

Woman's Influence.

Saskatoon, June 26th, 1914.

Dear Editor:—On reading the correspondence page of the W. H. M. for June I am pleased to notice a greater variety in the subject and style of the letters. Too often the letters are all too much of the same type.

Now "Dido" on the one hand, after a jab at "petticoat government" (of course he would die an old bachelor rather than submit to it), proceeds to express himself in verse, while "Machinist" of Kamsack, who surely possesses a practical mind, desires to correspond on gasoline engines.

I should like to echo a remark of "Canadian Frank" in appreciation of Dr. Gordon's page, "The Young Man and His Problem." Although I am not a very young man, being on the wrong side of thirty. I must confess I always read the doctor's pithy and pointed paragraphs, even before I turn to the correspondence columns, and never fail to find them both interesting and inspiring.

Now, by way of introduction, I may say I am a bachelor farmer, who would like a few correspondents, for although I believe I can stand loneliness as well as anybody, I like company best, and I also like a good fat mail.

I am fond of reading, although work doesn't permit of much of that during the summer months; take a little interest in photography, dance a little, play cards a little, but do not drink, gamble, smoke and chew. I notice that the woman suffrage question is still under discussion, and I hold that every woman should demand and should have a vote. Women, although of course they are not perfect, do in the main exercise an elevating and purifying influence wherever they congregate with men, and they should be willing to, and should be allowed to, exercise their influence in public affairs. People who are opposed to woman suffrage invariably

raise the objection that women would have to give a little time to politics if given the vote. They would read the papers, go to political meetings and go to vote on polling day, and that in doing so they would neglect their homes.

Surely these people would not argue that women never read, and if they do would they or their homes be worse off if they threw away their ten cent novels in favor of the political news in the daily and weekly papers; also they could profitably drop an occasional social engagement to attend a political meeting and further, I think that politics would gain and not lose in dignity if men and women went to the polling booth together. Very often we hear women, and the very best of women too, say that they do not want the vote, possibly because they feel that men may be trusted to do what is fair for women, but this attitude is wrong. The help of women is needed in politics and any woman who is conscious of her ability to give a sensible opinion upon public affairs, and whose convictions are on the side of morality, sobriety and for the uplifting of the race should insist that her opinions should not be of no avail when questions come to be settled by the vote, but that their views should be allowed to find expression at the polls. As regards the militant suffragettes of Britain I certainly do not defend their methods, and very possibly if they could have realized at the commencement of the militant campaign to what lengths their tactics would eventually lead them they would never have adopted the course they have done. But nevertheless the fact remains that they have advanced the question in Great Britain to the position that sooner or later women are bound to get the vote. Now I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that I have said so much about woman suffrage that I shall have to bring this to a close, or find my letter closed out for want of space. Just one more word,

however. I notice some writers descant upon the loneliness of country life, but after all is country life so lonely as it is made out to be? Personally, I feel less lonely (and I have lived most of my life in cities) right out on the prairie, with a few friends within visiting distance than I do amongst a host of people with whom I am scarcely on speaking terms. And this is the case with many city people.

Yours sincerely,

Jerry.

Please send name.—Ed.

To the Front Again.

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 23, 1914.

Dear Editor,—

Anyone who bothered reading my first letter to you will think, I fear, that I am rather sarcastic, so I am trying to make myself believe that no person notices it. However, there is some satisfaction in seeing one's first letter in print, and I wish to thank you. The Western Home Monthly becomes more interesting every time, and I hope to see it coming to our house regularly before long.

This summer I spent six weeks in the country, and although heretofore my favorite place of abode had been the city I must say that country life has never appealed to me so strongly. Perhaps my ideas are peculiar, but I think there is something about the woods, the winding creeks, broad fields, and last, but not least, the fresh air, which makes a person feel happy and mighty independent. I do not think a farmer is any more independent than any person else earning a living. True, he is his own boss, but if he does not attend to business properly he will soon be anything but independent. Who does not agree?

Are bachelor homesteaders really very lonesome? I wish I could find out just to satisfy my curiosity. It seems to me if three or four or even two half lively

chaps were together they could have heaps of fun. Of course, some districts are sure to be quieter than others, but just look what I read recently. "Manitoba Pearl" has three brothers in the West, and she says they just laugh when they read letters of pity and sympathy (meant for their benefit). They are very ungrateful young men indeed, for the writers of such letters were probably led to believe that Western homesteaders are most unfortunate creatures. I almost thought so myself when I read a letter from "Engineer." One phrase in his letter made me feel quite sad, in fact, viz., "the lonesome drag of homesteading." My heartfelt sympathy "Engineer."

Your letter was good, "Sunset Bill." May I ask you a question or two? Do you honestly believe that love, in the true sense of the word, is nothing more than a "sweet and passing fancy?" You say your experience has taught you so, and I am presumptuous enough to say that, in that case, you have still to meet the "right one." Let us hope that love is more substantial and lasting than a passing fancy. If it is not, how do you account for people enjoying years of happy married life? Had you not asked to hear from those who do not quite agree with you, I should not have made these remarks.

"Peshishik," I enjoyed your letter very much. It was a change. Could you not tell us some more about your travels between the G.T.P. and Arctic Circle? I like fun all right, but cannot claim to be a "charming Manitoba girl." Ontario is every bit as good, however.

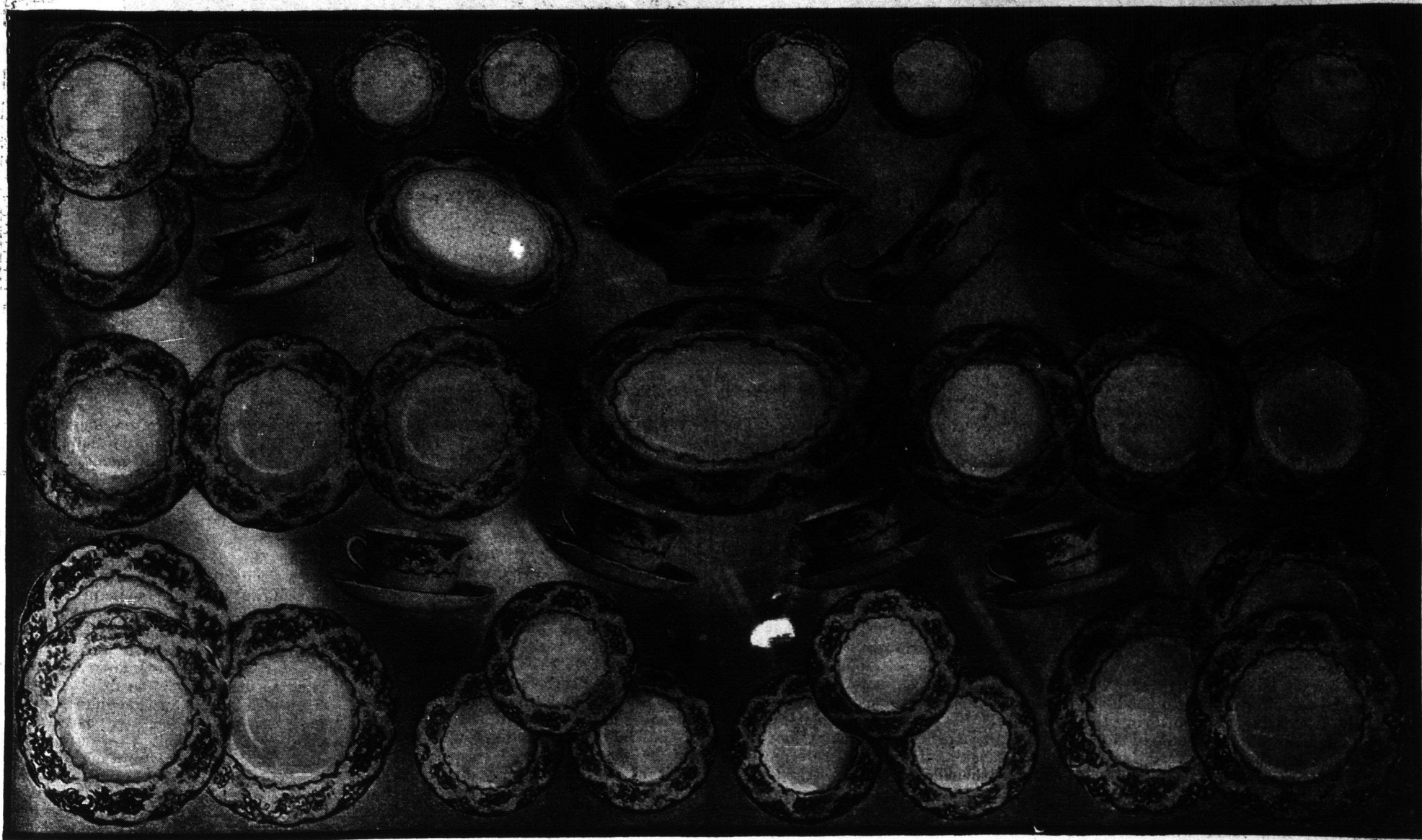
If I do not soon stop, my first letter will be my last, so

Auf wiedersehen

Aura Lee.

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Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada