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**WAXTITE**  
Moisture-Proof Package

which insures the oven-freshness, the same flavor, crisp-ness and aroma as when these great, big, crispy flakes of corn leave our toasting ovens at TORONTO.

In order that you may not be disappointed, be sure that your Grocer gives you

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packed in the "WAXTITE" package, which keeps all good flavors in and all bad flavors out.

Every Grocer, everywhere sells Kellogg's "WAXTITE" corn flakes every day.

Be sure you get them in the WAXTITE Package



## NOTICE OF REMOVAL

Having disposed of my premises, No. 73 King St., East, I have removed to No. 103 Frederick St. opposite the Courtyard where you will find a full line and well assorted stock of Trunks, Bags, Mitts and Gloves, Blankets, Rugs, Harness and Goods for the Horse in general.

When a person buys a harness, it has to do more than to be looked at, therefore we manufacture all our Harness, and save you the factory profits, with the most up to date tools and machinery, with the best of leather, therefore we buy only No. 1 stock which is the cheapest in the long run.

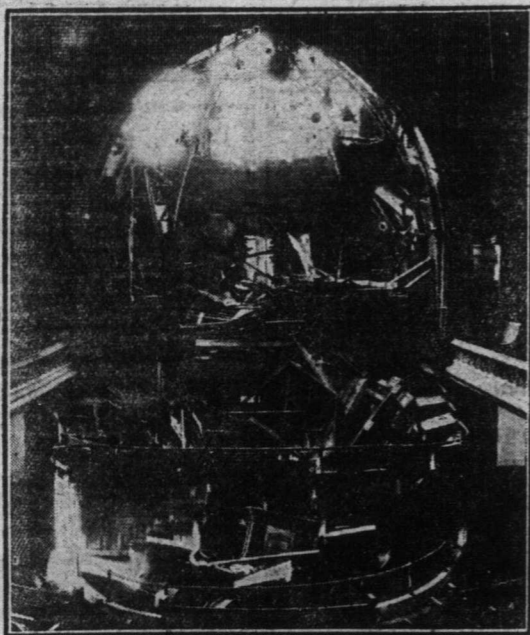
It is claimed by those who pretend to know that leather is still going higher in price, and will be a long time before it gets cheaper. So it will be to the buyers' advantage to get their supplies before spring.

We have a well assorted line of Horse Blankets, large heavy lined Jutes, bought about 25 per cent. below market price; buyers will get the advantage.

Thanking the public for their patronage in the past and soliciting your continued business.

**J. H. Fehrenbach,**

103 Frederick St.



ORGAN DESTROYED BY FIRE—Debris of the organ of the Oshawa Simcoe Street Methodist Church, which was damaged by fire.

**MACDONALD'S**  
BRIER  
SMOKING TOBACCO



## A STRANGE WOOING

Action on a Sudden Impulse Lays the Foundation for Success.

By ELIZABETH SCHOEN COBB.

It was a strange wooing, if it could be called such. On the one hand was Bryce Wharton, with strong, earnest love. On the other, trustful, sympathetic Milly Dyer. What she thought, what sweet words of encouragement she might have had in mind to speak to the ingenious, impetuous young man whose handsome face would appeal to any girl's imagination in a vivid way, she was not allowed to express.

"I have told you just what my heart dictated," Bryce had spoken. "I must not ask you to tell me what you think of it, for it would be unfair to yourself and to your family. I only ask you to allow me to hope you will once in awhile remember that I am going to work at an ideal, to come back and tell you of it when I have reached the goal."

"You will be regretted now, and surely welcome then," murmured Milly, and with a brief handshake he was gone. She was almost at the point of tears. "Oh, why did he not—did he not see that I am interested in him, and all he may do, and—and—" and then pretty Milly hid her blushing, longing face in her hands, and only the mellow moonlight and the cooing nightingales saw and pitted.

Headstrong and resolute, set upon an idea and determined to carry it out, Bryce strode down the lonely country road in the direction of home. It had been a new home to him for the past month. It had been as well a new home to his cousin, Evan Gray. Both were orphans. Both had been summoned home from different colleges for an interview with wealthy John Gray, their uncle.

He was a generous-hearted, indulgent old fellow, but he had some practical ideas in that active mind of his. The Elms was a royal home of its kind. He had been a builder of note.



"You Give Me a Shock."

In his day, and the stately mansion was a sample of his own architecture. He was going on a long trip to Europe. His nephews had graduated. They were welcome to remain, young masters of the house, until his return.

"Then to decide on what you intend to do in the world for a living," was the ultimatum of the old man. "Enjoy yourself for the present, let your minds follow through a year of ease and enjoyment. They will all the more clearly respond to the call for duty when you start out on the real business of life."

The cousins found comfort, luxury and ease indeed in their new life. They had cultured social surroundings and the Doyers were their nearest neighbors. The first time the young men met the fair daughter of the house, Milly, the peerless, they mutually decided they had found the fairest thing on earth.

Bryce found Evan lying in a hammock, dozing, when he reached the Elms. Evan was languid, settled down into the indolence of being as though it was going to last forever.

"I say," he observed, drowsily, "what's this I hear of your leaving in the morning?"

"A simple fact, that is all," replied Bryce, seriously.

"A journey somewhere?"

"No; I am going to the city to look for work."

Evan sat up and regarded his cousin in bewilderment.

"You give me a shock!" he observed. "What's your idea?"

"I cannot afford to waste a year for nothing," was Bryce's response.

"Why, another month of the motiveless life would divert me of all energy and ambition. Besides—" and there Bryce paused. He could have told of the urging influence of his love for Milly, but he refrained before a possible rival.

"Sorry," rawned Evan. "Going to leave the field to me, eh—the fair Milly included?"

"She is worth any man's winning," replied Bryce, softly, and went into the house to finish his packing.

The latent aspiration in Evan's mind, if it might be designated as

communication, mines, finance and other monopolies and natural resources, and the abolition of excessive land ownerships and holding land for speculative purpose.

CITIES MAY UNITE

The cities of Port Arthur and Fort William at the head of the Great Lakes, will shortly become one city with a population of 50,000.

A taxi owned by John Leach, was badly mangled when it was struck by a street car in St. Thomas.

LABOR TO NAME NATIONAL TICKET.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20.—The advance guard of delegates has arrived in the city for the first national convention of the American Labor party, which is to be called to order here Saturday. The work of the convention is to select candidates and adopt a platform for the coming national campaign. The platform as outlined will embody these three principles: Restoration of all civil liberties; public ownership and democratic management of the means of transportation,

such, was to become an artist. He was a fair draughtsman, and might in time become an architect. The wishes of Mr. Gray had guided both his nephews in the line in which he had made his business success. By Bryce, however, aside from that, a natural constructive predilection had been inherited. His favorite reading was descriptions of the great structural triumphs of the world, and he reached the city with a pretty fair idea of the road he was about to pursue.

Once well known packer and a multi-millionaire had made an address at college that had made a great impression on Bryce. He had told how, in his early days, he had given up a good clerical position to accept forty dollars a month in the operating department of the plant until he knew every cut of meat intimately. "Get the rudiments—know the foundation," was his slogan of enterprise.

That was just what Bryce did. He wasted no time in minor clerical capacities. He went to a large firm of contractors erecting a giant skyscraper in the heart of the great city, wore overalls, helped lay the foundation, helped setting the mammoth stone pillars, and found that he had learned something.

One day he was given charge of a portable forge.

His work was to stand above the set steel beams beside the portable forge and heat red hot the bolts used to clamp these and the girders together. It was wonderful, the expert skill acquired in seizing these seething bolts in a pair of pincers, and swinging them so true to a line that the riveter was able to catch them all ways in the tin pall he held for their reception.

It was nearly noon one eventful day when Bryce held one of the heated bolts ready to swing it to the riveter. In the street below a sudden commotion attracted his attention. A man on horseback was urging up his steed. He had a leather bag on the saddle before him, a revolver menacing a shrinking crowd in pursuit. Even up at that distance from the ground, where human beings below seemed to be mere mines, Bryce could hear the shouts proclaiming the horseman to be a fugitive thief.

A sudden impulse inspired Bryce with the idea that he might be of some use in the situation. He believed he could halt the fugitive where others had failed. He gave the pincers a swing. Whilst the flaming bolt cleaved the air and landed on the saddle directly in front of the horseman.

There was a flash as the saddle cloth burst into flame, a shriek of agony from the steed. Then horse and rider rolled to the ground, and some officers rushed up and the episode was over.

When Bryce was summoned below by the building superintendent, it was to learn that his promptness had halted a thief who had snatched a bag from a bank messenger containing a small fortune. His recognition by the bank led to a princely reward, but, more valued than that to an influence exerted in his behalf that gave him a position as manager for one of their clients who was the most prominent builder in the city.

The day that Mr. Gray returned home and Evan started out dolefully "to make his mark in the world," Bryce, with a fair bank account and established business standing, received a welcome from his proud old uncle that made him thrill with pride and pleasure.

And when he made his second love confession to blushing Milly and asked her to become his wife, she hid her timid head upon his shoulder and whispered sweetly:

"My answer is the same as it would have been a year ago—yes."

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

TURKISH HOLIDAYS.

In nothing is the natural soberness of the Turk more manifest than in his holidays. He keeps fewer of them than his Christian compatriot, and most of them he celebrates in such a way that an outsider would scarcely suspect the fact. This is partly, perhaps, a matter of temperament and partly because Islam has not yet passed a certain stage of evolution. A holiday, that is, is still a holy day. Secular and patriotic festivals are everywhere of comparatively recent origin. In Turkey, where church and state are one to a degree now unknown in western countries, there was no real national holiday until 1909. Then the first anniversary of the re-establishment of the constitution was celebrated on the twenty-third of July (July 10, old style). A highly picturesque celebration it was, too, in Constantinople, at least, with its magnificent array of rugs and medieval tents on the Hill of Liberty, its review of troops by the sultan, its procession of the guilds of the city and its evening illuminations.

A Musical Feast.

The old farmer and his wife lived near the village church. One warm Sunday evening, while they sat dozing on the porch, a cricket set up a loud chirping.

"I just love that chirpin' noise," said the old man, drowsily, and before the cricket had stopped he was fast asleep.

Soon after the church choir broke into a beautiful chant.

"Just listen to that!" exclaimed his wife. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes," remarked the old farmer, sleepily. "They do it with their hind legs."

Domestic Science Applied.

Demosthenes was practicing oratory with pebbles in his mouth.

"Fine," we assured him, "you can talk while eating your wife's biscuits."



Have You Discovered

the importance of asking for sugar by brand name? Do you realize that to have a sugar which will give unfailing satisfaction in preserving, in baking, and for all sweetening purposes, you should ask for—and insist on getting Dominion Crystal Sugar.

Women who use this brand have found it to be all that a sugar should be—pure, sparkling, finely granulated. And it is with satisfaction they realize that this finest of sugars is "Canadian from the ground up." A large part of the output of our three modern refineries, is obtained from raw cane sugar—but our pride is in that increasing proportion of our output which is made from Canadian sugar beets.

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Most grocers have Dominion Crystal Sugar in 20-pound bags as well as in barrels. They take pride in selling this superior Canadian product. Ask your grocer for it.



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KITCHENER

## ROOS' REXALL DRUG STORE

## News

REXALL DIGESTIVE TONIC—A valuable Stomachic —increases the flow of gastric juices and tones up the whole system.

REXALL TASTELESS PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL — A tonic builder for both old and young people. Contains the active principles of Cod Liver Oil combined with liquid extract of malt, will cherry, strychnine, hypophosphites of lime and potassium, making a preparation that is pleasant to take and agreeable to the most delicate stomach.

REXALL COD LIVER OIL EMULSION — A valuable Food Tonic of especial service in the treatment of wasting diseases, debility, and unequalled for building up weak emaciated children.

RIKER'S SYRUP OF TAR COMPOUND WITH COD LIVER OIL EXTRACT—Recommended by us for coughs, colds, hoarseness and throat troubles generally.

RIKER'S LAXATIVE BROMIDE OF QUININE TABLETS—For colds and la grippe. These tablets move the bowels gently, stimulate the liver, and quickly relieve colds and la grippe.

Let us show you some of our Hot Water Bottles, guaranteed for two years, at very low cost. We have the largest and most complete stock of Rubber Goods in the city.

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