

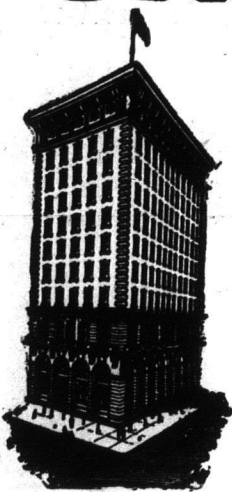
5% on Your Money

We will pay 5 per cent on sums of \$100 or over for any term from one year to five. Our Assets are over a million dollars but to make your security absolutely unquestionable we will deposit with a trustee 1st mortgages to the amount of \$150 for each \$100 invested. No expense to you. Interest paid every six months.

THE EMPIRE LOAN COMPANY
UNION TRUST BUILDING WINNIPEG

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Open a Housekeeping Account and Pay Your Bills by Cheque



There is a decided advantage in depositing your housekeeping money in the Union Bank of Canada, and issuing cheques for your expenditures. You avoid the risk of keeping a considerable sum in your home or carrying it when shopping, and each cheque, when cashed, becomes a receipt.

Over 315 Branches in Canada
Over 40 Branches in Manitoba
Over 30 Branches in Saskatchewan
Over 50 Branches in Alberta
Over 20 Branches in British Columbia

BRANCHES IN ALBERTA

Airdrie, Alderson, All, Barons, Bashaw, Bassano, Bellevue, Blackie, Blairmore, Bowden, Bow Island, Brooks, Bruderheim, Calgary, Cardston, Carstairs, Cereal, Chinook, Claresholm, Cochrane, Consort, Cowley, Didsbury, Edmonton, Empress, Foremost, Fort Saskatchewan, Grande Prairie, Grassy Lake, Hanna, High River, Hillecrest, Innisfail, Irvine, Jenner, Lacombe, Langdon, Lethbridge, Macleod, Medicine Hat, Okotoks, Pincher Creek, Seven Persons, Spirit River, Standard, Strathmore, Swallow, Three Hills, Wainwright, Winnifred.

Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets over \$90,000,000
Deposits over \$72,000,000

THE VERDICT

of the Canadian public again favors
The Great-West Life enabling its
Agents during 1915 to write a larger
business in Canada than the Agency
force of any other Company.

**THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY**

Head Office - Winnipeg

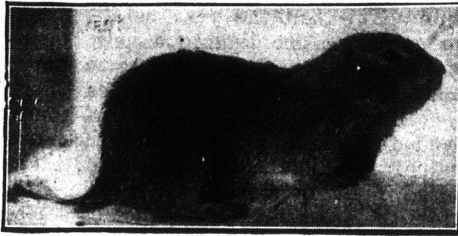
FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carlot shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against shipping bills at 7 per cent interest.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

700 W GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

plains of Chaska Water. As he neared the home of Stubby Tail she caught sight of him. She gave a warning shriek, sending the family scurrying to cover. Stubby Tail quickly followed. But they had not been quick enough. Billy Johnstone saw the flash of yellow bodies. He approached the hole and uncoiled a smooth string about six feet in length. One end of this he looped to form a miniature lasso. This end he stretched around the inside of the hole about half an inch below the surface. Very carefully so as not to disturb the loop he stretched the remaining length of cord out across the prairie. Throwing himself down, he lay with the end of the cord tight grasped in one hand, his



The gopher is not so innocent as he looks

eyes watching the entrance of the hole. A few minutes later Stubby Tail, approaching the surface, caught sight of the cord around the hole. Memories were still fresh in her mind of that day when a similar loop had tightened around her neck and pulled her screaming and wriggling into the air. The family were close at her heels. Stubby Tail, pointing out the grey loop, told them of its dangers, adding, as they turned to descend, that none of them were to return to the surface until she gave them leave.

But the largest brother wanted to go out onto the grass and into the sunshine. He loitered behind on the downward journey. Where the hole broadened a little at the upward turn he stopped to think. Finally, deciding that this greyish thing, scarcely larger than a bit of last year's grass, could not be very dangerous, he started for the surface.

Some gophers are like some boys, it seems they must always learn their lessons in life from experience rather than accept the teachings of those older and wiser than themselves. With gophers this course is more dangerous than with men. They seldom survive the first experience.

As the two peaking eyes and the tip of his head came peeking above the surface, the cord tightened with a sharp twitch. Billy Johnstone jumped to his feet. With another twist on the snare he tossed the animal high in the air. He swung the little grey brown body in a wide circle and then, with the velocity gained, dashed it with a dull thud upon the earth. The little animal kicked for a moment spasmodically, then was dead.

So the two remaining youngsters learned their second lesson. Their brother had paid for his disobedience with his life. This example gave them full realization of the worth of their mother's knowledge.

Many days now passed without sign of danger or anything happening to mar the placidity of their lives. The youngsters began going farther and farther away from the home nest. Many hours each day they spent away from their mother's side. When they wanted to go to the surface they did not now wait for her to lead the way.

One hot windless afternoon Billy Johnstone once more made his way to the plains of Chaska Water and, having to pass the spot where Stubby Tail made her home, he thrust a trap into the hole. "Just for luck," he remarked to himself as he did so.

At the time the entire family were below ground. A few minutes later, however, the remaining brother decided to go up. Being in a hurry and with no thought of danger, he forgot his mother's first given instruction. With never a glance ahead, he rushed to the surface. His impetuosity threw both his fore feet upon the pan of the trap. The lightning quick jaws closed upon them, barely missing taking in his head. A terrible fear seized him, which was heightened a moment later by the gripping pain of the trap. He screamed

wildly, bringing his mother and sister to the surface. They were powerless to do anything. But they stood by watching and sympathetic till the sight of the returning boy drove them once more below the surface.

Arriving, the boy pulled up the trap and with a sharp tap on the animal's nose with a blunt club, he quickly ended its life.

Stubby Tail was now left alone with her daughter. For the daughter this was in a way providential. The mother now devoting all her time to the training of her remaining offspring. So when summer had come almost to a close, the daughter went out upon the prairie a full-fledged gopher and dug a home of her own. So Stubby Tail was left once more alone.

During his many visits to Chaska Water plain, Billy Johnstone had not failed to notice Stubby Tail. Twice he had lain near to the hole without snare or trap to catch a sight of the old mother. Stubby Tail was larger than most of her kind in the vicinity and her scarred tail marked her as different. Billy had become interested in her.

With the arrival of the holidays, Billy got a small box camera. It was upon the acquiring of this treasure that an idea came into his head. He was a true sportsman and the thought appealed to him. He would photograph the little animal. The boy thrilled at the thought. This would be real sport. The stalking of this cunning little animal, the obtaining of its picture was certainly an undertaking well worthy of any sportsman.

Filled with excitement at this new form of chase, the boy, one hot sunny afternoon, started off for Chaska Water plain and the home of Stubby Tail.

Arriving, he set the camera a few feet away from the hole and focused it upon the light sandy mound that rose behind, hoping by so doing to catch a full view of Stubby as she emerged.

Into the side of the camera, a little below the protruding piece of steel which worked the shutter, he drove a pin. Fastening one end of a cord, some twenty feet in length, to the shutter control, he passed the cord down around the outjutting pin. With the pin offering a leverage, he could lie some twenty feet away and when Stubby Tail appeared, a gentle pull on the string would snap the shutter.

This done, he stretched back the cord with great care and lay down to wait. Stubby Tail had been at the surface when the boy had come into sight. On his near approach she had promptly



Disturbed at their work of destruction

dived to the bottom of the hole and, with all her old caution, did not hurry to come up again.

Stretched on the grass under the broiling sun, Billy lay motionless with eyes fastened upon the mound in front of him. An hour passed; still there was no sign of the quarry. He grew