



Quaker Oats Loom

**Above Your Other Foods
In Nutrition and Economy**

Consider these facts—you who so keenly feel the rising cost of living.

The oat is a marvelous nutrient. It has twice the food value of round steak, and about five times the minerals. Measured by food units—calories—it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than eggs.

Equal nutrition in the average mixed diet costs you four times as much. And in some common foods up to ten times as much. Even bread and milk costs twice as much for a half day's need.

Some foods have multiplied in cost. The finest oat food has advanced but little.

The oat has a wealth of flavor. It adds a delight to bread and muffins, to pancakes and cookies, etc. There was never a time when this premier grain food meant so much as now. And it also conserves wheat.

Quaker Oats

Extra Flavor Without Extra Price

You can make oat food often doubly welcome by using Quaker Oats. These flakes are made from queen grains only, from just the big, plump oats. All the little, starved grains are omitted. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of

these luscious Quaker Oats. Yet this luxury grade costs you no extra price.

Among oat lovers all the world over this is the favorite brand. When you order oats see that you get it.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freight rates may prohibit

Recipe for Quaker Sweetbits A Cookie Confection

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tin with teaspoon. Bake very few in each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, CANADA

SASKATOON, CANADA

1007

Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

THE BLUE CROSS

Although for three years now the mothers and fathers of my boy and girl readers have been giving money and time and work to many patriotic causes, such as the Red Cross, the Belgian Relief, the Serbian Relief and a dozen others, I have never said anything to the boys and girls about their giving. But I have wondered for a long time what the boys and girls would best like to give to, and at last I have decided that because you are farm boys and girls and have horses and love them and know how kind and patient and loving they are, that you would like to help the wounded horses of our soldiers overseas. The fund that has helped to supply relief to the wounded horses is called the Blue Cross and has cured thousands of horses since it was first started.

This organization has sent veterinary requisites, medications, and such supplies as humane pocket killers, portable forges, clip-pers, waterproof rugs of a special design, many thousands of calico bandages, also flannel bandages and wither pads, wound syringes, pocket cases of surgical instruments and a very large number of fly nets. In the early days of the war the Blue Cross offered its services to the French government, which has no official veterinary hospital equipment as have the British, which gratefully accepted and officially recognized them. It has now four splendid depots in France divided into twelve hospitals, and a very excellent and valuable work is being done, thousands of horses having been cured since the hospitals were opened.

There is a little poem on the middle of this page which I am sure you will all love, and which tells you the need of help from the viewpoint of one of the cavalry chargers of the Scots Greys. Don't you all want to help them? Let me know what you think of the scheme, boys and girls, and I'll tell you more about the wonderful things the Blue Cross is doing for the horses who are doing their "bit." You may send money contributions to Mrs. J. I. Lewis, Treasurer, Blue Cross Fund, Women's Exchange, 272 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, or to me and I will take it to Mrs. Lewis. All contributions sent to me to be given to Mrs. Lewis will be acknowledged in The Guide.

DIXIE PATTON.

MY HAPPIEST DAY

My happiest day was at the water. Two little friends came for me, and off I went with them. My! it was fine. We played with boats and pretended they were transports taking soldiers across to the front and bringing wounded ones back to be treated. It was a busy morning treating soldiers. We made castles with moats around and a draw-bridge with steps down, talking all the while about the soldiers of olden days when they were defending the castles, firing through loopholes at the enemy. Soon it was time to go home. We were then taken back to tea. Coming home through the bush, we played ghosts and frightened each other. I went to bed very tired after spending a very enjoyable day.

GLADYS R. SMITH,

Entwistle, Alta. e

Age 8.

FAIRIES IN FRANCE

The trenches were half full of mud and water, but our particular trench seemed worse than the rest. It had been pouring rain all day and was now hailing with such energy that even the bombs seemed tired of coming down and killing us. Two more days, and the boys who were in the trenches now, would go back to a little French village for a few days' rest. No mail could reach us on account of the storm and we were the most forlorn

bunch of boys there could possibly be, and Jack Canucks are especially noted for their jocularity of spirit.

My pal and I decided we would retire to the dugout for a little. As we neared the opening of the dugout we heard tiny, squeaky voices. We were not much good for fun just then, but these voices managed to arouse our interest. We knew they could not be soldiers, because they are always loud and gruff. So very cautiously we peeked into the dugout. The sight that met our eyes dazzled them so that we were forced to turn away. When we looked again we beheld the corner of the dugout covered with glittering snow and ice. On what appeared to be a tiny chair of ice, sat what we at once recognized as the Snow Queen. On her brow was a piece of ice cut to look like a diamond. About her stood all the ice and snow fairies.

They were talking very quickly, as if some project were being talked over. One sprightly little fairy held an icicle wand with a star of snow on the end. He walked over to the Queen, waved the wand thrice around her head and a blinding snowstorm began. We ventured a little into the dugout. The fairy waved his wand again around the Queen's head. A dreadful wind set in and it grew unbearably cold. We crept a little farther in and tried to keep the snow out. The fairies stayed on and the wand was waved several more times. Just then the scout appeared to tell the glad news that the enemy had been driven back by the dreadful storm. By some miracle the scout had been guided back by a light which always kept in front of him. We were overjoyed and I was sure it had been the Snow Queen's doing, but when I looked around to thank her, she was gone, but in her place was one big, beautiful snowflake which glittered and shone in the sunlight which suddenly streamed into the dugout. We were afraid the enemy might come back as it was clear, but a little farther ahead the storm still raged.

We got our rest sooner than we expected and were soon on our way to the little French village. It was dangerous even there, and the bombs were whizzing about, but we all had the feeling that we were guarded by an invisible power which could even keep the bombs away. We were all pretty weak after the strain we had undergone, so we were billeted in the French peasants' home. I got in one place where the father and son had been killed and the women worked on the farm. There was a dear little French girl there. I told her many fairy stories and the Snow Queen soon won a place in her heart. We were very sorry to go back to the trenches, but when we reached there a light snow had fallen and it looked very pretty. I was anxious to thank the Snow Queen, but did not see anything of her. Just then I heard a loud crash. I opened my eyes with a start. I was lying on the floor of the dugout. I had been dreaming. The crash I heard was the last bomb of the retreating enemy, but luckily it had injured no one.

I have never seen the Snow Queen since, even in my dreams, but I always hope to, and every time it snows I am reminded of her.

MARY MACGILLIVRAY,

St. Hilda's College, Calgary. Age 13.

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The old farmer and his son who had just returned from college were looking at the chickens, when the father saw one of the hens eating a tack.

"What on earth's that air old hen eatin' tacks fur?" he asked in amazement.

"That's easy," answered the son; "she's going to lay a carpet."