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half-yearly, since the Securities of this corporation have been placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. Write at once for full particulars and booklet.

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO**

The biggest ten-cent melon was not so very big, after all, but that was what one thought before one lifted it. It was all Dick could do to get home with his purchase.

Aunt Polly said breakfast was not quite ready, so Dick got his coloured pencils and tablet and took them to the front porch.

Presently grandfather came out, and Dick slipped something into his hand.

It was a piece of paper covered with red and blue flowers on one side, and on the other this was written, each word in a different colour:

"Dear Grandfather, I am going to have a party this afternoon. Please come. Goodbye, Dick."

When mother came to breakfast,

there was a sheet with a lovely wreath of red and blue and green crayon around it, at her plate, and Aunt Merriam and Aunt Christine found their invitations pinned on their pin-cushions.

"You must come after your afternoon naps," explained Dick. "The party will be in the back yard."

The guests all came on time, Red Bird, the rooster, looking longingly through the chicken yard fence.

Grandpa cut the melon, and there was enough for everybody to have a piece.

"It has been a delightful party," said Aunt Christine, as she arose to go.

"Mother and I planned it last night," said Dick. "At least I found ten cents, and mother said I might have a party with it. I'm very glad you've enjoyed it. Now I'll take Red Bird the seeds."

**HOW HE GOT THE BET-
TER OF THE WOLF**

Klaus, the son of Bauer Lorenz, in Lüstringen, a village in Upper Silesia, spent New Year's Day of 1858 with his cousin, Hans Niemeyer, who lived in Belm, a hamlet two miles to the north. When Klaus left home in the morning, his father exhorted him to return before nightfall. In winter, wolves occasionally come down from the wooded foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, causing havoc among the flocks and herds of the neighbouring estates—hence the advice.

That short winter day passed very rapidly, and at four o'clock Klaus prepared to start for home, when an acquaintance dropped in, and prevailed on him to remain a couple of hours longer, saying he need not fear wolves, since none had been heard of in the neighbourhood.

At nine o'clock Klaus finally took leave of his chums, and started for home.

When he had proceeded about a mile, and reached a stretch of woods which joined his father's land, he noticed an animal the size of a large dog following him. The boy became frightened, for he perceived that it was a wolf. However, he had sufficient presence of mind and self-control not to run. He had heard that bears do not attack dead bodies, and it occurred to him that his best chance to escape from a wolf was to feign death. So he threw himself down on the ground at full length.

The wolf, which did not show great boldness, came up slowly, sniffed at the boy's clothes, and walked around him several times. Then it straddled the body, and began licking the neck, which was the only part exposed. The boy felt the warm breath and the hot tongue of the beast. The licking became more severe, and he knew that as soon as the least blood were drawn, his fate would be sealed. However, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The fore legs of the wolf were just above his shoulders. These he suddenly seized with the grip of a steel-trap, and drew the chest and neck of the animal close toward himself. Its head was pressed so tight against his left cheek that biting was impossible. With great effort the youth, who was a muscular lad and of a gigantic stature, rose to his feet, and, with the wolf on his back, started for the house, which was not far away.

Arriving, he called for help at the top of his voice. The Bauer opened the window, and asked what was the matter. "Father!" shouted the boy, "a wolf!" Bauer Lorenz ran into the next room, took down his double-barrelled gun, and rushed out. The boy, seeing the gun in his father's hands,



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Saves time in Chasing Dirt
*Many uses and full directions
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cried out: "For goodness sake, father, do not shoot! The wolf is on my back!" The Bauer, taking in the situation at once, ran to the barn-door, opened it and bade the lad drop the wolf on the threshing-floor. This he did, and the beast was soon dispatched by the hired men, who in the meanwhile had been aroused.

No sooner was the youth rid of his burden, than he fell to the ground unconscious. His face was unhurt, but both legs were badly lacerated by the hind paws of the animal.

The result of this encounter was a prolonged illness. For a while his life was despaired of, and it took months before he recovered from the nervous shock and his wounds were healed.

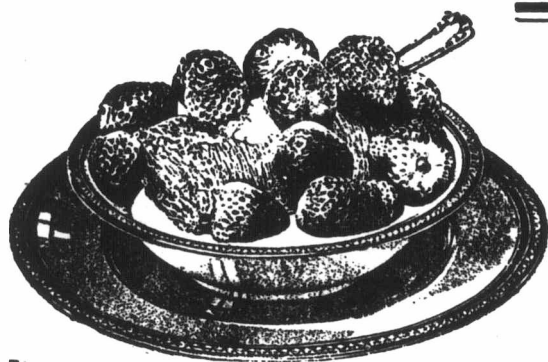
Klaus Lorenz, now an old man, is still living on the homestead. However, he has never again ventured out alone on a winter evening, although wolves have not been seen in that part of the country since the exceptionally cold winter of 1871-72.—Prof. Victor Wilker.

**Had Nervous
Dyspepsia**

**With Frequent Sick Headaches and
Much Pain After Eating—Dr.
Chase's Nerve Food Cured.**

This letter is from a lady who gained 14 pounds by using the great food cure. It did wonders for her in improving her general health. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and refers to her neighbours as witnesses of the splendid results obtained.

Mrs. Susan Dobson, Spring Hill Mines, N.S., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was troubled with dyspepsia, and could not eat without suffering much pain; also had sick headaches frequently, and my nerves were in bad condition. About ten years ago I took a thorough treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, using altogether 21 boxes, and since then can eat anything, have been freed from headaches, and my health has been greatly improved in every way. I gained 14 pounds in weight, and feel sure I owe everything to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You may use this letter, and my neighbours can tell you of my condition before using this treatment."



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breakfast of

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A return to this simple, wholesome, nourishing diet after a season of heavy foods means renewed mental and physical vigor—a clearing of the cobwebs from the brain. It keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

Heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries or other fresh fruit; serve with milk or cream and sweeten to suit the taste. Better than soggy white flour "short-cake"; contains no yeast, no baking powder, no fats, no chemicals of any kind—just the meat of the golden wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked.

**The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
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