

 A PAGE OF  
Fresh and Refreshing  
**"SALADA!"**

**Kellogg's**  
**CORN**  
**FLAKES**

**Kellogg's**  
**TOASTED**  
**CORN**  
**FLAKES**

**W.K. Kellogg & Co.**  
**LONDON, CHINA**

material, and with any skirt. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 24, 36, 48, 60, and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 24 inch material for No. 24 and ¼ yards of 44 inch material for No. 42.

A pattern of this illustration may be had on any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

**ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT.**  
 Please send above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below, to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Town \_\_\_\_\_  
 Province \_\_\_\_\_  
 Age (if child's or misses' pattern) \_\_\_\_\_

Measurement—Bust \_\_\_\_\_ Waist \_\_\_\_\_

**CAUTION**—Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern desired. When the pattern is issued, you need only mark 22, 36, 48, 60, or 42, as the case may be. When in doubt, measure 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measurements. When misses' or children's pattern, write only the figure representative of the size desired. Do not write "inches" or "yards." Patterns will be sent to you in less than one week from date of publication.

[illegible]

her journal. Mr. Manson crammed the papers deep into his pocket as he headed for his office. The stenographer was already there seated at her desk. "Good morning, Mr. Manson," she said politely as he stepped in. Mr. Manson grunted and told her to get on with it, without intending to give some instructions to the girl, but the words died under his heavy eyelids. She got up and came to his lap and rolled playfully towards Mr. Manson's feet. The stenographer was smiling! Something electrical in the air had made her to make a "cat-in-the-hat" explanation—"For the soldiers, you know," she commenced, flushing, but her employer turned to the privacy of his office, slamming the door. "Good morning," at least he was free from invading thoughts of soldiers and soldiers' socks.

The morning's mail brought several business matters to the attention of the irritable Mr. Manson. The most important, perhaps, was a request from a big real estate firm in New York, for whom Mr. Manson sometimes handled special business, asking him to inspect a small town property near the city limits of some city. Quite pleased with the prospect of the special commission, he investigated ways and means of travelling.

The local train he found left for New

"Yes, mister. I can't do a thing for the King 'cept this. Mother, she taught me to be a soldier, you see, mister. You can do a bit every day. I'm always wondering what sort of poor fellow will get these and if they'll feel good on his feet." The boy commenced to giggle vigorously, and Manson sat and watched him with thoughts to jump for words. "You're a soldier," he sighed, "if Jane could only see him."

But the warning toll of the up-train whistle brought the visit to a close. "You're a soldier, mister," he said to the boy, "mister," queried the boy wistfully.

"Next week," responded Manson with suddenness, "I'll be back to see you on you, and we'll have another talk."

"Oh," sighed the boy in full happiness of anticipation. "And think of all you have given me to think of until you come again."

Outside, Manson once more indulged in conversation with the stationmaster. "Thank you, mister, ever so much for cheering up my boy," the latter said. "Sometimes I think my boy is just like the wife died, 'I'll enlist if it wasn't for the boy; but, well, I can't leave him to strangers, you see, so like her," and the man turned away.

Manson wrung the stationmaster's

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"To be humble is one thing; to be humbled is another. To be humbled is a grace on the inside; to be humble is a mortification on the outside."

renches now . . . "Wounded, poor boy . . . "Need warm socks when the cold nights begin." When he could stand it no longer, Manson made

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