



serrice!"
"Not at all," she interposed. "I insist. The job is now yours; yours must be the profits."
"Then I wash my hands of the whole affair," be stated in accents of finality." I refuse. I shall go, and you can do syow will—blunder on, "cornfully," with your nitroglycerin, your rags, and drills and—and rouse the entire countryside, if you will."
"Ah, but—"Ah, but—"Ah.

Charms Children

## Delights Old Folks

## Post Toasties



olden-brown food, ade of Indian Corn. tempting, t

all its own The Taste Lingers'

Large Family size 15