

## UNION BANK OF CANADA

Established 1865

### Head Office - Winnipeg



Paid-up Capital ..... \$5,000,000  
Reserve and Undivided Profits ..... \$375,000  
Total Assets, over ..... 70,000,000

HON. PRESIDENT - HON. J. SHARPLES  
PRESIDENT - JOHN GALT

VICE-PRESIDENTS:  
W. PRICE R. T. RILEY

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London, England, Branch No. 51 Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Head Office, Winnipeg.

### SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FARMERS' BUSINESS

Grain Drafts Negotiated.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

Branches and Agencies West of Great Lakes:

Manitoba—Baldur, Birtle, Boissevain, Brandon, Carberry, Carman, Carroll, Clearwater, Crystal City, Cypress River, Dauphin, Deloraine, Glenboro, Hamiota, Hartney, Holland, Killarney, Manitou, Melita, Minnedosa, Minto, Morden, Neepawa, Newdale, Ninga, Rapid City, Roblin, Russell, Shoal Lake, Souris, Strathclair, Virden, Waskada, Wawanesa, Wellwood, Winnipeg.

Saskatchewan—Adanac, Alsask, Arcola, Asquith, Bounty, Buchanan, Cabri, Canora, Carlyle, Craik, Cupar, Cut Knife, Esterhazy, Eyebrow, Fillmore, Gravelbourg, Gull Lake, Herbert, Humboldt, Indian Head, Jansen, Kerrobert, Kindersley, Landis, Lang, Lanigan, Leeville, Lemberg, Lumsden, Luseland, Macklin, Maple Creek, Maryfield, Milestone, Moose Jaw, Moosomin, Netherhill, Neudorf, Ogema, Outlook, Oxbow, Pense, Perdue, Plenty, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Rocanville, Rosetown, Saskatoon, Scott, Simpson, Sintaluta, Southey, Strassburg, Swift Current, Tessier, Theodore, Toga, Tompkins, Vanguard, Viceroy, Wapella, Wawota, Watrous, Webb, Weyburn, Wilkie, Windthorst, Wolseley, Yorkton, Zeelandia.

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

British Columbia—Enderby, Hazelton, Nanaimo, New Hazelton, Prince Rupert, Telkwa, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.  
This Bank, having over 260 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 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.

Winnipeg Branch, D. M. NEEVE, Manager. F. K. WILSON, Asst.-Manager.  
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(Adjoining Post Office)

# Farmers

It pays you to have your GRAIN handled and disposed of by a firm working solely on a commission basis, and who, although handling some millions of bushels every year, never buy a bushel of the farmer's grain on their own account.

As you, therefore, desire to have the very best service, and the best possible attention to your individual interests in turning your grain into money, please continue to ship your grain to us, and you will be certain to receive the highest possible price going at time of sale, besides prompt, intelligent and courteous attention in correspondence, accounts and statements. Keep in mind we are always prepared to make liberal advances on grain after it is shipped from country points.

In order that we may supervise the inspection of your grain and get the terminal elevator weights promptly, be sure and write on your shipping bills "Notify Thompson, Sons & Company, Winnipeg."

Address all correspondence and inquiries to

## THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Grain Commission Merchants

700-703A Grain Exchange

WINNIPEG, CANADA

## Easter Lilies

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary

THE organist of St. Luke's was very much annoyed. It was Easter Eve and, owing to his having a severe cold, the leader of the choir was unable to take the solo in the Easter anthem. "We will give you each one chance more!"—and Herr Lutz turned again to the organ, shaking his head ominously. The choristers did their best, and the rector listened attentively, once turning his head and looking questioningly around, as he fancied he heard a few notes of peculiar sweetness and power mingling with the voices of the singers. He nodded approvingly as the music ceased, and requested one of the boys to sing the solo, and this time there could be no doubt about it—somebody else was singing.

He glanced down the church, and as the voice became more distinct he held up his hand to stop the singer in the choir. The chorister ceased, but the other voice went on, and all listened with bated breath to the sweet, pure notes.

The organist sat as if spellbound, and the Rector, gazing into the dim aisles, could have believed that one of the choristers from the white-robed choir above had strayed down into the fine old church with its deckings of Easter fullness. What sweetness and power, what intensity of feeling, the unknown singer threw into the beautiful words of that Easter solo! Tears came to the Rector's eyes, while Herr Lutz sprang excitedly from his seat.

"Ach, it is the voice of an angel!" he cried, "Ah, that solo; if he might but sing it to-morrow night! We must get him—it is marvellous—marvellous."

The Rector was already halfway down the aisle, peering eagerly into each seat as he passed it. But he could see no one in the dim light. The heavy scent of hot-house flowers came to him, and he paused a moment to admire the beautifully-decorated font, and then he saw a small ragged boy standing near it, gazing with clasped hands at a cross of pure white Easter lilies with a background of fern.

The Rector laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and the latter looked up with a startled expression in his large shining eyes. It seemed impossible that that beautiful voice could belong to this small ragged specimen of humanity.

"My boy, was it you who were singing just now?" asked the Rector, tightening his hold as he saw the boy glance towards the door.

There was no answer, and he repeated his question.

"Yes; I beg your pardon, sir!" said the frightened boy.

The Rector was amazed.

Who are you? Where did you learn it?" he asked quickly. "Tell me all; I am not angry with you," he said.

"Please, sir, I learnt it here. I come to hear you practising," said the lad, drooping his head at the confession.

But the Rector's look was very kind. "My boy, you have a very beautiful voice. I wonder—could you sing in our choir to-morrow? You know the solo perfectly. What is your name?"

"Dick Travers, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Pilgrim's Alley, sir."

"Come up into the choir," said Herr Lutz, who had joined them. "Ah, that voice! We must have it to-morrow."

The Rector took the boy's hand, and once in the gaslight he was struck by the beauty of his features. Fair golden curls clustered on a broad, low forehead; the large eyes were blue and shining, and the mouth was one of singular sweetness. The lad sang the solo through again. Nervous at first, he soon gained courage, and the clear, ringing voice held his listeners spellbound.

"It is beautiful—beautiful," cried the excited German master, "what would he not do with training? He must—ah, he must sing the solo to-morrow!"

But the choristers looked askance at the tattered clothes and bare feet of the boy, and more than one gave an audible sniff of disgust. However they

were dismissed very soon, and the Rector turned to the boy, but he could not persuade him to come on the morrow.

The Rector was much interested in the boy, whose face and manners proclaimed him to be something above the level of the ordinary street boy. But it was getting late, and Dick seemed anxious to be gone.

"Well, listen!" said the Rector. "If you will promise to be here before eleven to-morrow morning I will give you two dollars."

In an instant Dick's expression changed. An eager light came into his eyes, and he held out both hands.

"Oh, please, would you give it to me to-night instead? I will promise to come!" he said eagerly.

The clergyman hesitated. How did he know he might trust the boy?

"Oh, sir, please give it to me to-night! I will come to-morrow—indeed I will!"

But the good Rector thought it only right to ask—

"My boy, can I trust you?"

At those words the fair head was thrown back proudly and the blue eyes met those of the clergyman unflinchingly.

"I never tell a lie!" he said, and walked swiftly down the aisle.

The Rector followed, and found him standing with quivering lips and tear-filled eyes before the cross of Easter lilies. He laid his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"My dear boy," he said, "I do trust you. I did not mean to doubt you for one moment!" and he put two dollars into the boy's hand. "You like flowers," he said quickly. "Wait one moment—going to a distant seat he picked up a bunch of lilies and gave them to the boy. "There, take those to your mother! Have you a mother? Some day you shall tell me all about your home," he added, as the lad made no reply.

But the Rector's hand was caught and kissed, and tears—a child's bitter tears—were warm upon it. The next moment the boy was gone.

Dick hastened along the streets, clasping the two dollars tightly in one hand and the beautiful flowers in the other. His eyes were sparkling, his cheeks flushed as he peered eagerly into the gaily decorated shop windows.

"Dear mother, you shall have such a nice Easter!" he murmured.

How proud he felt, this gentle child, as he did this Easter shopping! He bought grapes for his sick mother, dainty slices of chicken, and some hot soup, and then hurried home as fast as he could.

His mother was asleep as he entered the poor little room he called home. A clean, neat woman, with a gentle, placid face, sat sewing by the bed. She looked up with a smile as he entered.

"Well, Dicky, are you back? Mother is having such a nice sleep," she said.

The next instant Dick was kneeling beside her, pouring out his story. She rose as he finished.

"Come, we will light the fire!" she said.

"How glad I am, Dicky! you had only a crust in your cupboard, and mine was almost as bare."

Dick made no answer—but he kissed her—this dear woman who ever since she had come to lodge in the room above their own had been their greatest friend and comforter. She it was who cleaned their room, who tended and cared for the sick woman, as for a sister, and who, when their cupboard and grate were empty so often took from her own scanty store. It was just another version of the widow's two mites, and the heartfelt gratitude of the two she helped was all the reward Mary Barton looked for.

She got the meal ready while Dick made a fire in the grate, looking so happy over his work that the tears fell from Mary's eyes and her heart sank. How could she tell him—dear, trusting Dick—that his mother was dying, would perhaps not live through