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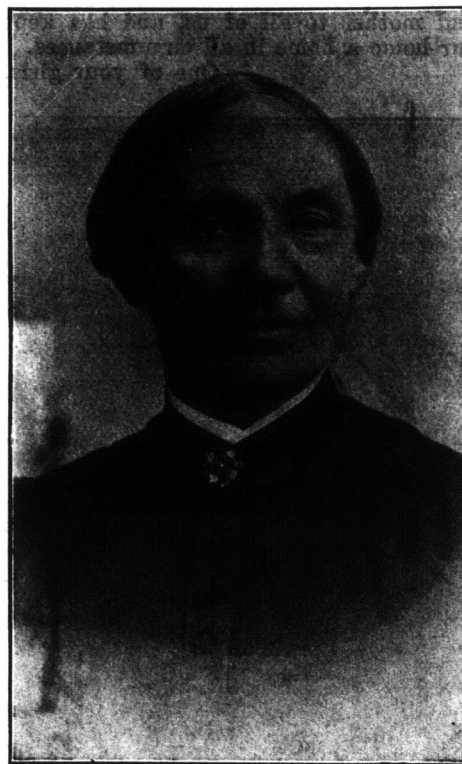
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tion, and love, lay buried in the coffin with her first-born son. My brother took ill one day and died the next; stricken down suddenly and with little warning. He was a great favorite with his companions, they called him the Christian. They trooped into the parlor one by one silently and with bowed heads. There were tears in the eyes of some; they laid their tribute of flowers on the coffin; looked on the still, calm, white face of their playmate, who would never again join with them in their games, and boyish sports. "He was a Christian," they murmured with choked voices. What a splendid tribute to the dead: "he was a Christian," he was ready to die.

They carried him away when the snow was on the ground and buried him. I don't think mother quite realized that he was dead until they took him away, and she knew she would never see him in this life again. "He will be so cold," she said to me, just as though he were alive and could feel, "it will be so cold below the ground."

Mother seemed just to double in two, and to grow very very old after they took my brother away and laid him in his last resting place. Providence had



A fine type of "the good old-fashioned Canadian Mother. A character builder—a mother of men.

dealt her a crushing blow in taking away so suddenly her first born son; and she wondered why God had seen fit to take him away. Had she been too proud of the fact that all her family were alive; and had God intended to make her more humble. This thought was uppermost in mother's mind: what lesson did God intend to teach her? That is the most beautiful memory I have of my mother, "What lesson did God intend to teach?" Whatever it was mother was eager and willing to learn.

The day he died the children had sung, nearly all day, the chorus of that beautiful hymn, "Yield not to Temptation." It is a favorite hymn of mother's and she says it comforted and soothed her that day, as all unconscious that the Angel of Death hovered near, the sweet childish voices sung, "Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you; he is willing to aid you, he will carry you through."

Yours sincerely,

J. D.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton — Years have passed since I last saw my dear mother, and I recall so many memories of her that it is difficult to say which is the most beautiful. I like best of all, in recalling old scenes, to think of her last farewell to me, on my leaving the old home to come to far away Canada. It was a glorious day in the month of June. Mother came to the garden gate to see me start.

As she wished me good-bye, and gave me her blessing, standing there among the flowers (the fruits of her own loving labor), her silvery white hair shining in the morning sunlight, she made a picture that seems to remain with me through all the years.

When I am in any trouble or difficulty, I say to myself, "Mother is praying for me, now and always." When I am tempted to do wrong, that thought is the first one that comes to me, and it makes me feel stronger to resist the temptation. Oh! if every girl in this city had the memory of such a mother.

Sincerely,
An Old Country girl.

To Mother

The following verses, by the Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., a frequent and popular contributor to this magazine, accompanied a copy of the Life of Queen Victoria sent by him to his mother some years ago.

As token of unswerving love,
Accept the volume which I send;
It tells of our beloved Queen,
And of a reign as never seen
Which all too soon, alas! may end.

But though her reign so long and good
Should cease and she be laid to rest,
Yet shall she speak in accents clear,
Yet shall we all her name revere
And of all honors this is best,

To live in hearts sincere and true
And sway through time the grateful
throng,
Though dead yet speaking, on and on
When generations shall have gone;
'Tis this true honor doth prolong.

The honors which adorn her life
Are not of transient fleeting breath,
But rather of immortal mould
More precious than the finest gold
Untainted by the mists of death.

The glories of her reign shall last
Her Empire stand through time secure,
But brighter than the brightest ray
And stable through eternal day
Her sovereign soul shall still endure.

That soul that dignified her life
As mother, wife, and far famed queen
The soul which gave her word a might
And prompted actions wise and right
Which all the world has clearly seen.

Well may a grateful nation rise
To crown their matchless Queen agree,
Extol her virtues, sing her praise,
A monument of love upraise,
By brilliant Diamond Jubilee.

Another queen to me is dear
Unknown to fame yet true of worth,
Who gave me love's fidelity
And nurtured and protected me
To years of strength from early birth.

'Tis not too much to say a queen
For queen is one who rules and sways
Not always by the rod of state
Surrounded by the lordlings great
But oft in gentler, kindlier ways.

And the home queen whose praise I
sing
Has moved me with a tender wand,
In disobedience patient still
Long-suffering with my restless will
And in my weakness held my hand.

Alas, that thoughtless youth should
wound
Or grieve a mother's loving heart,
Not yet too late to make amend
To say forgive what did offend
And bid all saddening thought depart.

With deep and fervent love we come
As tribute offer grateful praise
To Him who has our mother spared
The burden of the widow shared
When clouds of darkness dimmed her
ways.

And well may we her children rise
To cheer her heart and bright her day
And wish her many added years
Enriched with joys and free from fears
And with united voices say:

"Our greetings to you mother, dear,
We hail thee, three score years and
ten.
Our heartiest wishes, truest love,
Our prayers, for blessings from above
Beyond what we can ever pen."