



Which supper would you like best? Wheat bubbles or bread?

Millions of children now get Puffed Wheat in their milk dish. They get whole wheat, with every grain a tidbit. The grains are toasted bubbles, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size. The taste is like airy nut-meats.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is easy and complete. It is better liked and better for them than any other form of wheat.

These grains are steam exploded

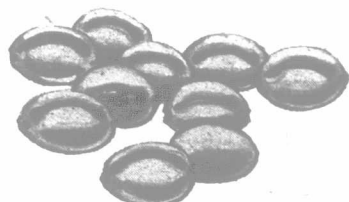
Prof. Anderson has found a way to puff wheat and rice. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns.

So these grains are at your service in this ideal form.

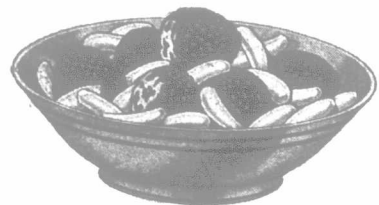
Serve both of them, and often. Not for breakfast only, but all day long.

Use in every bowl of milk. Use as nut meats on ice cream, as wafers in your soups. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

Keep both kinds on hand. These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence and the most delightful.



Puffed to 8 times normal size



Mix with strawberries

Puffed rice makes a delightful blend. The texture is flimsy, the taste like nuts.

It adds what crust adds to shortcake, tarts and pies. It adds as much as the sugar or the cream.

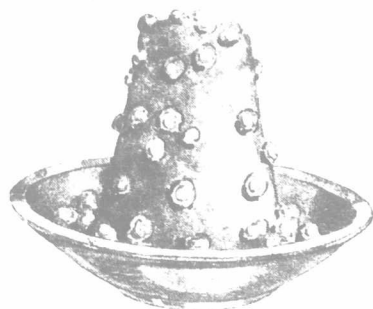
Like nut meats on ice cream

These flimsy grains taste like nut meats puffed. Scatter them on ice cream. Use them also in home candy making.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Whole-Grain Bubbles

Puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size.



The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada

3490

Our School Department.

Empire Day, Hurrah!

BY G. H. C.

'Tis Empire Day,
'Tis Empire Day—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our Empire's sway,
None can gainsay—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

A colossal fact—the British Empire. There is no gainsaying the reality of our Empire. It is astride this old planet. It looms up in every part of the world. Its Flag, the Symbol of Empire, our Union Jack, is fanned by the winds of every clime, and is ceremoniously and reverently saluted by the many millions of people on the 24th of May, Empire Day, the wide world o'er. And at the present moment, after centuries of intrigue and struggle for the possession of Palestine by rival nations, the Cross is above the Crescent throughout the Holy Land, and over the ancient and sacred city of Jerusalem Our Flag waves triumphant.

Our Empire, after passing through the fiery furnace trial and the Gethsemane of agony and suffering of the Great War, emerged not weaker but stronger, not lessened in territory but considerably extended. The British Empire was great before the war; it is greater still to-day. It occupies more than one-quarter of the known surface of the earth, while more than one-quarter of the estimated population of the world lives under the protection of the Union Jack. It is recorded that summer and winter conditions are equally divided throughout our far-flung Empire, and also that daylight and darkness are as equally proportioned. Thus, during every hour of the twenty-four hours of each day of the year, the sun is shining on some part of Our Empire, and saluting with his beams of light—Our Flag!

Other empires have risen and fallen. Their glory is but a memory. They were great and magnificent. But it is an indisputable truth that of all the world's empires the greatest, mightiest, and grandest is the British Empire; and that, whether it be the Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, or Roman, they all pale into insignificance when compared with Our Empire. Carping critics, bemused with envy or ignorance, may rail and snarl, enemies may intrigue and seek to lessen or destroy, but the British Empire "carries on" as imperturbable as her Rock of Gibraltar, and the Flag of Empire waves undaunted around the world.

Our Empire is the wealthiest the world has ever known. Financiers attest that for many years before the Great War the foreign trade of the United States and even Germany was mostly financed by the bankers of Our Empire. It is recorded that when the war opened the people of the world owed the people of Great Britain \$20,000,000,000, a sum of \$4,000,000,000 in excess of all the gold and silver, coins and bullion, paper covered and uncovered in all the world. And though she had this huge sum loaned out, the Mother of the Empire still had a little in hand when she went forth to aid Belgium and France, for she spent \$38,000,000,000 on the war, of which \$7,325,000,000 was loaned to her allies. In addition, her factories clothed the British, French, Italian, Grecian, Serbian, and other armies, and largely equipped them with guns, rifles, shell and aeroplanes—even the Americans were uniformed from her mills. Truly stupendous! And so, from every part of the Land of the Maple Leaf, Canadians on Empire Day waft a special salutation across the wild waste of waters to Our Empire's sea-girt isles—Great Britain, the home of freedom and progress.

Not only in material wealth, but in every branch of science, in literature, in art, in inventive genius, and in all that makes for the enlightenment and uplift of humanity, Our Empire is beyond compare. A recent visitor to our shores from the Motherland, Sir Oliver Lodge, is acclaimed by all learned authorities as the greatest of living scientists, and is con-

ceded to be the greatest original thinker of modern times. Among his many brilliant discoveries was that of the "Coherer" and with this detector he devised the first practical wireless telegraph, sending signals over several hundred yards—all done long before Marconi took up the subject, and the Italian inventor undoubtedly built upon the earlier discoveries of Sir Oliver Lodge. Then in literature, where, outside of Our Empire, can be found another Shakespeare, and such a galaxy of great, profound, and brilliant writers upon every subject under the sun? In invention, to note only a few out of the immense long list—the steam engine, the railway, the telegraph, and the telephone were all invented by Britishers. And where can be found a nobler band of explorers, adventurers and missionaries?

Our Empire's defenders! The British Tommy and his comrades from all the self-governing company of nations and possessions. What pen can adequately describe the heroism, the endurance, the courage, the self-sacrifice displayed by the Empire's warriors? Their exploits in many a long and hard-fought conflict, against contending odds, is emblazoned on the highest pinnacle of fame. When shall their glory fade? "Not till the sun grows cold, and the books of the judgment day unfold." Then there is the Empire's matchless navy, the sailor boys who won for us the empire of the seas—the glorious, silent, ever carrying on navy. To-day the White Ensign is floating over the waters that lave every shore of the world, protecting the commerce of every trader of every clime, and assuring to all nations the freedom of the seas.

Is this only idle and vain boasting? No! thunders forth from the four quarters of the world. It is the truth. Empire Day is our day of remembrance, when we especially recall to mind some of the achievements that contributed to the building of such a monument of Anglo-Saxon courage and enterprise. On the 24th of May all the people of the Empire pause in their daily round of toil and gather inspiration from the past to help in the present and the future. And here, in our lovely and glorious Canada, in the budding May-time, the sons and daughters of the Land of the Maple Leaf will for a while look beyond their country of "magnificent distances" and in their hearts join with their partners in Empire—Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and the numerous outposts of Empire scattered around the world—in celebrating Empire Day.

To Canadians the day will be a reminder that Canada has won a pre-eminent position among the Daughter Nations of the Motherland and that by the sacrifice of her treasure and the outpouring of her blood in defence of Home and Empire has attained to front rank among the nations. And the raising of the Union Jack, symbol everywhere throughout our fair Dominion of Canada on Empire Day, will link us anew with every part of our far-flung Empire, and deepen and intensify our purpose and resolve to be worthy of our mighty and magnificent heritage, and to be loyal and true to our beloved and glorious dead. They speak to us to-day in the wonderful words of that noble Canadian soldier, Lt.-Col. John McCrae:

To you, from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The school and grounds might be made far more attractive than they are if time were taken to have shade trees, flowers, shrubs, etc., planted. Flowers and good pictures should be in every school. The environment of the growing boy and girl influences character.

The call of the woods and streams is very strong at this time of year, and many lessons may be learned there if one is observant and is able to understand the things of nature.