

Special Introductory Offer For Thirty Days

On The McLean Piano

We will ship the McLean Piano on Approval

Write for Catalogue and Terms

The first large shipment of the new McLean Pianos has arrived. We are offering these at factory cost in order to install them in as many homes as possible at the start. This will prove a most effective advertisement as the McLean Piano is a high grade instrument, equal in every way to the best pianos manufactured in Canada. Manufacturing them ourselves we are able to sell them at \$400 in the regular way thereby making it possible for almost every family of average means to own a piano of the highest quality.

Description: New improved scale, full iron plate, double veneered in handsome figured walnut or mahogany, lined with bird's eye maple. Full length swinging music desk. Three pedals and practice stop, or mandolin attachment if preferred. Sustaining pedal, rolling fall, continuous hinges throughout, trichord over-strung scale, elastic repeating action. Ivory keys, polished sharps, $7\frac{1}{2}$ octaves, patent noiseless pedal action. Acoustic sounding board support, dimensions, height 4ft. 8in., width 5ft. 3in., depth 2ft. 3in.

As we did not have these pianos ready to offer to the readers of the Western Home Monthly in the November issue at the special rate we have decided to give them the benefit during December when the McLean Piano will be sold at

\$350 on Easy Terms

THE HOUSE OF McLEAN

The leading music house of the West extends to its many friends the best wishes of the season. Never before has this well known house been in a better condition to serve the best interests of the public. Besides the world famous piano of Ye Olde Firm of Heintzman & Co., we have the new McLean Piano, already assured of a bright future. Then we have several other well-known pianos, so that we can suit the taste and purse of every prospective customer. Every piano we sell carries our guarantee.

VIOLINS MAKE ACCEPTABLE GIFTS

We have a splendid line of violins from the best makers, also a good range of Guitars, Banjos, etc., at lowest prices. Every instrument is dependable. Following are a few articles taken at random from our Mail Order Department.

Best Violin Strings in the market at from 5c. to \$2.25 each.

Messner's famous line of Harmonicas 25c. to 50c.

Haners Harmonicas 10c. to \$3.50.

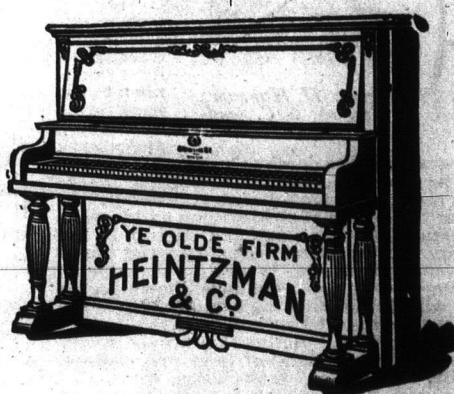
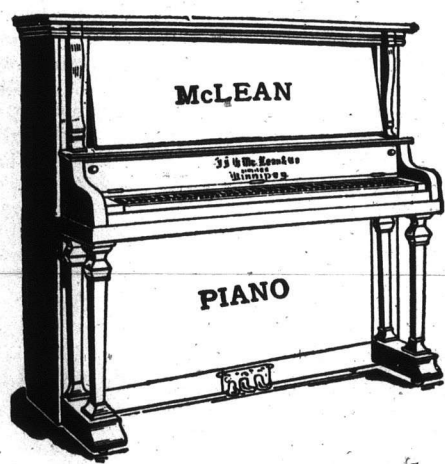
Gramophone needles, highest quality 300 for 25c. 1500 for \$1.00. Also the famous Petmecky needles—each one plays ten records, 100 for 25c.

Sewing machine needles of every make and description 35c. per doz. or 3 for 10c.

10c. SHEET MUSIC Write for our catalogue of sheet music—vocal and instrumental—over 1500 selections. These sell regularly at 25c. to 75c. per sheet. You can select any piece you like and it will be mailed to you on receipt of 10c. Catalogue free.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SECOND HAND ORGANS AND PIANOS. We have quite a number of second hand organs and pianos, some almost as good as new. These have been received in exchange for McLean and Heintzman & Co. pianos and will be sold at a fraction of what they are worth.

J. J. H. McLEAN & CO., Limited, Piano Saloon, Dept. W. 528 Main St., Winnipeg. Branches: Portage la Prairie, Brandon



to her, either, as any one who ever has had charge of a prize animal of any sort will readily understand.

"A year of this will kill me," he declared to a friend one evening.

"Why don't you send her to boarding-school?" asked the friend.

"Why didn't I ever think of that!" exclaimed Van. "The schools will be opening in a week or so, and I can leave her in one and skip back to the club."

So Julia went to boarding-school, which was really the best possible solution of the trouble.

All this I recalled as I sat in my room in a New Orleans hotel one Christmas morning. I had seen Van's and Julia's names on the hotel register as I came up from breakfast, and I knew she always joined him for the holidays. I also knew that, when her vacation was short, he usually took her away for some trip, seeming to find that easier than looking after her at home, for he still had those peculiar, old-bachelor notions as to the extraordinary watchfulness that a girl required. Evidently one of these trips had brought them to New Orleans.

"I'll send up my card a little later," I decided, for I was lonely myself. Christmas was a great occasion in our family, and only the most pressing business could have taken me away from home at that time. Here, presumably, were two people in the same plight—in a strange city on Christmas Day. I had only a slight acquaintance with Julia, but I knew her story, and I had known Van for a good many years, although we never had been intimate friends. "Van," perhaps I should explain, was merely the first syllable of a name so long and tortuous that no one ever thought of using all of it, except on the most formal occasions. As a general thing, he was either "Van" or "Mr. Van." I had long before reached the "Van" stage of acquaintanceship, and I had not the slightest doubt that I would be particularly welcome on this particular day in these particular circumstances.

When I reached their parlor, however, I was surprised to find Julia about

as near tears as a girl can very well be without shedding them. She was sitting by a window, looking wistfully out. Van was busy with a cigar and a novel. The greeting of neither was cordial.

"Merry Christmas!" I cried, cheerfully.

"Merry nothing!" growled Van.

"Merry Christmas!" said Julia, but there was no heartiness in her tone, and she looked at Van rather doubtfully.

"Anything wrong?" I asked, puzzled and disconcerted.

"All wrong," returned Van. "The whole Christmas idea is wrong—that is, the way it is celebrated. If I had my way, there would be a law to prevent people from making fools of them-

selves on Christmas Day. It's scandalous!"

Naturally, I was startled. So far as my experience went, Van was ordinarily a good-natured, cheerful and generous man, and here he was growling at the most glorious day of the year. It so happened that I never had been with him at this season before, but I certainly could see no reason why it should change his whole nature. In my embarrassment I turned to Julia, who had resumed her seat by the window and was again intent on the scene.

"You at least should see the joyous significance of the day," I remarked, with an uneasy laugh. "Old bachelors may have a license to growl, but young girls should be happy. How did Santa Claus remember you?"



"It is such a grand day for all the rest, and such a miserable day for me."

She shook her head, without making verbal reply, and I thought I saw tears in her eyes.

"Santa Claus," declared Van, with some heat, "is an invention of the devil working through the shop-keepers. That is the miserable part of Christmas. It has become a mania for giving—not cheerfully, but grudgingly; not within reason, but beyond all reason. The average man—and the women are worse—goes broke to 'remember' half a dozen people for whom he does not care a rap. He has got to do it in order to avoid criticism. People will say he is stingy if he doesn't; and, besides, he knows that these people will 'remember' him. As a matter of pride, he gives when he doesn't want to give, just because he doesn't want to seem so small as to take without giving. He gives up a lot of money that he needs in order to get a lot of things he doesn't want. And the women have got it down to such a fine point that most of them grumble if the presents they receive do not at least equal in value the presents they give."

"Nonsense!" I interrupted.

"It isn't nonsense," asserted Van, rising and striding back and forth. "I tell you, people beat their creditors to make a Christmas show. The grocer and the butcher have to wait because the jeweler has all the money. Go to a man with a legitimate bill for necessities just after Christmas and listen to the wail he'll make! He has spent all he had and gone in debt. For what? Just to show how big a fool he can make of himself; just because he is afraid or ashamed to say, 'I can't afford this lavish expenditure.' He has got to give what he can't afford to give. Custom takes him by the throat and shakes the money out of his pockets. The whole idea of the Christmas celebration is wrong, and is getting worse every year. Why, Christmas tips alone are enough to put a man in the poorhouse. I don't give Christmas presents, and I don't want to receive any. The last one that came to me was sent back with my compliments. I'm against the whole system of Christmas-giving. It does real harm."