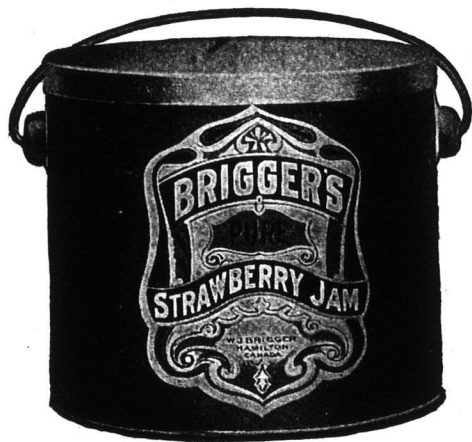


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WINNIPEG.

IT MUST BE WOODWARD'S!

Benenden, Kent, November, 5, 1912.
From the Rev. A. Harwood Field, B.D.

I have great pleasure in sending you my
testimony to the value of Woodward's Gripe
Water, which I recommend to all parents
for their children.

Our baby boy was troubled much with
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Woodward's Gripe Water, and right glad we
are for such good advice. Wherever the reme-
dy is tried it recommends itself. It is quite
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not be without it in the house; we have not
had one bad night with the boy since his
birth, thanks to your remedy. Wishing
you all success with your preparation, yours
faithfully.

A. HARWOOD FIELD,
Congregational Minister.

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

is invaluable in teething. It gives prompt relief
in the suffering due to imperfect digestion.

It must be WOODWARD'S! Can be obtained at any Druggist's.

"My fault, I'm sure," declared the
widow sweetly. "Good-evening, Mr.
Gudge. I didn't understand I was to
meet company. Who's your friend?"

"Mrs. Maple," murmured Mr. Gudge,
with hasty ceremony. "Mr. Porter—er—
old friend o' my daughter's. He was
just going. Wasn't you, Ralph?"

"I was going," said Mr. Porter, with
an admiring glance at the widow, "but
I ain't in no particular hurry."

"I seen you before somewhere, I
think," said Mrs. Maple. "In uniform,
too, I believe. Ain't you a soldier?"

"If you'd said soldier, now, you'd 'ave
bin nearer the mark," interposed Mr.
Gudge.

Mr. Porter, with a frank smile, ex-
plained that he was a plumber by trade.

"Well, it's a pity," said the widow.

"You're just built for the Army."

"Size ain't everything," remarked Mr.
Gudge, who was getting restless. "E's
got a weak heart."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the widow
sympathetically.

"So far as I know," said Mr. Porter,
"there's nothin' the matter with my
heart. Leastways," he added pointedly,
"it's kept sound up to the present."

"Ave you 'ad another of them fits
lately, Ralph?" asked Mr. Gudge.

"Fits" queried Mr. Porter.

"Well, it was a fit, wasn't it?" said
the other. "I mean the time the police
took you off on a stretcher."

"Look here," said Mr. Porter, keeping
his temper admirably: "who're you
tryin' to get at? I'll ask Mrs. Maple.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Gudge, by an
effort. "I ain't togged up in other peo-
ple's things, and staying in other peo-
ple's houses when I ain't wanted!"

"Nice little woman that, Mr. Gudge,
eh?" Ralph continued, with irritating
calmness. "Seems to 'ave took quite a
fancy to me, too, doesn't she? It's this
waistcoat and them certain tips you
give me that's done the business. As
you said, you don't know what you can
do till you try. What's my next move?"

"Out o' my house!" roared Mr. Gudge.

"Oh, I remember. Sweep 'em off their
little feet—that's the trick, my boy. In
a word—bluff! That's wot goes down
with the wimmen."

"Are you going," asked Mr. Gudge
threateningly, "or shall I 'ave to kick
you out?"

"No force!" pleaded Ralph, laughing.

"I'll go quietly—into the kitchen."

He crossed to the door, encountering
Mrs. Maple, who entered with Winnie
and Teddy Walters. The latter ad-
vanced to Mr. Gudge, and shook hands
with some nervousness.

"Pleased to see you, Mr. Walters,"
said Mr. Gudge shortly. "Ow about a
bit o' supper, Winnie? Thought you was
gettin' it ready all this time in the
kitchen."

"I'll soon 'ave it on the table," said
Winnie.

"Let me help you, dear," suggested
the widow sweetly.

"Set for four, my love," said Mr.
Gudge, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Winnie, I mean," he added, "unfortu-



Stefansson receiving the last Scientist to join Expedition before the Karluk sails from Esquimaux Harbor for the Arctic.

Do I look like a chap as is subject to
fits, or anything o' that sort?"

The widow looked him up and down
critically, then dropped her eyes.

"No," she said; "you're the finest and
healthiest-lookin' young man I've met
for many a long day. You mustn't
mind me sayin' that," she added, look-
ing up with a smile. "I'm a lot older
than you, you know."

"Really?" said Mr. Porter gallantly.

"No one would believe it, I'm sure."

"Ralph looks a lot older than 'e is,"
said Mr. Gudge vindictively. "E's
knocked about a good deal in 'is time."

"Yes; I've done some knocking about
in my time," admitted Mr. Porter, eye-
ing him steadily; "chaps of my own
age, I mean, that was silly enough to
insult me."

An awkward pause followed, and Mrs.
Maple, anxious to create a diversion, in-
quired after Winnie.

"She's in the kitchen with her young
man," said Mr. Porter. "I heard him go
round soon after you come in."

"Her young man!" exclaimed the wid-
ow. "Why, I thought I understood Mr.
Gudge to say that you—"

"Was old friends, that's all," said Mr.
Porter. "You can be old friends without
fallin' in love, just as you can fall in
love without bein' friends."

"The best way, too, I think," said the
widow softly. "I'll go and see them."

She left the parlor, leaving Mr.
Gudge glaring venomously at Ralph, half
choking with indignation.

"Well," said Ralph,

"Well, Mr. Porter!" hissed Mr. Gudge.

"What's the matter? Ain't you feelin' well? Collar too tight?"

nately Mr. Porter can't stop no longer."

"Really?" said Mrs. Maple.

"Well, I'm sure I should disappoint
Mr. Gudge if I disappoint you," said
Ralph. "Many 'ands make light work
—let me 'elp, too."

"We don't want any assistance,
thanks," declared Winnie.

"He can carry the tray, dear," said
Mrs. Maple.

Ralph followed them into the kitchen,
to the profound astonishment of Mr.
Gudge, who sat staring blankly at Ted-
dy Walters. And Teddy Walters, smil-
ing nervously, wriggled his way slowly
to the door and left him. Sounds of
hearty laughter reached the neglected
and unhappy man as preparations for
the meal proceeded. With four pairs of
hands at work, progress was surpris-
ingly slow.

Presently Winnie came into the parlor
and laid the cloth, while Teddy Walters
followed close to admire her dexterity.

There was a murmur of voices in the
kitchen and Mr. Gudge, straining his
ears, distinctly heard Mrs. Maple, in low
and playful accents, declaring that Mr.
Porter was a bad man.

"I'm a-goin' to fetch the knives and
forks!" he said suddenly.

"Sit down, dad!" commanded Winnie.

"We really can't do with any more
help!"

"I'm a-goin' to fetch the knives and
forks," repeated Mr. Gudge, with in-
creasing vehemence.

He crossed the room, meeting Mrs.
Maple in the doorway.

"Don't trouble," she said; "I've got
them!"

Winnie and Mr. Walters returned to
the kitchen, and, for the first time that