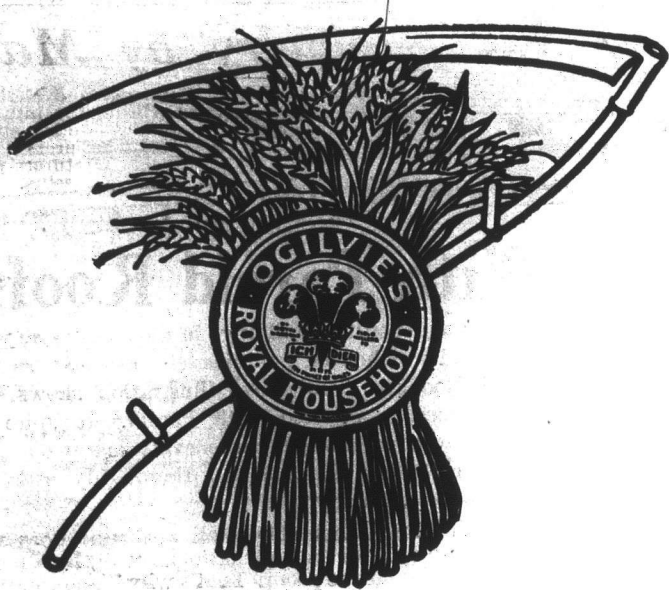




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In Lighter vein.

A Christmas Warning.

Dey say de beas'es knows de signs—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
'Ca'se fros' is on de punkin vines,
An' yaller is de papaw rin's,
An' dat mean Chris'mus come, I fin's—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

You'd bettah sleep wid one eye shet—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' leab one yeah to heah wid yet,
Or you'll be yanked off fer a pet.
Now min' you, chicken, don't forget—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

'Ca'se Chris'mus is a-comin' roun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' sperits—Lawd! you jes be boun'
Dey'll be a-snoopin on de groun'
To ketch whatever kin be foun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Mah mouf's a-wat'r'in' whe'r or not—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' when you's b'liin' in de pot,
Don't tell me dat you's mighty hot.
An' dat mah 'vice you cl'ar furgot—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Bostonesque.

"Did Santa Claus bring you every-thing you wanted, Johnnie?"

"I assure you, madame," replied John Beaconsfield Hill, etat 8, of Back Bay, Boston, "that I expressed no wish as to what the mythical personage, Santa Claus, should deposit in my hosiery, because of the fact that I am quite well aware without any equivocation that Santa Claus exists only in the imaginations of the mentally deformed, and the idea of suspending any article of my wearing apparel for the purpose of having it used as a receptacle for tokens of affection is repugnant to one who is deeply interested in the study of disease forms and microbes, to say nothing of—"

But the inquirer had fainted away.

The Pastor's Christmas.

The Reverend Wetherby Ponsonby Gunbusta was liked and loved by his entire congregational flock.

When he complained of feeling out of sorts, no matter how infinitesimal the ailment, they pestered him with suggestions and medicines, both home-made and patent.

Whenever his birthday came around they unloosed their purse-strings and smothered him with fancy pillows, bizarre doyleys and other zigzaggy embroidery.

And now Christmas had come and gone, and the Gunbusta parsonage was stacked with a myriad gifts, as if it was a store house belonging to Santa Claus himself.

But, although these things designated the appreciation of his followers, he was worried.

"Can the world be going wrong," he soliloquized, viewing the heterogeneous mass. "Here I have received just three hundred and eighty-four gifts and a dog, and not one—no, I am dreaming. I am dreaming, I am dreaming."

And he threw himself upon his reclining-chair and closed his eyes to things from him. Then he opened his eyes again; but lo! the same sight confronted him. His eyes were not deceiving him. It was the truth, the very truth.

A Young Diplomat.

"Say, ma," said Willie, "aren't we going to have a Christmas tree this year?"

"No, Willie," answered the mother. "I haven't time to attend to it this year, and your father is so busy that he will not have time to fix it up, either."

Willie was silent for some time. Then he went over and sat on a footstool beside his mother, who was doing some fancy needlework.

"Say, ma," said Willie, meekly, after a long pause. Seeing that her son was not inclined to finish the sentence, she said, kindly:

"Well, Willie?"

He rested his elbow on her lap and, leaning his head on his hand, watched her fingers working dexterously for a few seconds. Then he continued, slowly:

"Say, ma, you told me I mustn't fight, didn't you?"

"I certainly did, Willie."

"Well, say, ma, you know Willie Smith, what lives across the street?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was talking with him yesterday, and he said his mother was nicer'n mine, and I sed't she wasn't, and then we got to fightin', an', say, ma, you won't be mad if I licked him, will you? An' I told him't my mother was the nicest looking lady in the street, an' don't you forget it, an' I said't my mother wasn't old and wrinkled like his mother was, an' he said't his mother was more generous'n mine, an't she was going to fix him up a nice Christmas tree, an' then I couldn't help it, ma, and I licked him some more, an' just then a big policeman came along an' said't he'd run us both in if we didn't stop fightin', an'—"

But his mother had risen from her chair by this time. She called the girl and told her to go to the grocery store and order a nice Christmas tree—the nicest one they had.

Delicate Question of Service.

"Bah Jove, old fel, I was wanting to see you, you know. I had just had my man call you up at your apartments, but got no answer. Not home, I suppose?" "Oh, yes, deah boy. But, you know, my man doesn't like to answer the phone when I am theah myself. He says it puts him too much in the light of a serving man, don't cher know, and, of course, I could not think of doing it myself when he's theah, old, fel," replied Spendrite.

Took No Hint.

"Do you believe history repeats itself?" asked the anxious waiter.

"I certainly do," replied the patron, rising from the table, after his meal.

"Well, a gentleman who was here yesterday gave me a 25-cent tip," said the waiter.

"Oh, well," said the patron, buttoning up his coat to leave: "perhaps he will be in again today."

A One-Sided Conversation.

The late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, was a fine conversationalist, and always enjoyed talking. He was asked to address a meeting in one of the small cities of Massachusetts one evening, and went by train. The cars were quite well filled when he got in; so he asked a gentleman if the vacant seat beside him was engaged, and, receiving a negative nod in answer, sat down.

Immediately a conversation started, and was carried on until the city was reached, where both men alighted. Before they left the train they exchanged cards, and shook hands cordially when they separated on the station platform.

Governor Russell arose to address the meeting and commenced by making flattering remarks on the city and people, and said: "I met one of your citizens on the train coming here to-night, and we had a most enjoyable conversation; in fact, I don't know when I have had such a delightful talk as I had with him. By the way, he gave me his card," taking it from his pocket and reading the name on it.

At this the audience was convulsed with laughter. The governor was somewhat taken aback, and failed to see the point, and so asked a friend about it after the lecture was over. The friend said, "Why that man is deaf and dumb."