

after reading "Free Agent's" letter in the march issue I felt inclined to write. In fact I had to write anyway to renew my subscription for it expires this month, and I cannot be without The Western Home Monthly. I must say that I think "Free Agent" should have been a preacher, for he would have made a good one, that is if he could have got anyone to take notice of him. He reminds the readers of murders resulting from a poker game in Edmonton. My opinion is, had those men had any moral sense or manly feeling at all they would not have allowed their feelings to get the better of them. I think if a person wants to dance or play cards to do so to your heart's content, but don't go to any such parties with anything but a pure mind and bring the same away with you. I see by "Coleen's" letter she would like a discussion on singers, but I think it would be more interesting to discuss "singing classes," that is try to get up singing classes in your own districts for there is nothing that is liked better than singing parties either in choir, solo or part. Well, my letter is getting long so now I must quit. Hoping the Editor will look after me getting my next month's paper safely, and with best respects to the Editor and readers.

E. A. Notts

Opposite Types Commended

Dear Editor: I have long been an interested reader of the Correspondence page in The Western Home Monthly, and at last have mustered enough courage to write. I am a Winnipeg girl but am at present teaching in the country. I did not leave Winnipeg, however, until the last of January, therefore, was able to welcome my soldier brother when he returned from overseas on January 5th, after an absence of three years. The meeting was, indeed, a joyful one, for my brother is all I have. "Chips," I firmly believe that as a rule the most ideal marriages are those made through marrying opposite types. Of course, we often find a happy couple who are either both dark or both fair, but then there are not exceptions to the best of rules. For my part I am a blonde with curly hair and blue eyes, and so far I know that all my ideals have brown eyes and dark hair. I play the piano a great deal, and am now taking violin lessons. My address is with the editor, and I should be very pleased to hear from a young bachelor in Manitoba or Saskatchewan. I promise to reply at once.

Motor Maid.

English Lassie Wants Letters

Dear Editor: I am so interested in your paper The Western Home Monthly, and do enjoy reading the letters from lonely people. Do you think any of your readers would care to correspond with an English lassie. I should love to receive a letter or two and would answer promptly. I have heaps of time on my hands at present and find life rather lonely at times. I think a letter would help to cheer things up a little. I am twenty-four years old. Wishing your magazine every success.

Lucy Gray.

Free Farm Life

Dear Editor: Can you spare a little room for another interested reader. I am a farmer's daughter and quite agree with "Farmer J." that one never is idle on the farm, because there is always plenty to do both in summer and winter. I have lived on the farm for the last ten years and like it very well, although the work is hard, and one gets lonesome at times. If there is something nice to read and the work to attend to, the time seems to pass away very quickly. "Lonely Boy" I agree with you that when one gets a little start on the farm they don't feel like giving up. "Cheerio," I thought your letter was fine, and I hope you will come for a little chat again before long. If anyone would care to write my address is with the Editor.

Prairie Belle.

Oh, for a Prairie Sunset

Dear Editor and Readers: I wish I could have had all you prairie people with me this afternoon, when I went for a walk along the beach. You see I used to live on the prairie before I came here to the mountains, a prairie where there were no trees or lakes or rivers, only brown prairie as far as the eye could see. I

am now in a place where everything is trees, lakes, rivers and mountains, mountains everywhere. I live sandwiched in between the foot of a mountain and a lake and sometimes my eyes ache with looking at scenery, and I wish I could be back on the prairie for a while, just to rest my eyes. I have a "crick" in my neck from looking up to the tops of the mountains to see the sunset, and when I do get my eyesight focused, well, I just wish I could see a prairie sunset once more. I think the Canadian prairies have the most beautiful sunsets in the world, except the seas, perhaps. On a sunny day the sky is blue, the clouds are white, the mountains green and brown (and those far off blue and purple shaded), the lake is blue and sparkling as though a carpet of diamonds had been laid upon it, and where the light waves strike the beach the sand is a soft tan color. This, I think, includes every color in the rainbow, and then there are pebbles and birds and beasts and fishes of various descriptions. Bears and deers are plentiful also a little black animal with white stripes and a bushy tail. I never saw bears or deer on the prairie. I really started out to ask someone to write to me, but I got sidetracked onto something else. I would particularly like to hear from someone living way, way up north. I like to write to out-of-the-way places to see what they are doing there, and how and why they are doing it. I am especially interested in learning more about the R.N.W.M.P. work. I was very glad to read in the papers that British Columbia is going to have some stationed in different places. The R.N.W.M.P. is composed of big men who do things in a big way. (By big men I do not mean big physically, for some of the very biggest men in mind and spirit are not big in physique), and B.C. will never regret the inclusion of its province in R.N.W.M.P. territory. I must now stop, I have already written much more than I intended to when I began. In conclusion may I wish The Western Home Monthly long life and prosperity and hope that the shock of this, my first letter, will not give the editor an attack of brain fever.

Mountain Maid.

The Farm For Me

Dear Editor: A long threat comes at last so here I am to join your page. For a long time now I have been very interested in your paper, especially the correspondence columns. I wonder where "Pocohontas" is now, and if she is silent for ever. She said a lot when she wrote some time ago, but I do not think she deserved all the slams she got about it. "Capt. G." showed his colors all right. I am a young farmer of 19 years. The city is maybe all right for some folks, but it's the farm for me. I am very fond of reading. I have read quite a number of books and continued stories this winter. I wonder if someone could tell me where I could get "The Silent Call." It is a sequel to "The Squawman," by Haversham. I would be much obliged if some one would tell me. A few days ago a friend of mine was reading The Western Home Monthly and came across the three letters W. P. B. and asked if that meant "Western Prairie Bach." I see "A Real Canuck" wants correspondence. As I am a real Canuck, too, I am sure there would be no harm if she would write first because I am shy and, anyway, I believe in "ladies first."

Meteor.

A Profitable Investment!

They've found him!

Who? Why, the youngest thrift stamp buyer in Canada. Not only is he the youngest, but buyers of the little prosperity pledges will have to step some to beat his record.

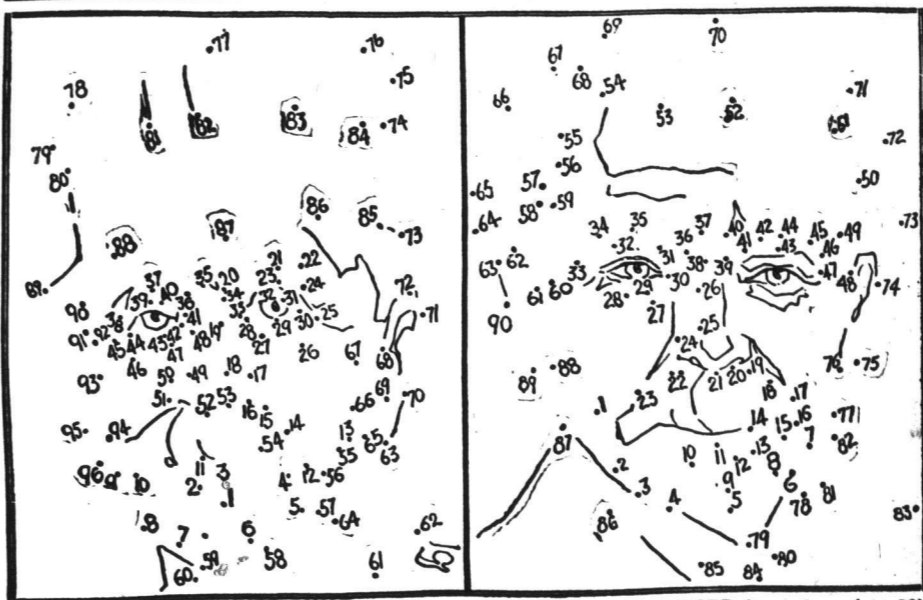
At 2 p.m. on the closing day of the War Savings drive in Arcola, Sask., last week, was born a new citizen. Before he had been a citizen an hour, he was the actual, if not conscious, possessor of one Thrift stamp.

Now if this youthful stockholder of Canada repeats his birthday performance every day for 20 years, he will have spent \$1,025 for Thrift stamps, but he will collect at the end of that time just \$2,953.30, or nearly treble his investment. Pretty soft for Mr. Youngest Owner, is it not?

FAMOUS FOLKS

IN FIGURES—Who Are They?

\$510.00 Cash Prizes for Best Answers



LASH OF CHARM (trace from 1 to 96)

GO VALID GLORY DEED (trace from 1 to 90)



ROOL WIDOW SNOW (trace from 1 to 85)

DONT BE SORE RIBRR (trace from 1 to 87)

THE above four diagrams represent incomplete pictures of four of the world's greatest men—men you read and hear about every day of your life. Complete the four pictures by tracing from number 1 to 2 to 3 to 4, and so on until the pictures are finished and the faces of these great living men will be revealed to you so that you should quickly recognize them. Can you make them out?

Below each picture in jumbled letters is the correct name of the great man represented in the diagram above it. Unscramble the letters of his name so that you can correctly name him. In the next column will be found a list of a few of the world's outstanding great men. This list may prove of service to you.

The best completed pictures with the names correct can win \$510.00 in cash. The completed pictures must be clipped from this paper and attached to a separate sheet containing the names of the great men represented by the diagrams, together with complete name and address of contestant in the upper right-hand corner of paper. The following Grand Prizes positively awarded:

1st Prize, \$200.00	Cash
2nd Prize, - \$100.00	Cash
3rd " - 50.00	"
4th " - 25.00	"
5th " - 15.00	"
6th " - 10.00	"
7th to 28th, each 5.00	"
PRIZES GUARANTEED	

A FEW NAMES OF GREAT MEN LIVING TO-DAY:

Lord Reading, Marshal Foch, Andrew Bonar-Law, Herbert C. Hoover, G. H. Roberts, H. G. Wells, Woodrow Wilson, Georges Clemenceau, Raymond Poincaré, Stephen Pichon, David Lloyd George, Samuel Comper, Lord Robert Cecil, Sir Eric Geddes, Sir Robert Borden, Vittorio Orlando, Thomas Alva Edison, Sir David Beatty, Col. William Avery Bishop, Ignace Paderewski, General Jan C. Smuts, General Louis Botha, E. K. Venizelos, General Sir Arthur Currie.

Three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answers gaining 300 points will take the First Prize. You will get 25 points for every picture completed correctly and 25 points for every name solved correctly. 15 points will be awarded for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc., 10 points for hand-writing, and 75 points for fulfilling the simple qualifying conditions of the contest that will not involve the spending of a single penny of your money. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 12 o'clock noon, August 30th, 1919, immediately after which answers will be judged and the prizes awarded. Address your answers to-day to

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