

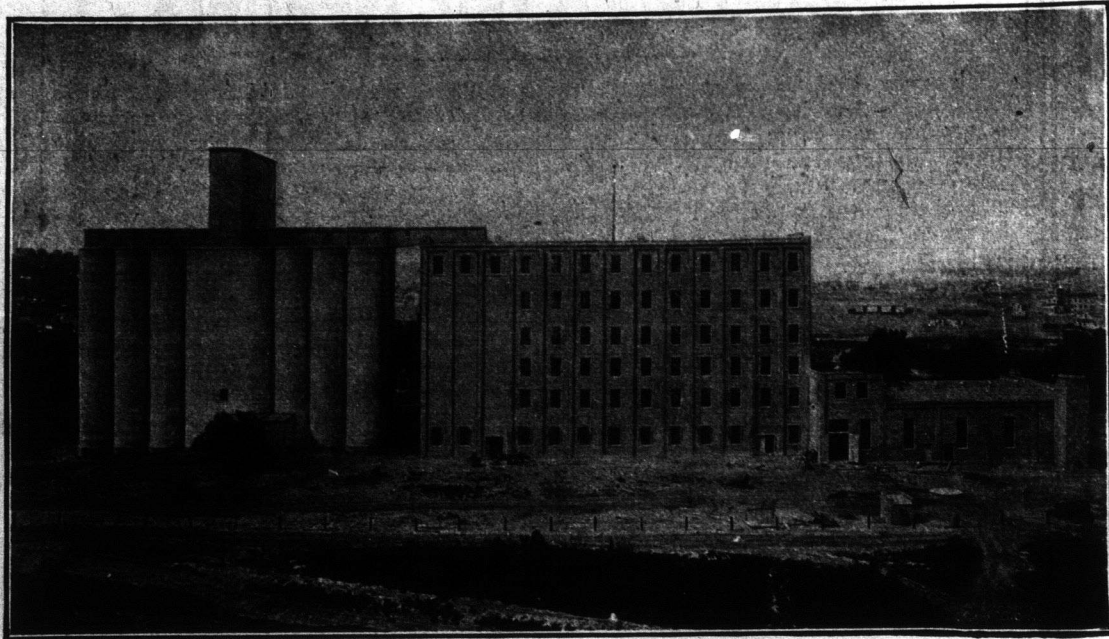
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THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
MEDICINE HAT WINNIPEG FORT WILLIAM MONTREAL

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been generous in this regard but this year we believe we have surpassed ourselves and we are genuinely proud of our premiums. Surely no other publication in Canada can approach us in this respect. Some of these premiums will be found advertised in this issue while particulars of others may be obtained from us. Just spend a few minutes inducing your friends to subscribe and we believe that you will be more than satisfied with your treatment.

Space does not permit us to eulogize individually each particular premium but we really must say something about our combination tea and dinner set. Just turn to the illustration and when you have admired it, note the extremely easy conditions under which it can be obtained. Since the offer was first advertised in our November issue, we have received orders every day and a very large percentage of subscribers have been kind enough to write and express their appreciation and astonishment at the gift. There is no time like the present for starting to obtain those seven subscriptions.

A magazine of the importance of the Western Home Monthly does not confine its popularity exclusively to the country of its origin. The Western Home Monthly is a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific but it also enjoys a large measure of popularity in other countries—particularly in Great Britain and the United States.

Read what a prominent foreign publishing house has to say about us, the excerpt appears elsewhere in this issue. Much as we are proud of our popularity abroad, we aspire to further honors at home and are ever striving to cope with the wants of and be of assistance to the Western Canadian. We all know of the old adage, "A prophet has no honor in his own country," but we believe we are the exception to the rule and judging by present indications, our readers are well satisfied with our efforts and there does not appear to be any likelihood of our having to give way to ululations.

Romance and Rectitude

Romance, like pleasure, is not to be gained by seeking; its essence is that it is a by-product of the pursuit of other aims. Go out to seek for pleasure with no other object, and you will find an aching weariness, if not a harvest of bitter memories. Seeking but the things of time and sense, you will find the scriptural promise reversed with woeful effect: "Knock and it shall not be opened to you; seek and ye shall not find." But set yourself a definite aim in life, something that is not being done by your fellows but that you believe should be done, and strive with all the power of your soul to do that thing. It may be that you will not win success, it may be that you will not find pleasure as your fellow-men count pleasure, but I can promise you that you will find the true Romance. For example, if you were a Member of Parliament (which I hope you are not) the path to Romance might seem to you to lay among the intrigues and jobberies of political life, in the scheming and chicanery, the place-hunting and influence-seeking which are sometimes associated with a parliamentarian's career. But that is the well-charted path of wrongdoing whose every stage has been travelled and mapped out over and over again. Romance will not meet you on that road, depend upon it; it is too well frequented. But if you choose the right-hand way, the path of rectitude, your journey may be short, surprisingly short and solitary, but it will be romantic. You can never know what will happen if you steer your boat out to meet the angry sea; you can be pretty certain what will ensue if you let her drift.

Similarly, if you have a besetting temptation, it is not at all romantic to give way to it. That is the easy way, the well-worn groove of old habit, and monotonous, as are all grooves. But to conquer that temptation, to get out of the crooked rut of evil habits on the straight path of rectitude, that is an adventure in itself. You will need to devise

all kinds of expedients and experiments; you will have thrills of hopes and fears and splendid successes that your old routine of vice could never give you. Moreover—though this is an advantage that hardly enters into our present consideration—you will be on the path that leads to enduring life. Drifting in matters of morality can lead only to shipwreck; steering may lead to the desired haven. "To be in Heaven," it has been said, "is to steer; to be in Hell is to drift." And the true Romance, with all the other verities of life, finds its consummation in the celestial, not in the infernal, regions.

Pinnacles and Spires

Decorations of character and conduct are desirable, if not absolutely necessary, in order to make our way in the world with some degree of happiness and success, and with helpfulness for others. They are indications and proofs of the working of character, principle and motive going on in the house of life. The house may be either large or small, of great or limited mental capacity, of wide or of narrow opportunities, of much or of little intellectual culture, of good social position, or only one of humble circumstances; but every house should be adorned with decorations which please the eye, win approval and admiration, and suggest profitable and ennobling thoughts.

The best ornaments are of the pinnacle and spire order, always pointing upwards and heavenwards, not made of fragile material, like the wreaths and the garlands and pinnacles of a bridecake, but of substantial stuff, as durable as the house of life itself.

The brusque and crotchety man despises decorations; the world must take him as it finds him, and it finds him an unmitigated bore; it tries to avoid him, but he has a way of turning up when least expected.

The vain and selfish woman sometimes carries adornments of the bridecake description, and her looks and words of

seeming kindness, sympathy and love are only efforts to minister to her vanity and self-seeking. Such specious kindness soon melts away and disappears. And some high-principled people show deficiency in decoration. They carry few or no ornaments to recommend their principles. Their ways of approaching and dealing with their fellow men are frigid, soulless, or objectionable in some other form. They take a superficial view of things and of men, and then solemnly pronounce opinions, which collapse, like mere air-bladders, with the prick of a pin of wisdom.

Consideration for others, especially those weaker than ourselves; an agreeable demeanour; mercy towards the erring; outspoken, genuine sympathy, so grateful to the wounded heart; the grace and charm of a real lady or gentleman; patience and long-suffering towards the ignorant and faulty; humility of the true ring, which betokens greatness of soul—these are some of the pinnacles and spires which make a house of life a House Beautiful, and help our fellow men and women in their toilsome journey towards heaven and God.

Madame Lili Lehmann, at the Savoy Hotel in New York, was visited by a magazine representative who wanted one of the ever-interesting articles on "How to Learn to Sing." She gave the interviewer a long and interesting talk in her pretty, broken German—after earnestly attempting to persuade her that an article on her favorite anti-vivisection cause would be far more to the point.

The interviewer wrote the article and took it once more to Madame Lehmann who carefully examined it and suggested some corrections. A second time the manuscript was returned to her, so that it might have not the slightest error. Next day, upon inquiry, it was found that Madame Lehmann had let the copy in the hotel office. It bore several careful additions and corrections, and a note was enclosed. The note said:

"The whole article is nonsense. No one can learn to sing."