

It Does Make a Difference Which Company You Insure In

IF making an investment in Real Estate or anything else care is—or should always be—taken to secure property that has a reasonable chance of increasing in value, and giving a good return for the investment.

This same care should be taken in placing Life Insurance to see that the premiums are invested in such a manner that they give the best possible return to the insured.

IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE
WHICH COMPANY YOU INSURE IN

Enquire for information and rates at your own age.

**The Great-West Life
Assurance Company**

DEPT. "Q"

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

GRAIN

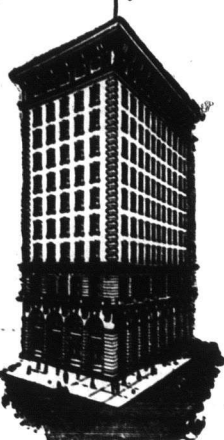
We continue to act as agents for Grain Growers in the looking after and selling of car-lots of Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye and Flax, on commission only. The members of our firm give personal expert service in checking the grading of cars, and have been frequently successful in getting grades raised. Liberal advances made at seven per cent interest on grain consigned to us for sale. Write to us for market information and shipping instructions.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Grain Commission Merchants

700-703 Grain Exchange Winnipeg

UNION BANK OF CANADA



Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets over
\$140,000,000
Deposits over \$110,000,000

Loans for Livestock

To good farmers living in the vicinity of its rural branches, the UNION BANK is prepared to make loans on reasonable terms for the purpose of purchasing Cattle for feeding or breeding purposes. Consult the Local Manager for particulars.

Paid-Up Capital - \$5,000,000
Total Assets Exceed - \$140,000,000

THE PIONEER BANK OF WESTERN CANADA

The Germans, however, were quick to realize their advantage. As Carr cautiously thrust his head out to get a glimpse of the German trench, he saw a helmeted head appear above the parapet. Another and another appeared beside it. Why did the Canadians not fire? He longed to aim his trusty Enfield at those heads, but the spurt of flame would disclose his position to the enemy.

He knew only too well the meaning of those heads. The Germans were massing for an attack on the Canadian lines. His comrades, weakened by long service on the damp and filth of the trenches, were few in number, and he realized with a sinking heart the consequences of a well-directed attack on their trench. All the noble memories of Ypres, of Langemarck, of St. Julien and of scores of other hard-fought battles, in which Canada had covered herself with glory, would be forgotten if the enemy broke through that night. He resolved to stop the attack at any cost. Something had to be done and done quickly.

Swiftly and silently he made up his mind. He groped about for a bomb, and found two. Climbing the parapet, he stole stealthily toward the party. Twice he stopped and took shelter in a convenient shell hole as a flare was sent up by either side. Once he saw a spurt of flame in the night ahead, and a bullet flicked up the dirt at his feet as the report of a rifle rang out. The fire was answered by some one in the Canadian trench, but the bullet lodged in a bank, a dozen yards to his right. The Germans, now depending on their machine gunners, were already

struggling dizzily to his feet, he staggered to the gun and whirled it around on the advancing gray line. He had some difficulty in understanding parts of the mechanism, but he had watched the machine gunners at practice, and he knew how to work the deadly weapons. As he poured a hail of lead into that long gray line he was dimly conscious of first a wilting, then a wavering, and then the Germans broke and ran for their lives for the shelter of their own trench. The attack had been beaten by a single man! Weak from the loss of blood Carr sank to the ground. He had received a fatal wound in his encounter with the foe. He knew he was going, but he smiled, a weak and weary but a very happy smile. He had done his duty.

Dimly he saw the Canadians rally, and, with a cheer, dash onward toward the fleeing foe. Someone produced a flag and waved it aloft. At the sight of his country's flag waving in the unnatural light of the star-shells, Ben drew his bleeding form with difficulty to attention. His figure stiffened in one last salute, and Private Ben Carr sank dead on the ground he had so bravely won, and so nobly defended against the foe. At that moment a shell from one of the big guns in the rear burst with unerring aim over the little mound and buried the emplacement with its heroic captor's body deep in the heart of a new mound, there to remain forever.

The next day there appeared in the Canadian casualty lists under the heading of "Missing" the name of Private Ben Carr, address unknown. Nothing more



In Britain, women manage the horse, the plough and the field.

beginning to crawl out between their barbed wire entanglements in readiness for the attack.

At a signal from the German commander, the gunners opened fire. Instantly the darkness was pierced by brilliant lights. Hundreds of star shells filled the air. The peaceful quiet of the night was now a roaring, raging battle. Spirits of flame burst from the muzzles of hundreds of hidden rifles. But now the time for action had arrived. By this time Carr had worked his way up to within a few yards of the emplacement. He was hidden from both sides by a huge bank of earth. There he crouched ready to meet death at any moment. The rattle of the rifle fire drowned all else. In the confusion Carr leapt to his feet and dashed straight at the machine guns. He was half way before they noticed him. Even then only one man turned his gun on him. A bullet grazed his head. Another plowed through the flesh of his forearm. But he paid no heed. Already he was within striking distance of the emplacement. With his revolver he accounted for two of the gunners before they had a chance to fire. He threw his first bomb when he was within twenty feet of the deadly weapons, and flattened himself on the ground. The earth was shaken with a thundering explosion. He leapt again to his feet and dashed on, while showers of mud and bits of steel still fell around him. He had cleared the emplacement of the enemy and he still had one bomb left. Plunging into the little fort he sought shelter behind its walls.

He glanced hastily around him. One of the guns, he noticed, was still intact. The other had been hopelessly shattered.

is known of him. To the world he must always remain "Reported Missing," but he sleeps alone in the heart of a mound behind the lines in France. There are many, many mounds in France, in whose bosoms sleep many of Canada's noble sons. But each is marked with a rude cross and on them a comrade's hand had roughly traced a simple memorial. But no wooden cross marks the last resting place of Ben Carr, no rude engraving tells his simple story. Nothing but the lonely mound marks the grave of one of Canada's bravest sons. But the lives he saved are still strong with the spirit of determination to push on that Cause for which he gave his life.

He rests alone in a peace that had never come to him in life.

"Greater love hath no man than he who lays down his life for his friend."

The Blue of the Heavens

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by J. H. Arnett

The blue of the heavens is here upon earth
In the blue of the Crocus that blows in the wind;
The grey of the clouds is inside of the cup,
And the gold of the sun in its heart you will find.

The blue of the heavens is here upon earth
In the warm loving light of your true eyes
of blue—

The soft changing grey of the clouds, too,
is there—

And their sun-bleam of fire brings a thrill
ever new.