

yesterday for the first. And, by the way, how did it happen that that last shipment from our plant went down to Davy Jones' locker? We were all awaiting it, eager to show the other fellows what Easyburg could do when it really humped itself. Are you folks all asleep?"

And even then we might never have placed the blame where it belonged. But a day or so later a German-American was apprehended in Montreal for suspicious movements and the papers ran his picture on the front page. The horrible suspicion that Heinrich Schmidt was our late lamented screen director was confirmed after Lawrence Boyd received a long message in reply to his telegram to Montreal. The dinky mustache was gone but that hadn't fazed us.

And now—well, Easyburg is still feelin' too sore for sociability. The castes o' "For Love or Lucre" and "The Silver Maple Maid," are goin' round like a bear with a burnt nose. Jerry O'Neil, whose sense o' humor never deserts him has made a kinda list, drawn up in commercial form. It reads somethin' like this:

To lost time of 100 people for six weeks (estimated at \$6 per week).....	\$3,600
To lawsuit over hall property, town vs. actors.....	200
To doctors' bill for broken limbs.....	200
To acetylene gas bill.....	150
To cosmetic bill at local drug store	250
To dressmakers' combined accounts.....	4,000
To bills at local dry goods' stores	1,000
To Action-at-law John Pickleford vs. W. Billings (alienation of wife's affections).....	6,000
To wounded dignity and loss of prestige (to everybody concerned).....	incalculable
Total.....	\$15,400

The above may be goin' it a bit strong. I notice they haven't said a word about little Archie's dashed hopes, but then I never count anyhow. But just wait. My turn's comin'. What's in is bound to come out, as the old lady said when she pulled the windpipe (an' so on) outa the chicken. An' I've still got Chaplin feet an' a head like Fatty Arbuckle.

The chief complains that Jerry left out the free advertisin' an' boostin' which cost our sheet a tidy sum. Jerry says it

served us right an' that Easyburg is well named. He says we oughta all make a hit on a real screen for we're gettin' all kinds o' practice in registerin' right now. The natives are registerin' grief, remorse, anger, chagrin, protest, melancholy, revenge, irascibility, gloom an' a lot o' other strong emotions of which no camera ever invented could take the collective impression without shatterin' its lens into a thousand fragments.

The telegram received by Herbert K. was in code. We got a copy from the station an' it read: "Your brother Bill is very ill. Bring a pill. And keep still."

The chief handed me an all-season pass to the Lyceum Theatre the other day.

"Here, Archie," says he, gruffly. "Take this an' go the whole hog for once in your young life. I'll be dashed if you're not more sinned against than sinning."

Oh, boy! Did I go?

Sleep, Blessed Sleep

Sleep, blessed sleep, that falls with night-time calm
On all the weary world, a healing balm.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when each day's work is done,
And resting eyes await returning sun.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when carking care takes flight,
And leaves us peaceful, through the soothing night.

Sleep, blessed sleep, that brings us sweet relief
From pressing weight of day-time crushing grief.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when Life sinks in the West,
And weary, careworn, troubled souls find rest.

Sleep, blessed sleep, till trump of God shall sound,
And risen saints with endless life are crowned.

—The Rev. J. W. Walden, D.D.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.



"The Boy That Night Ate the Last Puffed Grain"

At a house where I visited the hostess said to the writer, "We love Puffed Grains in our home, but somehow we don't use a large amount."

"Let us see why," I suggested.

Next morning she served Puffed Rice for breakfast, and the last grain was consumed. At noon she served Puffed Wheat in milk, and not a kernel left the table.

In the afternoon the daughter used two cups of Puffed Rice in candy. And the boy that night at bedtime ate the last Puffed Grain in the house.

That's All the Trouble

You will find that children eat all the Puffed Grains they get. The only limit when you serve them is the bottom of the dish.

These are airy, toasted bubbles, thin and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size. In form and flavor Puffed Grains are exquisite.

They are whole-grain foods — Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And children need whole grains.

They are steam exploded, shot from guns. By this unique process of Prof. Anderson every food cell is blasted. Thus digestion is easy and complete. No other process ever known so fits grain foods to digest.

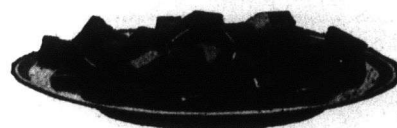
Don't you think it a vast mistake when such foods are served sparingly, and lesser foods take their place?

PUFFED WHEAT
Bubble Grains—Each 15c

PUFFED RICE
Except in Far West

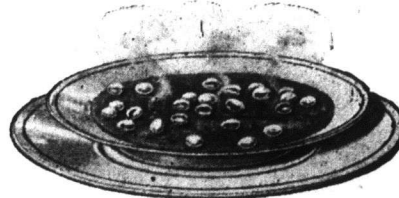
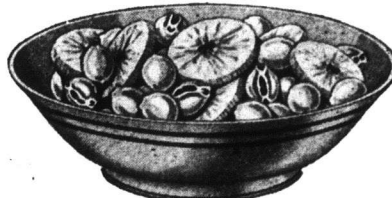


Serve with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.
Float these toasted bubble grains in every bowl of milk.
Scatter in your soups.



Use like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream.

Crisp and lightly butter and you make them food confections. Let hungry children eat like peanuts after school.



The Quaker Oats Company

(3142)

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



Lady Haig, Sir Douglas Haig and two daughters, taken at their residence on General Haig's return