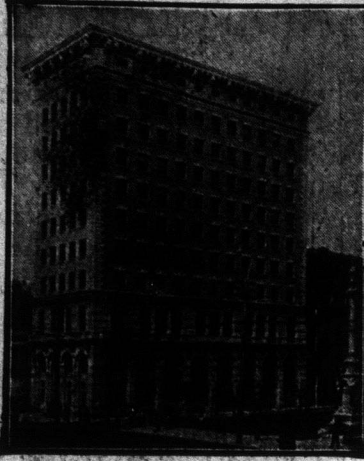


## UNION BANK OF CANADA

Established 1865



### HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Paid Up Capital .....\$ 5,000,000  
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 3,300,000  
Total Assets, over ..... 75,000,000

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### Head Office, Winnipeg

Branches and Agencies West of the Great Lakes.  
Manitoba—Baldur, Birtle, Boissevain, Brandon, Carberry, Carman, Carroll, Clearwater, Crystal City, Cypress River, Dauphin, Deloraine, Glenboro, Hamiota, Hartney, Holland, Killarney, Manitou, McCreary, Melita, Minnedosa, Minto, Morden, Neepawa, Nesbitt, Newdale, Ninga, Rapid City, Roblin, Roland, Russell, Shoal Lake, Somerset, Souris, Strathclair, The Pas, Virden, Waskada, Wawanesa, Wellwood, Winnipeg.

Saskatchewan—Adanac, Alsask, Arcola, Asquith, Assiniboia, Bounty, Buchanan, Cabri, Canora, Carlyle, Craik, Cupar, Cut Knife, Esterhazy, Estevan, Eyebrow, Fillmore, Gravelbourg, Guernsey, Gull Lake, Herbert, Houghton, Humboldt, Indian Head, Jansen, Kelfield, Kerrobert, Kindersley, Landis, Lang, Lanigan, Lemberg, Loversna, Lumsden, Luseland, Macklin, Maple Creek, Maryfield, McRorie, Melfort, Milestone, Moose Jaw, Moosomin, Morse, Netherhill, Neudorf, Ogema, Outlook, Oxbow, Pense, Perdue, Piapot, Plenty, Prince Albert, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Rocanville, Rosetown, Saskatoon, Scott, Sceptre, Simpson, Sitaluta, Southey, Strassburg, Swift Current, Tessier, The Forks, Theodore, Togo, Tompkins, Vanguard, Vercin, Viceroy, Wapella, Wawota, Watrous, Webb, Weyburn, Wilkie, Windthorst, Wolseley, Yorkton, Zealandia.

Alberta—Airdrie, Alir, Barons, Bashaw, Bassano, Bellevue, Blackie, Blairmore, Bowden, Bow Island, Brooks, Calgary, Carbon, Cardston, Carstairs, Cereal, Claresholm, Cochrane, Consort, Cowley, Didsbury, Edmonton, Fort Saskatchewan, Grande Prairie, Grassy Lake, Hanna, High River, Hillcrest, Innisfail, Irvine, Lacombe, Langdon, Lethbridge, MacLeod, Medicine Hat, Okotoks, Passburg, Pincher Creek, Seven Persons, Standard, Strathmore, Swallow, Three Hills, Wainwright, Winnifred.

British Columbia—Enderby, Glacier, Hazelton, Lillooet, Nanaimo, New Hazelton, Newport, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Smithers, Telkwa, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.

This Bank, having over 300 Branches in Canada, extending from Halifax to Prince Rupert, offers excellent facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business. It has correspondents in all the cities of importance throughout Canada, the United States, the Continent of Europe, and the British Colonies.

Collections made in all parts of the Dominion, and returns promptly remitted at lowest rates of exchange.

Two Central Offices in Winnipeg—Main St. and William Ave., D. M. Neeve, Mgr. Portage Ave., cor. Garry St. (adjoining Post Office), F. J. Boulton, Mgr.

Other Branches in Winnipeg as follows:—Corydon Ave., Logan Ave., North End, Sargent Ave., Portage Ave. and Arlington St., Sargent Ave. and Arlington St., 490 Portage Ave.

## SATISFIED CUSTOMERS TELL HOW WELL Thompson, Sons & Company HANDLE AND DISPOSE OF FARMERS' GRAIN

Drawer 220, Nanton, Alta., Dec. 30, 1912.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs: As it is now the end of another year, I wish to draw your attention to the fact that I have shipped grain to you for the last five years, having in the last two years shipped you about 80,000 bushels, and in all that time you have given me the very best satisfaction regarding careful attention to the grading of the grain, obtaining the highest price possible, and very prompt and exact returns, and you certainly deserve praise for your excellent and able way of doing business.—Yours truly, JOHN SMITH.

Glenboro, Man., July 13, 1913.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs: Your letter containing out-turns of car shipped by myself and Mr. Osborne Malyon received. I beg to say your handling of the same has been very satisfactory to us both. Thanking you kindly, I remain, yours truly, JAS. CASLICK.

Macrorie, Sask., Sept. 26, 1913.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Gentlemen: Your letter of 22nd inst. enclosing check No. 399 covering balance of car No. 63644 received with thanks. I can assure you I appreciate the prompt and business like way you took care of this shipment and there are more to follow.—Very truly yours, H. A. METCALF.

We have never at any time solicited testimonials from any of our clients for whom we have done business, but satisfaction with our services and dealings prompts many of them to write to us in kindly fashion as above. We publish these letters (and will from time to time publish others) as spontaneous and independent evidence, that we can and do serve the highest interests of the farmer in the disposing of his grain, and what we have done for some we can do for others. Write us for shipping instructions and market information. We make liberal advances on grain consigned for sale. Address,

## Thompson, Sons & Co.

Grain Commission Merchants

700 D, Grain Exchange, WINNIPEG, Canada

## The Spanning of the Waters

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Cleo Donovan

WHEN Kathleen Glenning closed the door of the camp school, and stepped into the moss carpeted woods, her face became lighted as with a great joy.

The electrifying pulsation of spring was in the air. Youth, and that ineffable "something" termed "love," sent the blood coursing through her veins with gladdening emotion. All the world seemed in perfect rhythm; even the pines seemed to lend a sweeter fragrance than ever before.

Her favorite pupil, the engineer's son, came running to her. "Oh, teacher, papa says that breaking of the dam will keep us here two months longer. What makes you look so glad? Do you like this kind of life? Papa says what he likes about it is the change, the adventure, and the game."

The girl laughed as her pupil drolled out his childish information. She took his chubby hand and led him to his mother's door. She wished to be alone with the resplendent charms of Nature and her own thoughts.

She wound her way among logs, rocks and streams until she came to where a great bushy hemlock sheltered a rock just in sight of the dam, then seated herself with her own thoughts for companions.

In reverie she traversed the past. "Oh if only some genius would invent a sweet nectar of oblivion for unhappy, cruel parts of past life; or it may be that the laws of Nature intended that we should use the past as a web in which to weave the future."

"Come to think of it, it is quite possible to weave in bright colors; yes, brilliant designs, which, if woven into brightness, would have had no effect whatever. I can see now; it really required that dark web to give the proper effect; but when I look back and think of Chesley Randolph, I wonder: Did I really love him, or did I love the man I thought he was? I really believe it was the latter."

"My fancy pictures him now a perfect fashion plate, a manner bordering unto affectation. Oh, that perfect ensemble! It jars on my nerves even now to think of it. I wonder what I ever saw in him?"

"I must admit that, to a certain extent, I enjoyed the envy I excited among my girl friends in those days; but even in those halcyon days I used to wish a few drops of rain would fall on him, or just a wrinkle would come in his clothes, or a splash of mud on his shoes. But no such thing could possibly happen; he was too careful of himself."

"How well I remember the morning father died, when we laid him beside mother, and when I came back to the house, to hear the lawyers pronounce failure."

"Where were my friends? I could scarcely blame them, though, for turning from failure. It is repellent in its nature, despondent in its mood; while success is ineffably attractive. There is a sort of an illusory charm about it one has not the power to resist. I, too, was ready to forsake failure at the shortest notice and turn to the all-absorbing attractions of success if it ever happened to journey my way."

"How well I remember that dark November day when I opened the door for Chesley! A great eddy of sere leaves blew up to the steps; and when I looked at him his heart looked to me as dead and sere as the leaves. Yet I knew and felt that whatever love he possessed for any human being outside of himself, I possessed it."

"For the first time since I had known him there was something condescending, arrogant and cool in his manner that sent some indescribable feeling surging through my veins; and I vowed I would try every artifice in my power to keep his heart from straying from me until death."

"The humiliations I had passed through that day were intolerable, and his conduct was the climax. I do not know whether it was his manner or words that impelled me to take the diamond ring from my finger and throw it on the

red-hot coals in the grate. I vowed he would give it to no other. Oh, I cannot describe that revulsion of feeling! I saw him a jelly fish, a fashion plate, who had made a study of the arts and courtesies, and inherited a fortune."

"Could he go out empty-handed and conquer? Had he that force that would venture on a mighty undertaking in the face of all difficulties? Had he that will-power that wins in the great game of life? No, no; he was void of these qualities."

"I remember when I put out my hand, 'Good-bye, Chesley, hereafter our paths lie in different directions,' the paleness of his face, the trembling of his lips, the pathos in his voice, showed that I had affected him enough by my actions to bring some little strength out of the weakness of his nature. He drew me to him and said, 'Kathleen, stay.' 'No, Chesley, we must part. I could only admire that strength of character, that intense brain power, that wins out in the face of all difficulties. The man of my choice must have strength of character. You are weak. Good-bye. Yes, for old time's sake, I will write to you occasionally.'"

Her reverie was broken by a crashing in the under-brush and approaching footsteps.

"Kind of whispering to yourself, Miss Glenning?" said a deep voice.

"Something to that effect," laughed the girl, as she arose, whilst a great wave of happiness flitted across her face.

"Mr. Gordon, you look as though you had been taking the historical ride of Young Lochinvar," and she looked in rapturous admiration at the magnificent physique of the man before her, the keen eyes of steel-gray, with just a tinge of hazel in their depths, the quick, forceful movement, the face with all its controlling power. She noticed his rough serge suit and high rubber boots were bespattered with mud.

### Wife Won

#### Husband Finally Convinced.

Some people are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience. A wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me."

"(Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)"

"At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.' I capitulated."

"Determined to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg., obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious."

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.