

A Dainty, Delicious Delight

for the Summer days when the palate is tired of heavy meats and soggy pastries

SHREDDED WHEAT WITH FRESH FRUIT

Being made in Biscuit form it is so easy to prepare a delicious, wholesome meal with Shredded Wheat and fruits. The porous shreds of the biscuit take up the fruit acids, neutralizing them and presenting them to the palate in all the richness of their natural flavor

Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries, sliced peaches, or other fruits and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. More nutritious and more wholesome than ordinary "shortcake" and so much easier to prepare—requires no baking and no cooking.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

Made by

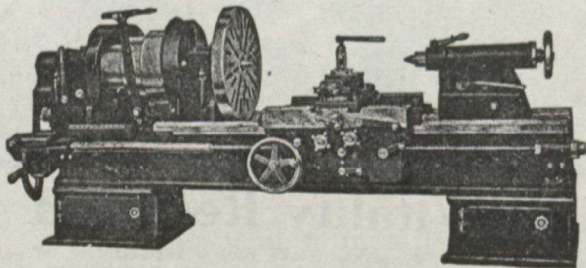
The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

FOR THE JUNIORS

The Wolves' Defeat

By AGNES M. ROGERS (Aged 16).

MR. AND MRS. MILTON, and their four children lived in a lumber camp in Algoma. Louise and Douglas (the two oldest children) had learned to ride and shoot, and, of course, they could go out quite often, while Carl and Caroline had to stay in the house on account of the camp being full of wild animals.

It was a cold day in December. Mr. Milton had gone to his work, and Mrs. Milton was prepared to ride to the city to do some shopping. She wore a heavy bearskin cape and hood, for she could not stand very much cold. Her husband had told her to hurry back, and she said that about two o'clock she expected to return.

Time wore on. Two o'clock came, and no sign of her. Three o'clock, then four, and by this time Mr. Milton had harnessed his horse, and stuck some pistols in his belt, and was just going out of the door, when the voice of his daughter made him stop. "Father, you are not going to meet mother with a couple of pistols in your belt? What could you do if a bear or some wolves overtook you? Please take your rifle."

"You are right, daughter," he answered. Inside of a minute Louise had his rifle ready, and then kissing him she tiptoed into the children's bedroom.

Mr. Milton was about half-way to the city when he heard the patter of horses' hoofs. He drew rein and waited, and suddenly the form of his wife loomed in sight.

"Oh, John, why did you come for me? I am sure I could have reached home safely."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mary, I was a little bit anxious about you, and, of course, you can't blame me for starting off after you."

"No, John, I couldn't. Indeed, I would have done the same."

"I know you would, you little toad," her husband said, perching his head saucily on one side.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

"John, what's that?" Mrs. Milton cried, clasping her hands to her forehead.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" came the wailing cry again.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, go. Ride for your life!" shrieked Mr. Milton. On and on they flew, when suddenly Mary's horse swerved to one side and threw her into the snow. With one bound her husband was off his horse, and by her side. The horses didn't wait for their riders, but raced on.

Curr-r-r! came a low snarl, and the next instant the leader of a pack of wolves bounded forward. "Draw your cap closely around you and lie still," he said hoarsely.

Raising his rifle he fired, and the leader dropped dead. The others were not long devouring him. One wolf was shot over Mrs. Milton's body, and her clothes were stained in blood.

For an hour Mr. Milton fought bravely, then suddenly he let his pistol fall from his hand. He tottered, then straightened himself again. "Oh, John, you are hurt," Mrs. Milton said, raising herself on her elbow.

"Lie down, Mary, I'll be all right in a minute," he answered.

Mr. Milton had been bitten on the leg by a wolf, and he was nearly frozen with the cold, but would he give in when the life of a woman and four children depended on him? No, never, not till the last breath left his body. In those few minutes of pause he silently prayed that he might win the battle, and God heard him, as we shall presently see.

"Come, Mary, you must climb up the tree, and in a little while I will join you."

"Good gracious, John, I never climbed a tree in my life, and how do you think I could now?"

"Mary, we often have to do things we don't like, and if you refuse we will both perish," he said gently.

In a flash Mrs. Milton was to her feet,

and hurriedly said, "I am ready, John, for anything."

With a faint smile Mr. Milton assisted her to climb the tree.

For some time Mr. Milton paced up and down trying to bring feeling into his benumbed limbs, but time was not his, for the wolves, having reinforced themselves, came back. Quickly Mr. Milton climbed the tree and sat with one arm supporting his wife.

The night wore on and daylight came. There were still some wolves hanging around, and, of course, it would be very dangerous to get down yet.

About four in the morning Mr. Milton climbed down and looked around. Everything seemed to be all right, and at least he could try to reach home.

When Mrs. Milton had stamped a little feeling into her feet she turned to her husband, and with tears standing on her dark eyelashes she said, "John, hadn't we better thank God for protecting us?"

"Yes, Mary, I think we had," he answered. With his arm around her waist he knelt by her side, and they thanked God for his tender care, and asked that they might be spared to see their children.

They had not a very great ways to walk on account of Mr. Milton knowing so many short cuts.

Oh, what a scene was in that little cabin, when Mr. and Mrs. Milton arrived home. "Daddy has defeated a pack of wolves," shouted Carl clapping his hands in delight, and then running to his mother he buried his head in her dress.

"Three cheers for the wolves' defeat," shouted Caroline, and willingly the little troop of children sounded them.

The news spread like wildfire through the camp. Mrs. Milton was no longer called "a delicate little thing" by the camp men, but was given the name of "The Little Heroine of the Woods." And what about her husband? He did all the work, but wouldn't it have been harder if Mrs. Milton had cried and had carried on in such style? Indeed, he was pleased with the name, and often called her that himself.

The boss gave him \$200 to spend on his family, and when he died a plate was put in the church with the story, "The Wolves' Defeat" written on it in short form.

—Certified by Jennie Rogers.

The Mother Goose Town.

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
To see an old lady on a white horse."

PERHAPS it never occurred to you, though you have heard the Mother Goose jingle a hundred times or more, to wonder if there ever was such a place as Banbury, where it was, and what sort of a queer old town it could be. Banbury is in England and is still in existence, and up to a very short time ago was unchanged as in the days when it was made famous by the nursery rhyme. But it seems that lately the inhabitants of Banbury have been made sad by the sight of the ancient buildings being torn down and modern edifices erected in their place. Even "Ye Old Reindeer Inn," which bears the date of 1662, is about to be destroyed and soon the quaint panelled rooms with waving irregular ceilings and unexpected beams, and the Globe room in the courtyard, with its beautiful stone mullioned window, its panelled walls and plastered ceilings said to contain the finest Jacobean work in the country, will be but a memory.

In the process of tearing down, many interesting "finds" have been made. Old coins have been ricked up in plenty, most of them being copper and belonging to the eighteenth century. But the most striking discovery has been a double-barrelled pistol hidden away behind the panelling near the fireplace. It is in excellent preservation and between the two barrels runs the inscription: "Presented to Dick Turpin, at the White Bear Inn, Drury Lane, February 7, 1735," and the name of the maker is given as Baker, London.

Banbury has no legend associating it with the famous highwayman, but the genuineness of the relic is taken for granted.