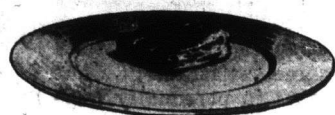


A Dish of Quaker Oats Each 1 Cent

A dish of Quaker Oats—the finest oat food in existence—costs you but a cent.

That cent will buy but a bite of meat, eggs, fish or fowl.

Then note below the cost per thousand calories. A meat breakfast, on this basis, costs nearly nine times Quaker Oats.



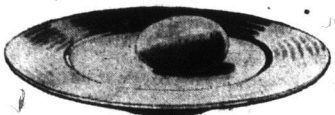
4 OZ. MEAT

costs as much as 8 dishes Quaker Oats.



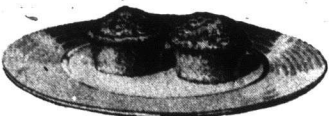
WHITE FISH

costs as much per serving as 8 dishes Quaker Oats.



ONE EGG

costs as much as 4 dishes Quaker Oats.



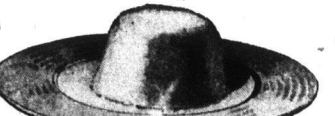
TWO MUFFINS

cost as much as 2 dishes Quaker Oats.



BACON

costs as much per slice as a big dish of Quaker Oats.



CUSTARD

costs as much per serving as 4 dishes Quaker Oats.

But there's still greater difference.

Quaker Oats is the supreme food—the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

As a vim-producer and a food for growth it holds a unique place. It is rich in minerals. All well-advised mothers want children to get it.

Serve Quaker Oats for breakfast. Make it the basic dish. It means a vast saving and it means better feeding.

Serve the costly foods at other meals. People need variety. Your breakfast saving on Quaker Oats will average up the cost.

Comparative Cost Per 1000 Calories

The calory is the energy measure of food value. At this writing this is what 1000 calories cost in some necessary foods:

In Quaker Oats	\$.05½
In Average Meats	.45
In Average Fish	.45
In Eggs	.60
In Potatoes	.11
In Canned Peas	.54

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

These super-grade oats are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a matchless flavor which has won oat lovers, the world over, to this brand.

As this grade costs no extra price, it is due to yourself to get it.

35c and 15c per Package

Except in the Far West

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3251

Young People

TWO BRAVE CHILDREN

A True Story

The warm September sun shed its soft light on field and forest and rippling water when Doreen Ashburnham and Tony Farrar ran down the steps of their home at the head of Cowichan Lake. The children had received permission from their mothers to go for a gallop. Their pony was feeding in a field about three-quarters of a mile away, but to catch him was an easy task.

A few years before, Lawrence Ashburnham, with his wife and his little daughter, had left England to make a new home on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. A year later Mrs. Farrar, a widowed friend, and her little son had come to live with them. The children soon became constant companions, and now, when Doreen was eleven and Anthony eight, they spent the long summer days out of doors playing together.

The harvest was over and Mr. Ashburnham and his farm hand had gone to town. The nearest neighbor on their side of the lake was five miles away. Yet no thought of danger from the dark forest that lay beyond the fields crossed the minds of the children. The giant firs were their friends. The waves of the lake murmured softly as they reached the shore. The meadow lark's song came sweet and clear across the fields. The whir of the wings of grouse starting up from the undergrowth, the chatter of the squirrels and the scolding of the blue jay were sounds that caught their quick ears.

They had almost reached the gate of the field when Doreen suddenly caught Tony's arm and with a swift motion placed herself in front of him. There, only a few yards away, a big panther crouched among the brown, withered ferns. Frightened at the unexpected and most unusual sight, the children turned to run back to the house. They were too late. With a bound the huge creature struck Doreen and threw her to the ground. As quick as a flash Tony raised the bridle he carried and with all his might struck the beast again and again. At that the growling panther turned and

slashed the boy's head with its strong claws.

"Run, Doreen!" cried he, as he fell. But Doreen did not run. Springing from the ground, she grappled with the panther and, using all the strength of her young arms, dragged him from the prostrate child. In the struggle she pushed her fingers into the beast's eye. With a howl of pain, the panther turned and ran toward the wood.

Doreen instantly caught up the bleeding Tony and half-carried, half-supported him until she neared the house and was able to summon help.

Both mothers were terrified at the sight of their children, for they knew well the danger of blood poisoning from such wounds. Leaving Mrs. Farrar, who fortunately was a nurse, to care for the children, Mrs. Ashburnham rowed two miles across the lake to the home of the nearest doctor. When the physician arrived he immediately wrapped little Tony up and started for the nearest hospital. Not until he had gone did Doreen yield to the faintness that had for some time almost overcome her. She grew feverish, and the next day she, too, was brought to the hospital.

A neighbor who had learned the story took his dog and gun and went in search of the cougar. He found it near the spot where the strange conflict had taken place, and with a well-aimed shot killed it. An examination of the dead body showed that the animal was blind in one eye and that the other had been injured before Doreen had hurt it. The wild creatures upon which the panther preys could easily elude it, and, desperate with hunger, it sought the open and attacked the children.

Skilful treatment and good nursing soon brought about complete recovery, and the two little friends returned to their home.

Doreen's grandfather is a distinguished British officer, and her ancestors, centuries ago, helped to fight the Danes in England; but no soldier of the present day or warrior of the past was braver than the little British Columbia maiden who would have given her life to save her playmate from death. Tony is the grandson of an eminent Scottish doctor, who may well be proud of him.



"DOING TIME" WITHOUT THE BARS OR STRIPES
Chinese prisoners in cangue in the streets of Shanghai. They aren't put behind bars, but it's an even break, for they are uncomfortable in the extreme and the target for sundry worthless fruit thrown by well-aimed youngsters.