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to Jane. To-night she lay for some time, until the craving for water became imperative; then she whispered, "Jane."

Jane's lips moved.
"George," she murmured.
The mother gave a gasp and a sob.
"Even in her sleep she wants him," she thought, bitterly. "Sacrifice—sacrifice."

A little bottle stood on the stand at the head of the bed—the bottle contained her quieting drops. The word that stood for everything left in her world again filtered through her senses, and with it George's contemptuous comment, "to die is the last sacrifice anybody can make. Well, she would make it. Jane should not do it all, flickering shadow wavered before her; she tried to fix her thoughts on something definite, but everything seemed to escape her.

At last came the remembrance of George, and his coming on the morrow. She laboriously turned her old body in the bed. Each motion exhercising agony. It took a long time, but at last she was turned over. And now began a longer operation—the drawing up of herself to a position from which she could reach the stand. She choked back a groan, whispered, with scarce a movement of her lips, "sacrifice."

Now it was done. She extended a skinny hand, and took the bottle in her feeble grasp; the spoon lay beside it, but she had neither the strength nor the courage to pick it up.

She let herself down carefully upon her pillow, and despite the racking pain that assailed her, drew a breath of relief. Her head swam, her senses seemed to leave her, she was near collapse. But one thought still possessed her—the sacrifice for Jane.

After what seemed a long time, her brain cleared. She wondered how she had managed to secure the bottle without waking Jane. It had taken so long, she felt that in some way a groan must have escaped her. She recalled the stinging pain, and arrested herself in the act of moving again; she could endure no more.

She languidly raised the bottle and looked at the dark-colored liquid. She had watched Jane measure her medicine many a time. Once when she had gotten a drop too many, she had poured it all back and wiped the spoon before beginning the dropping over again. She wondered if she could take too much. She seemed to remember having read or heard that too much of any medicine defeated one's purpose. She pondered.

She tilted the medicine to her lips, and her weak hand lost its grip as Jane stirred. The bottle went clattering to the floor, and Jane, with the instant action of a trained nurse, was on her feet her alert glance taking in the dark liquid trailing over the rug, and her mother's distressed and fearful look.

"Mother!" she cried. "What are you doing?" She picked up the bottle, and with it in her hand stood over the bed. "Tell me, have you taken any?"

The mother whimpered, shaking her gray head. Jane was unconvinced. She scrutinized the contents, then leaned over and sniffed at the sick woman's breath.

"It's a good thing that you didn't take any," said Jane, in a relieved tone. "I'll give you a dose if the pain is so bad." "No—no," gasped the mother. "Oh, Jane, I want you to be happy with George."

Jane stared at her mother. Slowly her face changed. She set the bottle down hardly, and fell upon her knees at the bedside.

"Mother! Mother!" she gasped. "Do you think I could ever be happy a minute if you—you—oh, how could you? Poor, poor mother!"

Overstrained, Jane put her head down on the pillow and burst into tears, the first her mother had seen her shed for years. It frightened her. Jane the contained, the self-reliant, to weep like this. She patted the arm outstretched along the counterpane.

"There—there," she crooned.

Jane raised her head.
"Did you hear—us?" she asked, and added, before her mother could speak, "of course you did. How thoughtless—how careless of me. Oh, Mother, forgive me."

"I'm such a burden," sobbed the mother.

"Hush," interrupted Jane. "Don't say such a thing; don't think it; I can't bear

it." After a moment she wiped her eyes and stood up.

"Now, Mother," she said, more quietly, "you must rest. So much excitement is bad." She picked up the bottle and held it to the light.

"Shall I give you some, dear?" she asked smoothing back the ruffled hair, "or can you sleep without it?"

The mother gave a tremulous smile. "I can sleep," she said hesitatingly, "if you'll tell George to-morrow that he can help you, Jane. He's so—strong."

With a swift girl-like motion Jane bent and kissed her.

"You'll not think I care any less for you, Mother, dear?" she whispered.

Western Verse

THE DAY'S WORK

By Grace G. Bostwick

It is a trail on which I upward climb
Without a fear, though dark the way
may prove,
Assured of light as to the plan sublime
When I shall reach the utmost height
of love

It is a sacred cup of which I drink,
Thankful of heart that God has brewed
it so—
Mixed sweet with bitter wine—I do not
shrink,

For that the draught is good I surely
know.
It is a song of love. Each word a prayer
Each note a bit of praise that lifts the
hour

To melody of dreams. Its rhythm rare
Throbs softly in the pulse of life's own
power.
It is a trail that leads to home and peace;
It is a cup that draws each soul to soul;
It is a song of love that brings surcease
Of sorrows as, inspired, I glimpse life's
goal!

LITTLE WOODEN CROSSES

By A.O.B.

There are little plots and patches in a land
of blight and flame,
Where the world's free sunlight turns
to sombre gray;

But brightly they are shining, how proudly
they proclaim—
"We are part of dear old Canada today."

And the tiny wooden crosses call aloud
the reason why,
As they guard each little heritage the
while:

"We called him to the sacrifice: Oh! God,
the price was high!
"But he bravely came and paid it—with
a smile!"

"He shirked not on his acres in a peaceful
land and fair,
"He saw the duty, none but he could do,
"He realized our tragedy, but he was
blithe to dare,

"For his home, his name, his Canada,
and you!"

"But he's calling, ever pleading to the ones
he left at home:
"Is my sacrifice to be at last in vain?
"Won't you vindicate me, comrades, see
that justice now is done?"

"Help the right to lift her head and
reign again?"

"From the spirit world we're watching,
we begrudge you not your joy,
"When the glad New Year shall flood
the world with Peace,"

"But remember. Oh! remember, what
the war has cost your boy,
"When you sign the pact that bids the
horror cease."

"His little bit of Canada we'll guard thro'
future years,
"No foreign foot shall desecrate his
claim;

"Oh! so proudly now he holds it, his glor-
ious title clears
"The mists that rise, as you may trace
his name."

Oh! those little wooden crosses and the
kingdoms that they guard,
Those priceless little plots of hallowed
clay,

Can we shirk their silent pleading, their
mandate disregard,
When we realize the price they had to pay
For when the call shall come for us to cross
the Great Divide,
And we're summoned to the realm be-
yond the veil,
When we stand in grand review before our
brothers who have died,
Will they greet us, knowing that we
did not fail?