

you could give our letter some of your valuable space. In the August number we were attracted by the epistle of "Rambling Rats and Roaming Lee" and as kindred spirits we should be glad to hear from them, if they haven't been overwhelmed with correspondence as they anticipated. We also, don't believe in publishing our good looks or setting forth our numerous accomplishments. However, we will welcome any correspondents, but do tell those lords of creation to "pass oop" as they say in Rhodesia. If Bachelor Bill isn't too busy we would like to hear from him too. Long may the W. H. M. flourish is the sincere wish of

Stubbs and Chippie.

The Bachelor's Companion.

Grenfell, Sask., November, 1913.

Dear Editor—I cannot say like some of the other members that I turn at once to the correspondence, but yet I enjoy some of the letters very much. This is the first I have written and I hope it will be published. I am sure all you girls feel terribly sorry for those poor lonely bachelors. I don't see why "Mechanical Farmer" should be lonely as he is not "batching it." Perhaps if he used the "bachelor" companion" (otherwise the pipe) he would not be troubled with loneliness so much. He wishes to find someone who is better than himself for his life partner, but I am afraid he never will find one better in his own estimation. No dancing nor card playing for her, I should imagine, just perhaps a little music on Sunday night, some innocent amusement on Monday night, some music on Tuesday and so on throughout the week. I suppose at least that this would be the

programme as her partner is so "mechanical." Very pleasant prospects for her. I am sure. Well I must stop or my pen will run away with me.

Miss Prixie.

Send in Your Views.

Sask., Nov. 24th, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers—Twice have I tried to enter the correspondence column and twice have I failed, but nevertheless I will try again. "Jane Craig's" letter in the November issue has stirred up in me something that I have tried to forget. Why do parents let their sons and daughters blunder along in what they call love? Is it because they don't believe in love? Is there, or is there not, such a thing as love? I have often thought about it, and wondered why parents keep silent on this subject when they knew that sometime sooner or later their children will marry. Yes, marry in ignorance, marry not because they hold love as something sacred and holy but because they want to satisfy their craving desires for things they do not understand. And there are parents who know these things, and still they allow them to go on—perhaps they have a reason. For one of my years I have travelled quite a lot and in all the places I have been, that is all the people's houses I have worked at, I have always watched to see if love reigned, and only once in a while was I satisfied with the result of my watching. I also used to wonder why most of these married people would laugh when "love" or "sweetheart" was mentioned. I can only give one reason, namely, they have failed in the one great thing of life—love. Let us for a moment take the case of a

married couple, starting from the time they meet and are married till they have children old enough to marry. A young man meets with a young lady, they are favorably impressed with each other, he thinking that she is a saint while she thinks that he is perfect, one that could never do a wrong. They are married, everything goes along smoothly until they commence to realize that they are only human, that they have tongues and tempers to control—their respect for one another grows smaller and smaller until instead of working together they work against each other. By this time we will say that they have a daughter old enough to marry. They will watch her grow from girlhood into womanhood, they will see young men come to the house—why do they come? The parents know and what will the mother say? First she will pass some pleasant remark about the young fellows, she will compare one with the other until she has found the one that the girl has taken a fancy to. Then what will she do? Will she tell the girl of the beautiful things of love? Will she show her and tell her how to make their home beautiful with love? How to love that she can stand sorrow and disappointments? No because she and her husband have made a failure of life, and because they want

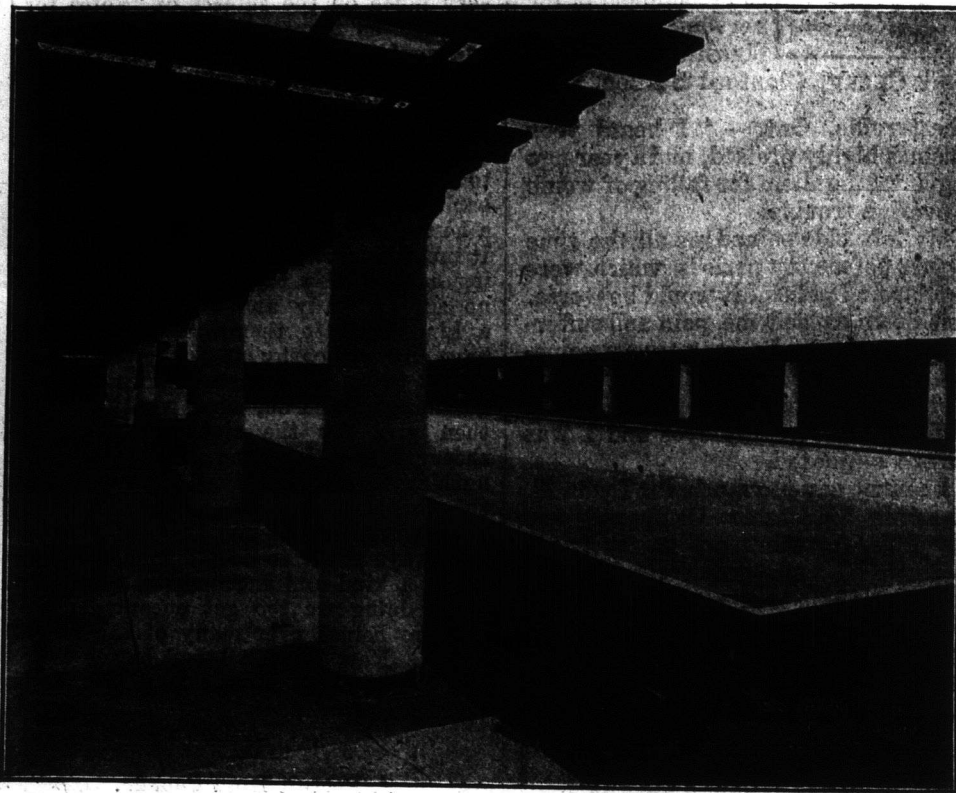
ject, but before I close I would like to say, if any married person reads this, I would like them to write on this subject, that some of the young people who read this paper may benefit by it. Criticize this readers, tear it to pieces, then write and publish your answers. The truth is harsh, but truth is what I want, so don't be afraid of angering one who would like to do that which is right. Puzzled.

Ed.—Please send name and address.

Quite a Worker.

Dundurn, Sask., Oct. 25th, 1913.

Dear Editor—I have taken The W.H.M. for quite a long time now and like it very much. I think it ever so amusing to read the letters, especially the bachelors'. They have my sympathy away on the prairie. I came from England three years ago, and would not go back to business again there for anything. There are heaps of girls in England that would do far better for themselves in this country than standing behind the counter until they are not wanted any more. I feel so sorry for those girls when I think what I have done for myself by coming out West. But I always had an inclination for farm life, so I suppose that is why I am



New Athletic Park Swimming Pool, Winnipeg

acknowledge truth, the mother will talk of money, she will kill the germs of love in her daughter, she will, in some cases, openly declare that there is no such thing as love, and that married life without wealth is a drudgery. I can recall instances when young people of both sexes have said that love was a delusion, and that anyone that believed in love was crazy. Where do these young people get such an idea? It must be from their homes. It is one thing or the other, there is no love in the homes of these boys and girls, or else if there is it is held back from the children. Of course readers I don't wish any of you to think for one moment that I know all about this because I am only a young fellow just entering my twenties, but I do believe the parents are to blame a whole lot for blunders that their sons and daughters make in marrying. If the parents would acknowledge their own failure, and with words direct the lives of their children in a different way to what their life has been perhaps a lot of heartaches and pain would be avoided. There are quite a few parents who have sons and daughters of the age from fifteen to twenty, who are afraid to speak to them about love, instead they say, "such nonsense, what do school children know of love; Bah! not out of short dresses and thinking of love." But listen, it is these young boys and girls that suffer with the first pangs of love, who have their young hearts throbbing and aching with a feeling they cannot fathom. Is it a wonder if they go wrong when they have no one to guide them and show them the way to control their feelings? But there I have said enough already on this sub-

so contented. I wonder how many of the girls earned extra money during threshing. I earned twenty-eight dollars in eight days, but getting up at four o'clock was the worst part; but I can say with truth I was not late once—the meals were precisely on time. But I may also add I was not compelled to do it, but thought I would like to earn a little extra money. I am going to make my Christmas puddings next week as they are so much better for keeping a few weeks; also my cake. At present I am doing my autumn cleaning. I have creamed the white curtains so that they will not show the dust so quickly, as one cannot wash much in the winter. I am also hoping to make a feather quilt this winter. It is a new idea of mine to use up the feathers. I hope I shall succeed. It will be my first quilt. I wonder how many of the girls like fancy work. I just love it, also reading, but find very little time for either. However, I find time, and make my own clothes, which is very convenient, as dressmakers are few and far between. Now I suppose some of the girls will think I am all work. Don't think that, girls. I love my work, and I love pleasure, too. But have any of you ever realized how much pleasure you can get out of your work? Often after my usual clean-up I look around with great satisfaction. True, I am often very, very tired, but I try hard to get half an hour or 15 minutes' rest before I wash and clean up. I then feel fresh for the evening. I would like to know how many girls are in favor of women's votes. I think it would be a good topic to discuss for the winter months, but perhaps the bachelors would not agree. It would be nice to

KEEPS BABY'S SKIN HEALTHY



Baby Eczema

Mrs. Lois McKay, Tiverton, Digby County, N.S., writes:—

"My children were taken with an itching, burning skin disease and tore their flesh until it was sore and their skirts would sometimes be wet with blood. The doctor did not seem to know what ailed them, and could give no relief, so I began using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"Wherever it was applied it did its work well, and has entirely cured them of this horrible disease. They suffered so they could not sleep at nights, and I think if it had lasted much longer I would have gone crazy from the anxiety and loss of sleep. I cannot find words to praise Dr. Chase's Ointment enough for the good it has done my children, and hope other sufferers will try it."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a necessity in any home where there are children. By curing irritation and chafing it prevents torturing skin disease. 60 cents a box, all dealers. Sample box mailed free, if you mention this paper. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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