

## Seeds Trees Shrubs House Plants

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Our Reliable Lawn Grass Seed, Clovers, Alfalfa, and all other grasses are the purest stocks obtainable.

We have the largest and best stocked Nurseries and Greenhouses in the West. Our Nurseries have never been better stocked than they are this season. They contain all the hardy varieties of Trees and Shrubs.

We have growing in our Nursery and can offer for sale

Maples	-	255,000
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Willows	-	200,000
Caragana	-	250,000

**XMAS DECORATIONS.**—Holly, Mistletoe, Xmas Trees, Cut Flowers, Palms, Ferns and Flowering Plants in season.

**Write for our special Xmas price list**

**Ours is the Oldest Horticultural Establishment in Western Canada. Est. 1883**

**The Patmore Nursery Company**  
**SASKATOON, Sask. BRANDON, Man.**

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**When the Music Says "B," Just Strike the Key Marked "B." You Can't Go Wrong!**

**Note how simple this is compared to complicated old-style music where a beginner couldn't even find the right key.**

**shows you where to put the fingers of both hands on the right keys every time.**

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**Piano Playing Made Easy as A-B-C**

**By This New "Easy Form Method" that Enables a Child or Beginner to Play Well in One Evening**

**No more mysterious, difficult notes to learn before you can play the piano or organ. No more spending of years in study and practice. Why? Because music has now been simplified so that anybody who can read printed letters—A-B-C-D-E-F-G—can read the new "Easy Form" music at a glance, and the key-board guide which is placed in back of the key-board**

**FREE Trial Coupon** **EASY METHOD MUSIC COMPANY**

Please send the "Easy Form Music Method" and 100 pieces of music for 7-day free trial as per terms of this advertisement.

Number of keys on piano or organ.....Do you play old-style note music?.....

Name.....Address.....

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

## And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

A Christmas Eve and a New Year's Day

By W. R. Gilbert

**F**OR the past two or three years Dr. Kenelm Lennard had been going rapidly down hill. It seemed as if nothing could stop him. He had exhausted his patients and his friends alike. Excepting his little daughter, Enid, only his wife remained to him in his moral wreckage, and she had suffered all, endured all, and forgiven all to no purpose.

"Just a 'tittle,' Enid confessed, candidly. "Oo see, mummy, there is almost nossing left of her 'cept her legs. I 'spect Santa Claus will bring me a C'is'mas box one before I wake up again, eh, mummy?"

For answer Miriam lifted Enid on her lap and folded her arms about the child's neck. "Mummy," pleaded the child, when she presently looked up again,

## A Christmas Wish for the West

By the Hon. Sir GEORGE E. FOSTER, Minister of Trade and Commerce

Ottawa, Nov. 19th, 1914.

Editor of The Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir:—I have received the October number of The Western Home Monthly, and congratulate you, not only on its magnificent appearance, but on the interesting and high-class reading matter which it contains. I can quite understand how welcome a visitor such a paper is in thousands of families throughout the land.

If any word of mine would serve to further commend your publication or increase its circulation I am very glad to add it, and at the same time to wish the pioneer dwellers in the West, who are so bravely meeting the demands of new development in pioneer conditions, and who are succeeding, and who are on the whole so desirable, A Merry Christmas.

The older parts of our country have almost passed out from the memory of our own pioneer times. As newcomers, filled with the same hope and indomitable spirit, they opened up with infinite toil and endeavor what are now our well cultivated and well settled areas. We owe them a great debt for what they have done and suffered in these pioneer efforts, and in after years the teeming population of the West will be under equal obligations, and I hope, will give equal recognition to the self-sacrificing efforts of the settlers in the West during the closing years of the nineteenth, and opening years of the twentieth, century.

To all I say A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year, sobered as it must inevitably be by the grave conditions which face the Empire at the present time, and which all parts of the Empire are meeting with wonderful unanimity and loyalty.

*George E. Foster*

Miriam Lennard had been a beautiful woman at one time. Now the wreck of her beauty was vivid to her every time she looked in the mirror. She had often asked herself why she had suffered her husband for so long. Not once, but a hundred times she had thought of leaving him.

This Christmas Eve about eleven o'clock Miriam was in the front room of their little house in Kestrell Grove, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her head bent down. What would be the end?

Her thoughts crowded on her so fast that she had almost forgotten Enid, who was playing with a broken doll. Presently the child came toddling round the table and peered into her mother's face.

"Mummy! Mummy!" she cried. Enid's voice startled Miriam from her bitter dreaming. "Yes, dear, yes!" she answered, holding the child's face in her hands and making an effort to smile. "I thought you were playing with your dolly. You are not tired of her, are

"don't cry. I 'spect daddy will soon be home now."

"Yes, he will soon be home now, dearie," Miriam repeated slowly as she hid her face in the gold curls of the little head she had drawn to her bosom again.

"You shall go to bed now dearie," said Miriam at last, "and mother will sit beside you till the sleep fairies come, shall she?"

"And you won't cry, mummy, will you?"

There was that in the child's accents which made this a pleading as well as a question. "No dearie, I—but let us go," Miriam faltered and together, hand in hand, she and Enid went upstairs.

Afterwards, in the quiet of the sitting room, Miriam counted the minutes of her lonely vigil. Christmas eve had now passed into Christmas morning. Until half an hour ago she had heard the shouts of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" in the street outside. They had been the greetings of passers-by, or of people gossiping round their doors. When these shouts had died away it seemed to her that for a while she