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RHEUMATISM CONQUERED

I say that I can conquer rheumatism with a simple home treatment, without electrical treatment, stringent diet, weakening baths or in fact any other of the usual treatments recommended for the cure of rheumatism.

Don't shut your eyes and say "impossible." But put me to the test.



You may have tried everything you ever heard of and have spent your money right and left. I say "well and good; let me prove my claims without expense to you."

Let me send you without charge, a trial treatment of DELANO'S RHEUMATIC CONQUEROR. I am willing to take the chance and surely the test will tell.

So send me your name and the test treatment will be sent you at once. When I send you this, I will write you more fully, and will show you that my treatment is not only for banishing rheumatism, but should also cleanse the system of Uric Acid and give great benefit in kidney trouble and help the general health.

This special offer will not be held open indefinitely. It will be necessary for you to make your application quickly. As soon as this discovery becomes better known, I shall cease sending free treatments and shall then charge the price for this discovery which will be in proportion to its great value. So take advantage of this offer before it is too late. Remember the test costs you absolutely nothing. F. H. Delano, 328-S Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

NOTE—Orders for Delano's Rheumatic Conqueror will be filled from their Canadian Laboratories without duty.

They Know Not From Whence They Came

Not one of these small children has now father, mother or home. They are but a handful of the war orphans of Belgium. The eldest is eight and the others are six and under. Only two can tell whence they came and to whom they belonged, the others, should you ask them where their father and mother are or where their home was, would only shake their heads and remain mute. All remembrance of

Belgium cannot help them, no one there has any money and still less have they food. You who tuck children into their beds at night, think of these Belgian orphans with no home, no parents, no relatives and no future. Help the Belgian Relief Fund in caring for them by sending your contribution to your local relief committee or direct to the Central Committee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



the past has gone and perhaps it is as well. But the other two, the girl of eight and the boy of six have told officials of the Belgian Relief Commission who are now caring for them in a small village in the safety zone behind the Allied lines, of what happened when the Boche came. They are simple childish narratives, the full comprehension of which happily they do not understand.

In the little hamlet in which Marie Campagne lived in northern Belgium there is to-day but a heap of ashes to mark the spot. The Boche came one day and after months of near starvation, all the food of the village was taken to feed the German soldiers, the Boche left but before going he burned all the houses and "killed a lot of people," so Marie Campagne says in her own words. Marie was at the other end of the village one day when she saw the houses on fire and she ran home. Outside in the roadway was her baby brother—dead, and just inside the front door was her mother also dead. She was left alone in the big world for her father had only a year before been killed at the front. Marie was much too frightened to cry. Other people were running away from the village so Marie ran too and many long days, she with the others, wandered about the roads, and some of the other people who had managed to save a few crusts of bread shared their store with her. Then one day they reached a village in which were strange soldiers who, when they spoke to her and the older people, they could not understand. Then followed a long train journey and Marie with a lot of other children were taken away and given food to eat and a little white cot to sleep in. And now, although alone, she is happy in her new home.

The little fellow of six, Rene Dubuc, is his name, has a much simpler story to tell. One day "mother went out and didn't come back." Shells were bursting in the village and Rene who had been left in the cellar, stayed there and after long, long hours was rescued by soldiers "not Boches" and taken to a "big school" where he is now happy and well fed. Rene's father too, he will say "was killed" but where he does not know.

These little war orphans of Belgium who can never now know the fond care of a mother or the happiness of home are being cared for by nurses and soldiers and are under the direct patronage of the Belgian Relief Commission. There are thousands like them, little mites who have been rescued from death or starvation by the merest slip of the hand of fate which has laid waste to Belgium these past four years.

These children are now public charges

The Fifth

By Nancy Avery

There they sat, a patient little group, as the doctor came into his office from his round of evening calls. He knew their probable errand and sighed the while he spoke cheerily to them and called each by name.

"And now what's the matter, John?" he asked kindly, after the mother and father with the two youngest babies had followed him into the inner office.

"The same old story," the man answered shamefacedly. "Mary just feels as though she can't go through it again. Here's the baby only a year old and Robbie just two, not strong a bit and hanging to her skirts all day. And Lillie and Carl out there in the office, too small yet to help themselves much. You see how it is, Doc—can't you help us out some way? I know it ain't right—it's a shame to bother you like this—but we just don't know what to do—"

"That will do, John," said the doctor, "I know how it is. I—know how it is." He leaned back in his chair and rubbed his hand across his eyes. He was desperately tired. The night before he had been up all night on an emergency case. There had been no chance for rest all day. His weary brain and body called for sleep—and yet—here were folks in trouble. "His folks," he called his patients lovingly.

Every one of those little tow heads he had helped into the world. Four times he had coaxed and conjured back to life and to her babies that patient little mother who sat crying softly drying her eyes with the hem of the white dress of the baby in her arms, and he had been repaid a thousandfold by seeing her devotion to her family. And here they were in trouble again, and had come to him for help—and he couldn't help them. He couldn't—that was all.

He leaned forward suddenly and picking up the fretful two-year-old, held it tenderly in his arms.

"I guess I'll have to tell you a story," he said, huskily. "Some forty years ago in the barren hills of an Eastern state, on a little stony farm there lived a man and woman situated in circumstances just about like you, John, and your wife here. And times were hard, and money scarce and the babies kept coming just the same, until soon there were four. And pretty soon there was to be another and the mother rebelled and cried about it and the father became almost discouraged. But they struggled on and the baby in due time came into the world. It was always

a struggle for life on that little farm, but it was an honest struggle and the children grew straight and strong and robust though they lived mostly on beans and potatoes.

"Well, the years rolled on as they do and the little brood went out into the world and—won their way. One holds a position of trust in an Eastern city—a man with high ideals and a mighty influence for right. Another, a daughter, gave her life on the foreign field to help her heathen sisters; one is a minister and thousands have felt his touch upon their lives, and one is the mother of a beautiful family of children. The fifth, the one that wasn't wanted—is I."

The doctor paused a moment and brushed his hand across his eyes. "I may not fill as big a place in the world as the rest," he said softly, "but every day I do my best. My dear old mother lives with me, and every day she tells me she thanks God for giving me to her and prays to be forgiven for those rebellious thoughts of her hard and struggling youth."

"John," the doctor put new life and vigor into his voice, "brace up, my lad. Little woman, take courage and bear your burden with a smile and a song. Who knows but what the fifth will be your heart's desire, your stay and help sometime, your comfort when you need it most?"

The little wife dried her eyes and pressed the sleeping baby close to her breast. The husband straightened his stooping shoulders and put his arm around her awkwardly but lovingly.

"Thank you, Doc," he said huskily. "We'll get along some way, won't we, Mary? And we'll live to be proud of every one of 'em, God bless 'em."

The Human Touch

"When did your reformation begin?" a gentleman asked a Christian man who had formerly been a great criminal. "With my talk with the Earl" (Shaftesbury, noted for his devotion to discharged criminals). "What did the Earl say?" "It was not so much anything he said, but he took my hand in his and said, 'Jack, you'll be a man yet.' It was the touch of his hand electrified by his love."

A gentleman visiting a glass manufactory saw a man moulding clay into the great pots which later were to be used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the moulding was done by hand, he said to the workman: "Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?" The artisan replied: "There is no tool can do this kind of work. We have tried a number of tools, but somehow it needs the human touch."

And it is true of other things besides glass that they need the human touch.

Help Your Brother

By Fred Scott Shepard

Help your brother when you can, For he is your fellow-man; You are members of one clan— Help your brother!

Is he weak—beside him stand, When he needs a helping hand; Fail him not when there's demand— Help your brother!

Are you favored more than he? This should added reason be For your aid—Give heartily— Help your brother!

Give him money, time or cheer— That's perhaps why we are here: Thus may we afar, anear Help our brother!

The Sowers

Moist earth, and sunlit skies, and spring!

And a glad sower went one day Forward and back across the land, And good seed cast away.

The furrows buried it from sight, The harrowed field lay brown and bare; But the wise sower knew that time Would bring a harvest there.

Soft grass, and smiling skies, and spring! And sad hearts slowly went their way Unto a field with terraced slopes.

Their dear love there to lay, The brown earth covered it from sight— The precious seed so sweet, so fair— But, some time, some time, the dear God Will reap His harvest there.

—Emma A. Lenten.

that thrills have most known lines

"Mid pleasures may roam

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