel nests in the mouth of the tuatera's burrows, and the lizard profits by the remains of the fish which is the food of the birds.

Small creatures that are entirely without means of defense sometimes get other larger ones to adopt them. An instance of the kind may be seen any summer day along the mouth of the Thames. In the clear, shallow channels between the sandbanks, float scores of jellyfish, and if you look carefully you will see, swimming under their long tentacles, numbers of very tiny white shrimps.

It used to be supposed that the jellyfish lived on the shrimp. Now it is known that the case is very different. The jellyfish actually protects the little creatures. Take the shrimp away from its protector and it dies almost at once.

The partnership is as strange as any on record, for it does not appear that the shrimp makes any return for the protection which it receives. Sea cucumbers also protect an almost microscopic little fish in similar fashion, and to give one more instance of a one-sided partnership, a great catfish which lives in Brazilian rivers allows a small fish to swim in and out of its gigantic mouth.

How Nervous Men Get Most Out of Life

[From "Successful Men."]

Every normal-minded man wishes to get all he can out of life—but many a man knows that he is falling far short.

The successful man works, eats, and plays with the keenest enjoyment, because his nerves are keenly sensitive. He tastes, hears, sees and feels all with the highest emotions of vigorous healthy nerves. As a consequence he has stamina, endurance and personal magnetism, which makes those near and dear to him, worship his manliness, chivalry and strenuousness.

Without keen, sensitive, well-nourished nerves, such a man would be an object of pity, and not the brilliant success he is. All men should have well-nourished nerves, but if the blood and vital organs do not supply the chemical or substance known as nerve fluid, then the waste of the nerves is not renewed daily and hourly as it should be. The nerves become exhausted, giving rise to such symptoms as trembling hands and limbs, cold feet and hands, melancholia, hysteria, timidity, nervousness, sleeplessness, dizziness, heart palpitation, pains in the back, headache, languor and weariness at all times. A most valuable nerve treatment, restorative in every sense, is to be found in the following prescription, emanating it is said, from a brilliant and successful specialist on nervous ailments.

The treatment can be prepared in the privacy of home, and thus causes no one any embarrassment. First get three ounces of syrup of sarsaparilla compound in a six-ounce bottle. To this add one ounce of compound fluid balmwort, shake well and let stand two hours. Then add one ounce of tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom), and one ounce of compound essence cardiol. Mix. Shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

It is astonishing to feel the new nerve force, the steadied nerves, and the control of every muscle in the body after using this. Overworked office men, and the many victims of society's late hours and dissipation will surely find in this the restorative, rejuvenating force they are sorely in need of. The ingredients are used in various prescriptions and any good druggist can supply them.

A DANCING CURE.

In an article on ancient Highland spas the British Medical Journal refers to a curious Highland remedy. This was the dancing cure as it was practiced many years ago in Strathspey. A Highland shepherd, one Donald McAlpin, a famous dancer, was reputed to have cured his mistress of a mysterious malady by means of dancing a reel with her, and this story being noised abroad gained him the reputation of being a successful physician. His humble cottage, overlooking Strathspey, was besieged with crowds of patients who hoped to get rid of their ailments by a dance with Donald. The shepherd did not hesitate to take advantage of this stroke of good luck, and soon had a large and thriving practice. He engaged as assistant an ancient piper, who did the duties of apothecary, and the two between them evolved a course of treatment for almost every ill to which the flesh is heir.—Westminster Gazette.

CHIEF OF CONGO TRIBE.

E. Torday described to the Royal Anthropological Society last night the results of a recent ethnological expedition to the Congo Free State. After dealing with the racial divisions he explained the institutions, government and religion of the people of the Congo State. The head of the tribe was the chief, but in certain questions his mother seemed to take precedence of him. His power was nominally absolute, but in reality very slight. There were six great officers and a host of smaller officials. The right to the throne descended in the female line, but a woman only came to the throne if the male stock failed. The chief having the power to disinherit any likely claimant virtually had the power of nominating his successor. The Bu-Shongo believed in an all-powerful creator, but paid no worship to him, though magic was largely practiced. Spiritually man was believed to consist of three elements—soul, double and shadow. The soul was thought only to leave the body at death, the double at both death and sleep and the shadow only at death. The belief that a corpse could not cast a shadow was currently held. Mr. Torday reported the nearest approach to true totemism as yet discovered in Africa. For among the western Bu-Shongo, he said, each person inherited from his father and ikina, a plant or animal, which he might not eat. The ikina had no connection with tribal names, and the division into ikina cut across the division into tribes and villages. Persons possessing the same ikina might not marry.—London Standard.

GREAT INCOMES OF LANDED NOBILITY

Duke of Westminster Receives $15,000,000 a Year.

An explanation of the opposition of the Lords to the land tax provisions of the budget may be found in the published list of their realty holdings.

In the aggregate British peers possess 16,411,986 acres, or one-fifth of the total area of the United Kingdom. The Lords whose votes defeated the budget own 10,078,979 acres, an acreage double the area of Massachusetts. In the matter of individual holdings the average ducal domain is 142,564 acres, an area almost equaling that of Chicago and St. Louis combined. Marquises own an average of 47,500 acres, earls 30,217, viscounts 15,324 and barons 14,152. Seven titled landlords derive an annual income of above $70,000,000 from their property holdings in London. The Duke of Westminster receives $15,000,000 a year from this source, Lord Howard de Walden half a million less, the Duke of Bedford $11,500,000 and the Duke of Norfolk $7,500,000.

These privileged ducal and baronial demesnes the budget subjects to three forms of taxation—a 20 per cent tax on unearned increment, a tax of two-tenths of 1 per cent on the value of undeveloped land and on mining royalties, and a 10 per cent duty on benefits accruing to the owners of leased land at the termination of the lease. It is these features of the Lloyd George taxation scheme that have specially provoked the antagonism of those who—

Love their land because it is their own
And scorn to give aught other reason why.

If the budget is sustained by the British public the Lords' realty holdings, after centuries of exemption from the burdens which have oppressed the small householder, will be called on to bear the brunt of a most radical experiment in taxation. It is a curious irony of fate that the Henry George single-tax idea should be first extensively applied—although in modified form—to the ancestral acres of England.—New York World.

Earning Power Of the Pen

Few Poets and Novelists Can Write a Living.

Sidelines of the Professional Writer—Government Posts, Museum Jobs and College Lectureships Help Him Out—Those Who Write for Women Fare Best.

It is whispered that hardly half a dozen of the thousand living British and American poets earn their bread by their pens and that even some able novelists and many brilliant essayists follow some more or less prosaic gainful occupation, says the New York Sun.

Instead of the old time patron of literature there are now small Government places, posts in the universities and colleges, secretaryships to public and semi-public bodies, curatorships in museums and a hundred and one like occupations for poets and novelists of less than the greatest popularity. Few of the literary men in the public service of either country climb very high.

It is only after a distinguished success in letters that a poet or historian is appointed American ambassador to the court of St. James'. Augustine Birrell's essays, which certainly never yielded him a living, helped him into parliament and to a post in the British cabinet, but his has been an unusual career.

Men of Birrell's literary attainments rarely get much above a specialist's subordinate post in the British public service. Charles Lamb's long service in the semi-public India House, with easy hours, a fair salary and retirement on a pension of something like $2,250 a year, is a career to be envied by the British poets and essayists of today. Since the days when Burns was an exciseman the revenue service has been a frequent refuge for the poets, perhaps because they are usually poor but honest.

Accident brought a young American poet to the attention of Theodore Roosevelt a few years ago and he soon obtained a small post with short hours and easy work in the customs service, but promised promotion never followed. The politicians care little about the poets, perhaps because the latter are apt to be untrustworthy artisans.

Few of the poets get very high in university life. Now and then one has a full professorship, but most of those who enter the teaching force of American universities or colleges remain long as sub-professors and instructors, with salaries as low as $800 or $1,000 a year. Sometimes when nothing else can be done for a poet he is asked to deliver a course of lectures at a university or a college, which means, perhaps, occasional employment for a single winter.

Composers of music, sculptors and painters occasionally have such lectureships. The composers may if they will fall back upon the irksome but often profitable occupation of teaching music, McDowell sought to keep away pupils by charging $12 a lesson, but still they came. It is not believed that any poet ever received such a price for teaching the art of poetry to private pupils.

Poets and essayists swarm in the magazine offices of this country and England, where they have to pass upon the matter submitted by their fellow men of letters. One well-known critical essayist is the literary adviser of a New York publishing house. A poet of some success edits an American magazine for boys and girls. A young American novelist while editing an ephemeral humorous weekly lived in a church tower because he found such lodgings cheap.

The poets used sometimes to eke out their small incomes by teaching French, but in New York competition in that business has been ruinous. It is said that young Frenchwomen in this city are giving lessons in their own tongue at 25 cents an hour. There is a sprinkling of young poets living in hall bedrooms all over Manhattan, and earning their bread in editorial and secretarial posts, as subordinates in museums, as tutors, and as instructors in fencing and the like.

Some novelists whose names are familiar to the reading public and whose books are highly praised by sound critics cannot depend upon their writings for bread. If a novelist does not please women he is rarely a financial success. Indeed, some novelists who rank very high with intelligent critical men are feared by the publishers.

The manuscripts of such novelists go from publisher to publisher without finding a profitable market. If the host of nameless writers whose books never see the light could know how often the work of men widely known on both sides of the Atlantic is declined or bought for a trifle the nobodies would take comfort. The manuscript novels of some men, even, who have written highly successful books are sometimes bought for a few hundred dollars, with the promise of a royalty on sales above a thousand.

It is said that Joseph Conrad, who is held among men of keen critical taste to have written a few of the best English sea tales and two or three really great short stories, cannot count upon his literary work for a living. Some of his books have hardly sold above the thousand mark in this coutry, while the novels that women like run to thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred thousand.

Maurice Hewlett, who is much less a man's novelist than Conrad, is glad of a modest post under Government as yielding an assured income. Several popular English novelists who are treated with respect by critics on both sides of the Atlantic and who find an easy and fairly profitable market for their complete novels receive little or nothing in advance when they publish a volume of short stories.

Kipling and Hardy are among the few living writers whose short stories have sold well in collected form, and Hardy has ceased to write long stories. Publishers say there are hardly three American writers whose volumes of short stories would excite more than languid interest in any publication office, though there are many who receive high rates for short single stories from the magazine publishers. Like the poets, the writers of short stories must usually have something on the side.

NASAL CATARRH

An Old Physician Says to Look for Dizziness, Frontal Headache, Stuffiness and Nose Colds.

TELLS HOW TO CURE.

Catarrh in almost every instance starts with a common cold in the head, which is added to with another cold, and because of some extra exposure or weakness of the system, it becomes chronic.

A full case of disgusting nasal and throat catarrh then develops. Unless a radical cure is effected then the disease passes rapidly to the throat, bronchial tubes and finally to the lungs.

No man or woman can ever get new lungs any more than new fingers, or a new nose; but everyone suffering from Catarrh can get a sure cure by inhaling Catarrhozone, and this is proved after you read further.

QUICK, LASTING CURE.

"After ten long years of suffering with Catarrh in the throat and nose I write to tell you that I am now completely cured with Catarrhozone. What a relief it was to get that buzzing stopped in my ears, to have my nose free and easy to breathe through—what a blessing it was to get cured of droppings, catarrhal dyspepsia and bad breath. All this is the result of Catarrhozone, which I recommend everyone to use for any trouble in the throat, nose, bronchial tubes and lungs."

JOHN McCULLOUGH,
Moosebrook, N. S.

Let Catarrhozone cure you, get the large dollar outfit which lasts two months and contains an indestructible hard rubber inhaler. Smaller sizes 25c and 50c each. Beware of imitations of Catarrhozone, which all reliable dealers sell, or by mail from The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

PUGILISTS AND PARLIAMENT.

The production of Sir A. Conan Doyle's prize-fighting melodrama at the Adelphi recalls the palmy days of the ring—the days when a "pet," whether hailing from Brummagem or not, was a man to be respected. One recalls John Gully, the "champion of England," who, retiring from the ring, was twice elected member for Pontefract. And the epigram:

If any one asks why should Pontefract sully
Its name by returning to Parliament Gully,
The etymological cause, I suppose, is
He's broken the bridges of so many noses.

He ultimately forsook the "House" for the turf, and won two derbys. The ring, the "House" and the turf! A great career in the eyes of sporting England!

Politics and the ring were once closely connected, especially during election times. There is Bernal Osborne's evidence, for instance. "The honorable gentleman talked about the voice of the electors," he said in a debate on old nomination ways. "As if the individual voice of an elector was ever heard at a nomination, and as if there was not a general agreement to roar, to hiss and become debased with drink! The true-born Englishman is said to delight in that day. Now, who are the true-born Englishmen . . . ? Why, the representatives of muscular Christianity — prizefighters and people of that sort. I have spent as much money in retaining the services of those gentlemen as anybody in this House. One of my most efficient supporters in Nottingham was a man who was always clothed as a clergyman of the Church of England, but who was really an ex-champion of England, Bendigo by name."—London Chronicle.

Your throat won't bother you, nor that cough hurt you, if you use

This Shape

PATERSON'S

COUGH DROPS—THE CANDY CURE

GOOD FOR BAD THROATS
DELICIOUS TO TASTE
DOCTORS APPROVE THEM

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5 cents a Red-and-Yellow Box full

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EGGS AND GROWTH.

A big animal and a small one are both made up of cells. Are the cells of the big animal larger than the others? Or are the cells of the same size in each, the only difference being that there are more of them in the larger animal? Does an organism grow by adding more cells or by increasing the size of the old ones? In an attempt to throw light on these and similar questions a German experimenter has been studying frogs and their eggs. His conclusions—which, by the way, are not accepted by all his fellow-naturalists—are that when animals develop from eggs of the same size their cells continue always to be alike, and that, therefore, growth is always by cell addition.

The size of the animal itself, however, and that of the egg do not necessarily correspond. The same frogs lay eggs of very different sizes, and of these it may be that the small ones will produce large tadpoles and the large ones small tadpoles, although when the tadpole first issues from the egg its size corresponds more nearly with that of the latter. Some eggs develop rather faster than large ones, but the latter stand heat and cold better. Extremely small eggs are apt to die in the early stages of development.—Scientific Miscellany.

5,000 Out of Work.

Not men, but corns that were put out of business last week by Putnam's Corn Extractor. No corn can live if treated by Putnam's. It is safe, painless and sure. Use only Putnam's.

ITCHING ERUPTIONS QUICKLY COOLED

Just a few drops of the famous D. D. D. Prescription applied to the skin will take away instantly the worst kind of an itch. We positively know this.

Oil of wintergreen, a mild, soothing liquid, combined with such healing substances as thymol and glycerine, will penetrate to the inner skin, kill the germs, and heal. The D. D. D. Prescription, made at the D. D. D. Laboratories of Chicago, seems to be just the right compound, as thousands of remarkable cures prove.

Don't go on suffering from eczema or any other itching skin disease, when relief is so easily obtained.

Just write the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. L.A., 23 Jordan street, Toronto, and they will send you, free, a trial bottle. This sample will relieve the itching **at once**, and prove to your satisfaction that here at last is the cure for your torture.

Write for a trial bottle today. We know it will relieve you. Anderson & Nelles and W. T. Strong, druggists.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates, you have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effective medicine.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Angus, Ont., writes. "It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctors' medicines but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble."

Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SUCHARD'S COCOA

At Every Stage of Life

Suchard's Cocoa is a most nourishing and health-giving drink.

It contains every material necessary for the growth and sustenance of the body, and being pure, and freed from an excess of oil, it is very easily digested.

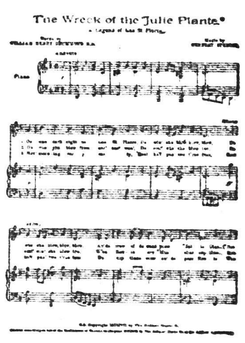
Suchard's Cocoa makes puny children strong and robust. It supplies vigor and energy to the strong man. It keeps up the vital forces in old age.

Besides, it is a most delicious drink. Many who find other cocoas heavy and insipid thoroughly enjoy the delicately rich flavor of Suchard's.

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal. 65

LONDON ADVERTISER'S SPECIAL MUSIC OFFER

TODAY'S COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO A COPY OF THIS POPULAR SONG FOR TEN CENTS.



The London Advertiser offers to its readers the late Dr. Drummond's poem, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," which is set to music by Mr. Herbert Spencer.

"The Wreck of the Julie Plante" is a legend of Lac St. Pierre, and is one of the best-known poems of the late Dr. Drummond's works. The music is exceptionally good and is very suitable to the words.

The London Advertiser Music Coupon

Date ..... "The Wreck of the Julie Plante"

Name .....

Street and Number .....

City or Town .....

Province .....

To obtain the sheet music above, fill out the coupon and inclose ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Music Dept., The London Advertiser.

10 cents Well Invested

A 10c box of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes contains more nourishment than any other cereal.

Just think of it—Kellogg's is 90 per cent. food value, and the flavor is a delight to the palate.

Try Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes tomorrow morning. Serve with milk or cream and sugar.

"The Sweetheart of the Corn"

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

10c. a package At all grocers Made in Canada