

The Western Home Monthly at Home and at Play.

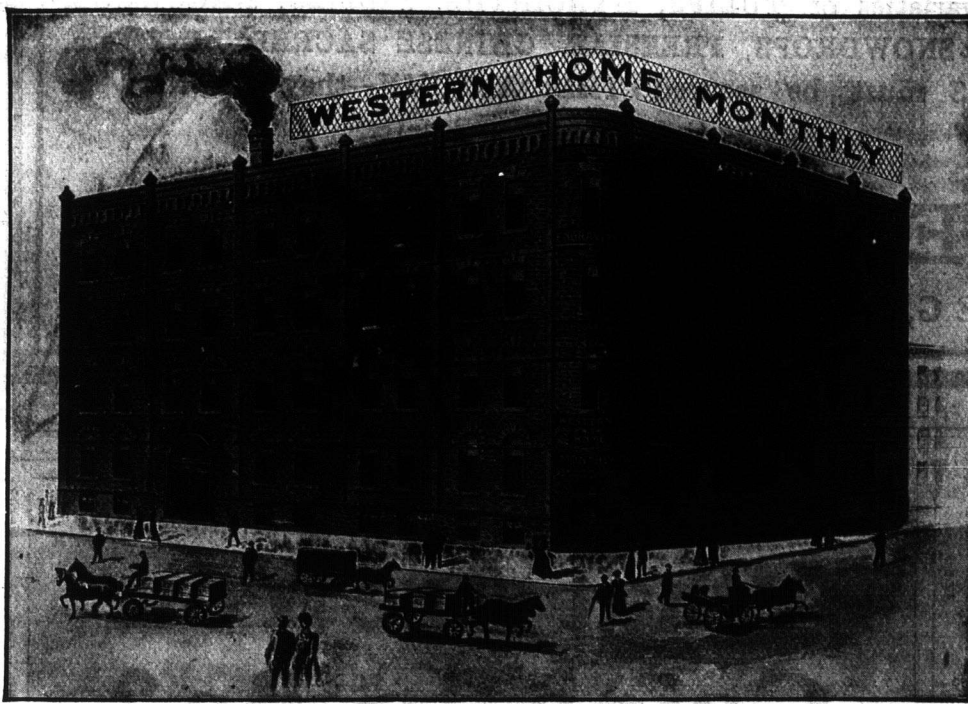
Following the illustration in our August issue of the new printing press installed for the Western Home Monthly, we present this month a small picture of the home of the Magazine, wherein is operated all the branches of the arts that are required in the production of a large illustrated publication. The building itself occupies an entire block on McDermot Ave., right in the heart of Commercial Winnipeg, extending from Arthur to King, having a depth of 100 feet on these streets. A solid brick construction, modern throughout, it compares most favorably with any printing establishment in the Dominion, and it is generally conceded that it contains the largest general engraving, lithographing, and printing plant in Canada. Indeed, the publishers of the Western Home Monthly were the

enabled to do this by the co-operation of our subscribers in constantly sending additional names for our subscription list. We ask for a continuation of their efforts, assuring them that we will strive hard to do our part creditably.

The Western Home Monthly is a Western magazine for Western people, and we are ambitious enough to expect that it will go on widening its sphere until it wends its way into every Western rural home.

Stovel Company Employees' Sixth Annual Picnic.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So runs the ancient adage, and it is apparently a cherished motto in the hearts of the Stovel Company employees, judging by the large number



pioneers in modern printing in the West. They have kept abreast of the age, and whatever has proved its worth in the printing world can be found under their roof. The foundations of the business were laid some twenty-one years ago—a space of 15 x 50 feet serving the purpose of that day. Close and studied attention to the small orders of that period, and unvarying adherence to sound business principles transformed the small print shop with its primitive appointments into the great establishment of the present, where 200 people are busily occupied keeping pace with the days' requirements.

In the process of production twelve different departments give their attention to the Western Home Monthly—and we would like our readers to realize that we are leaving nothing undone to better the magazine. We are only

who took advantage of the trip to Winnipeg Beach on Saturday, August 6th. Punctually on time the huge steel leviathan, with a "caudal appendage" of no fewer than seventeen coaches steamed slowly out of the C. P. R. station with its holiday-bound human freight. A casual glance made it evident that practically every member of the huge staff was present. Neither did any come unaccompanied. The youthful members were there, whispering empty nothings into the ears of their best girls (or, perchance, somebody else's), while those who had cast aside the shackles of bachelorhood were seen happy in the society of their wives and children. For just one brief but happy day business was forgotten, and all were beset with the same purpose, of having a good time and enjoying themselves thoroughly. The committee in charge of

the picnic began their good work early, as shortly after the start boxes of most appetising chocolates were distributed amongst the ladies, who, unable to withstand their wiles, promptly began an impromptu repast, in which they were kindly assisted by their escorts. The Beach was reached about eleven o'clock, and leaving the men to start their day's amusement with baseball, the ladies betook themselves to the numerous picnic tables beneath the trees and began to get ready the midday meal. The lake air generates a keen appetite, and in anticipation of this, the majority of the hampers were of amazing proportions. With true Western hospitality, many had realized that there might be a few "lonesome ones," and ample provisions were made for such.

Half-past twelve saw the happy family seated around bountiful tables, and in a marvellously short space of time ceased to groan from their load of dainties. Then there was the usual little "housework" to do, and while the ladies cleared the tables, the sterner sex lit their cigars so that the clouds of smoke would keep the flies from annoying their wives and sweethearts. The kiddies had already scampered away to the sands, where there was much rivalry among them as to which one could succeed in getting its clothes into the biggest mess in the shortest time. After a short shower, Old Sol made a welcome re-appearance, and the warm rays tempted many to indulge in a dip in the lake. Owing to the choppy water, no row boats were called into requisition during the day, and even the regular campers, after a few ineffectual attempts, decided to remain on terra firma. At one o'clock all the excursionists assembled in front of the pavilion, where an obliging photographer was awaiting them. The sports commenced shortly afterwards, and all the events were most keenly contested. Some of the races were exclusively for the little ones, so that all had an equal chance of becoming the proud owners of prizes. Jupiter Pluvius very considerably withheld his watering can while the "track" events were being pulled off, and then a sharp shower caused a general stampede for shelter. The nail driving competition for ladies and the millinery competition for gentlemen caused much amusement, some of the "Paris creations" achieved by the gentry being marvellous efforts. Next in order came the aquatic events and the greasy pole, and then, the official programme being concluded, the excursionists were left to provide their own amusement, which did not seem to cause them much difficulty. Right up to nine o'clock in the evening the sounds of innocent revelry were heard on all sides, and it was a tired but happy crowd which eventually bade a reluctant adieu to the scenes of their day's enjoyments. The members of the firm were all present, and heartily entered into the spirit of the day. To them and the committee in charge are due the thanks of all for a day which will long be remembered for its delightful associations. May we all meet again in 1911.

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