

The Security of the Home

Is the bed-rock on which all true prosperity should be built.

There can be no real sense of well-being without the certain assurance that the comfort of dependent ones is provided for, should the supporter of the home be removed.

A Life Insurance Policy gives this safe assurance. Under the Great-West Life Policies low premium rates apply, and all the advantages of liberal conditions and remarkably high profit returns to the Policyholders.

Let us explain the best plan for the protection of your home.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

DEPT. "Q"

Buy War-Savings Stamps

Head Office: WINNIPEG

Continued Success Marks the Progress of The Northwestern Life

	End of—1916	1917	1918	Increase since Dec. 31, 1917
Total Assets of all Kinds.....	\$56,026.78	\$216,134.95	\$ 398,946.02	118%
Total Cash Assets.....	41,895.13	159,317.15	334,035.32	109%
Total Investments.....	32,947.12	134,588.95	297,325.27	121%
Paid-up Capital.....	33,773.00	44,302.65	54,933.50	24%
Premium Income.....	2,932.28	30,282.04	65,167.71	115%
Business in Force.....	104,000.00	535,350.00	1,212,300.00	126%
Reserves.....	1,637.27	23,935.13	72,350.50	20%
Total Revenue for 1918.....			82,545.68	
Total Expenditure for 1918 (including death claims).....			38,527.99	

Excess of Revenue over Expenditure..... \$44,017.69

Death claims amounted to only \$6,500 despite the war and influenza epidemic.

Surplus to Policyholders..... \$125,748.90

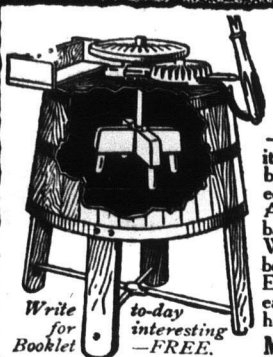
Total Resources for Protection of Policyholders..... 775,371.48

Canada's only scientific Life Assurance Company again demonstrates its ability to make good.

The Northwestern Life Assurance Company WINNIPEG, MAN.

H. R. S. McCABE, Man. Director

F. O. MABER, Secretary



Maxwell "Home" Washer

—the washer that not only washes the clothes mechanically, but does it better than they can be washed by hand. There's no "skimping" by the "Home" Washer—light or heavy articles are cleaned with equal thoroughness. There's no tearing of delicate fabrics, either. And it does the work in half the time! No more long-drawn-out, backbreaking washdays, anywhere there's a Maxwell "Home" Washer; just put the clothes in, and the rest is hardly work at all—because the "Home" Washer is so light, noiseless, and easy-running. Enclosed gears make it absolutely safe: "springs" make cover lift easily. Made of best quality cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's.

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. V St Marys, Ont. 34

BISSETT & WEBB, 126 LOMBARD ST., WINNIPEG. Western Representatives.

had allowed themselves were cut down to the minimum of necessity.

It was a spring evening when, in response to the priest's request, Maskol next blew in. The priest noticed the florid countenance of the man, and the betraying coarseness that had taken possession of his features since last they met. He came straight to the point.

"Maskol," he said, "the boy is now thirteen. I have trained and educated him with infinite care. He is more to me than a son,—to you he is nothing. I desire to keep him."

Maskol opened his eyes very wide. He knew what was in the priest's mind, and the knowledge angered him. He said nothing.

"Come," the priest went on, "it is merely a business transaction. You have handed certain sums of money over to me for the boy's keep and education, and I desire to purchase him from you,—with all my heart and soul I desire it. Here is a cheque for what you have paid with compound interest added. I cannot offer more as the boy will require support."

Maskol glanced at the cheque that lay on the table between them. He thrust his hands deep in his pockets. "You will make a priest of him, I suppose?" he asked.

The other shook his head. "No," answered he, "there is too much sunshine and brightness in the boy for his life to be darkened by the sorrows of others. He shall go to Winnipeg or Toronto to finish

But Maskol, the man of quick decisions could stand it no longer. His fist shot out, and the priest staggered back, his hands to his forehead.

The priest had thought they were alone, but behind the closed door, listening breathlessly, her hands to her bosom, had crouched an Indian woman. Now the door was flung open, and she stood between them, facing Maskol, eyes flaming, breast heaving, and a small, sharp dagger in her hand.

At the sight of her the priest rallied. "If I can not dispute your claim she can," he cried, pointing frenziedly. "The boy is her's, since she took him from the bosom of his dead mother. You stole him from her by a bribery of liquor, and we can prove it to any tribunal of just men on God's earth."

Again Maskol's mocking laugh rang out. "You shall do so then," he answered coolly. "The boy leaves here with me to-morrow. If you want him back you will have to fight for it, and I will drag you through the courts till I smash you and reduce you to chopping firewood for the steamers. So long."

He snatched up his cap and was gone. The woman stood watching the departing canoe, then she too went her way. But the priest sat very still in the sunshine, and through the window fell the shadow of the great white cross, one arm of it across his shoulders, like the hand of strength and shelter.

A few hours later the woman stole into



Prairie wolves and hounds used in running them down.

his education, and by then he will be old enough to choose. But, be sure of this, he will live straight and clean, doing a man's work in a country of men."

At this Maskol broke into a mocking laugh. He snatched up the cheque and tore it into a hundred fragments.

"So that's the lie of the land is it," he cried with sudden fierceness. "It's about the choicest piece of impudence I've come across. That boy is mine. You are nothing more than his guardian. The agreement between us is a business contract, and you can't go back on that."

The priest drew himself up, and mockery and hatred blazed in his eyes. "The boy is yours," he sneered, "and I am nothing more than his guardian. You reckon to have bought him for thirty pieces of silver, but I have given my life, my soul, all I possess, to make a man of him. Can money pay for these things? Bah—"

He flung out his arms in a wild gesture. "There are men who have sold their souls for thirty pieces of silver," he went on wildly, "but none who have bought them. You cannot pay me with your filthy money for what I have done and, in the light of heaven, that boy is mine. I know you, Carol Maskol," the priest raved. "We priests weary out our lives trying to save the Indians. Men like you undo in a single year what it takes us a lifetime to accomplish, and now you want to drag the boy into your own filthy business. Bah—"

the boy's room and placed scented flowers upon his pillow. Then she took his sleeping hand in the tender grasp of motherhood, and breathed softly, as though in a prayer, "Little man, little man, I shall never look upon your face again, but to the end I will serve you; and therefore to the end the sun will shine, and the birds will sing, and a great happiness will be at my heart. The God of the white man serve thee, little one. Farewell, farewell!"

When the first scented breath of dawn stirred the forest leaves, Maskol, stabbed to the heart, lay between his blankets in his solitary camping ground, his eyes open to the stars.

On the ridge above stood a rugged figure, a solitary Indian woman, who wore the garments of her tribe, long since discarded. To the north there, under the pale springtime beams of the aurora, lay the home of her people, to the south lay the whiteman's world, where the whiteman's justice awaited her. For a time she paused, then fearlessly, smilingly, she turned her steps southwards. But for her the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed upon the hillside.

Miller's Worm Powders are sweet and palatable to children, who show no hesitancy in taking them. They will certainly bring all worm troubles to an end. They are a strengthening and stimulating medicine, correcting the disorders of digestion that the worms cause and imparting a healthy tone to the system most beneficial to development.