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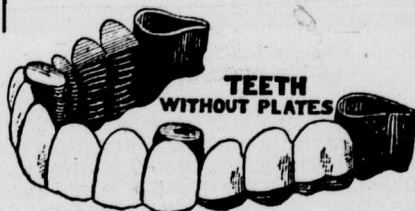
I do all this for YOU!

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Oxygenated Gas for painless operations. Easy, sweet and harmless as the sleep of nature. Somnoform Anesthesia, quick and pleasant.

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Crown and Bridgework

New System Bridgework

I have many imitators in Painless Dentistry, but my work is as different from their's as day is from night. Don't you ever spend one cent in dental work until you come and let me examine your teeth and let me show you my Alveolar Bridgework. The great object in getting dental work done is to have it done as painless as possible and at the same time get high-grade work. I have 20,000 unsolicited testimonials from ministers, lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, in fact, people in every walk of life.

150,000

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The Oldest Established Dental Concern in Western Canada. The finest Electrically Equipped Dental Office on the North American Continent.

Dr. Robinson

Dental Specialist

Over Henry Birks and Sons

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machines when the ready-to-wear are so nice and cheap!"

For a while the traditional way of achieving clothes holds its own with mother. The feeling that she may be shirking, betraying somebody or something, the past maybe, delays her order. But finally it goes forth—for some overalls for the boys, some frocks for the girls. After that it seems foolish to make things at home that cost more and don't "set" so well.

Still the children grow. Presently they are graduated from high school and turning their eager young faces collegeward. Home has become for them a place to come back to. The active business of their lives is going forward elsewhere. At home they begin to talk of "saving mother." And mother, fairly stewing with energy that has been massing on itself for these last ten years, listens dubiously. Mother has made a discovery—those busy first years were splendid years, splendid because busy. These empty years that stretch away with no business in them frighten her. She holds on to the children with passionate attachment. People remark anew her devotion to the children. Within herself she admits the selfishness of that devotion. Dispossessed from the old natural channels of maternal activity, she tries to prolong maternity artificially. She clings to her girls and boys leech-wise. She gets in their way. Thru their final protestations she can feel their helpless sense of her insufficiency for their happiness. Prolonging maternity artificially is, she finds, as bad for grown children as golden curls are for an eight-year-old boy, or as knickerbockers are for one twice that age. Her surer ministry asserts itself. Resolution stays her clinging hands. "Why don't you go on and marry, you youngsters?" she begins to ask. "You mustn't wait too long." And the youngsters, shaky with relief and gladness, take her at her word.

Now, asks the woman of forty-five, what is mother to do? Her case has, you see, become my case. We are but one and the same woman at two distinct periods of growth and circumstances. Preach and pow-wow all you please about motherhood as a "career," confuse function with vocation as long as you like, the fact remains that motherhood has not been enough to fill mother's life. Even though it be enough. Here is mother, thru with the activity of motherhood, her faculties intact, her whole being, experience-enriched, clamorous for further activity. And we ask her to take herself as an invalid! We remind her that she is shelved in so far as any actual need of her is defined in either the social or the domestic economy! We say, Take your knitting and go sit in the chimney-corner. You are thru with life, and life thru with you. Make room for youth and beauty. Your place is needed for the next generation.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century this insistence was too much for women. Even before they reached forty-five they gave up, put on black lace caps and the distressed smile of an inactive liver, and docilely fled into the chimney-corner—and knitted. But it was not too much for many women of the last half of that same century. And it promises not to be too much for any woman of the twentieth century—though it must be admitted that the exigencies of the situation remain a sharp test of mettle. For one thing, even twentieth-century woman has still to pry her own mind open to the evidence that the physiological crisis confronting her may be of relatively little importance, because of its easy mastery by right ways of living and thinking and hoping. For another thing, she must nearly always accommodate herself to wrenches in personal and home ties at the same critical time; the children will marry, John may die, the home may go to pieces. Moreover, she has to make acquaintance with herself all over again; she has to identify her new powers. And, lastly, and very importantly, she has to find the exact point of application at which to relate these powers to life in a practical and satisfying way.

The Country Homemakers

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argued with me until I got afraid to listen and covered my ears with my hands, and laughed in place of crying, as I wanted to do. So at last she left without me. I think that was the greatest trial I have ever gone thru. But by doing this I gained the good word of one whose approval I very much prized, and I felt a sort of satisfaction to think that I had acted on the square of my own accord, and would not feel afraid to tell father how I had spent the evening.

And we did have a most pleasant evening, for one of the boys made taffy, and we helped to pull it, then we sat around the fire and played quiet games, and read stories aloud to each other.

But I can sympathize with "Truth" and I may say that, very likely, I would have given in and gone to the dance if I had not had a friend who, without saying very much, influenced me in the right way.

As to cards, they are hardly a temptation to me as I care so little for them, and would always rather watch a game than take part, although I have played.

But I want "Truth" to know I am passing thru the same struggle as she is, and that I can understand, and know just how hard it is to play square, but since the last fight, which with the help of my friend, I won, it has never been so hard to say no, tho I have had a good many temptations.

As a last word, I will say we are doing our best to start a literary society, and we have strong hopes of success. Why doesn't "Truth" try to start one in her own neighborhood?

Wishing every success to the homemakers,

VIRGINIA.

NOTE.—Ten days to two weeks must be allowed for forwarding patterns.

