

Correspondence.

Hurry Up, Girls!

Winnipeg.
Sir,—Having been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, I think it is fine, especially the Correspondence Column. Would very much like to join. Well, here's for a description:—Am 5 feet 11 in., weight 165 lbs., age 20, fair complexion, total abstainer and non-smoker. Do not go around with a long face. Go in for all kinds of amusement, viz., dancing, playing cards, etc. Now, if any young ladies would like to correspond with me, would answer all letters per return. Now, then, girls, hurry up.
"Rhoderick Dhu."

Freckles is Lively.

Edmonton, Alta.
Sir,—It isn't 'cause I'm lonely—like many others—that I'm writing, but just that I love getting letters. Of course, I would much rather receive than write them, but any I receive I will answer promptly.
I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly ever since I can remember, and I do enjoy the Correspondence Columns. I would awfully like to hear from "Bob-o-link." He is about my style; or "Globe Trotter"—he doesn't seem to sympathize with those so-called "lonely bachelors," and I don't neither, 'cause they can surely get out and have a good time; but the girls do deserve pity. I must hustle and describe myself now. Well, I am dark. I have dark-brown hair and brown eyes, and a few freckles that worry the life out of me. I am twenty years old, and not very tall—only 5 feet 1½ inches—and weigh 127 lbs. I am very fond of both roller and ice skating, and simply crazy about dancing. I am very fond of housework, and help mother, besides studying for my senior university course in music (piano). I am also very much interested in vocal, but I am by no means a "Melba," whom I have just heard.
I wrote to you once before, but my letter was never published. Of course, I was a little disappointed. I do hope this letter will bring me an answer from some nice bachelor, not over twenty-five years of age.
Thanking you for the space I hope you will allow me, I am,
"Freckles."

Mountain Tough is a Dandy.

Manitoba.
Sir,—Having been a subscriber and interested reader of your valuable paper, especially the Correspondence Columns, at last I decided to write a short letter myself and join the jolly crowd. Now I will give a description of myself, just to give you a slight idea of what I am like. A bachelor of 22 summers, black hair and brown eyes, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weigh 175 pounds after a good meal. As for looks, I will pass in a crowd with a swift kick. Am also a total abstainer of all intoxicating drinks—the strongest I take is black tea; do not chew nor swear, but enjoy a good smoke occasionally. I am very fond of dancing, playing cards, and music, and can play a little myself. I was up West last spring, and got half a section of land homestead and a pre-emption, and expect going up next spring, so I will soon be up there in that dismal country with the rest of the bachelors. Now, girls, don't you think I am a dandy? So hurry up and write, as I am a little shy to start first. Hoping this will escape the waste-paper basket, I will close, wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself,
"Mountain Tough."

Who Will Write to Curly?

Yellow Grass.
Sir,—Having been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for some months, and enjoy reading the letters in the Correspondence Column very much. I am about twenty-two years of age, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 130 lbs., have black curly hair, blue eyes and a light complexion. As for business, I am a farmer, owning 320 acres of land within 8 miles of a railroad. Would delight to corre-

spond with the fair sex, those about my own age, if they will write. Hoping to see this in print, I sign,
"Curly."

A Long Letter from England.

43 Ditchling Rise,
Brighton, Sussex, England.
October 20th, 1910.
I am an old subscriber to your paper—1900-1908. My husband died at Hillcrest, near Calgary, Alta., a year ago last May, and I brought my two babies to England as I was afraid to face the winter alone out there. I have no home, but I am spending the whole of my small income of £2 on board, rooms, washing and clothing for myself and two children. I have bought a double pram, high chair, two collapsible cots and mattresses and blankets for the children since I have been in Brighton, and I think I have done pretty well. But it is a lonesome life. If I had a little home and companionship of a good husband I should be happy. Could do all the housework and save washing bill, but as I am not strong (having roughed it very hard for eight years in the North West), I should get a little maid to help me and pay this myself. All I need is someone to feed me and pay the rent. I could clothe myself and two children, and educate same on my money. Both children are provided for on attaining age of 21, but I shall make them earn their own living, and they are not to know they have anything coming to them, then they will know the value of money. I did not keep a maid all the eight years I was in Canada, but I worked like a nigger. My constitution is broken up, so I can't do heavy housework any longer, although I am perfectly healthy and free from disease of any sort; so are the children. One thing, I know the laws of sanitation and know how to keep healthy. My children's ages are three years and one year and nine months respectively. I enclose photo of little girl and will forward one of the boy's later on, should I hear from you. I don't want you to put this long letter in your paper, but I should like to correspond with that Englishman who writes from Calgary. Mrs. Sarah Henderson, of 412 6th Avenue, West, will give any information about me should he require it.
Widow, 42, two children (two and three years), seeks companionship and home with some one about same age. Widow has an income of £2 weekly, but is spending the whole of this in laundry, board, rooms, food for baby, and clothes for self and children. Has bought two cots with bedding, double pram, high chair (two positions), but has no money saved. Children have £2,600 each on attaining age of 21. Am domesticated, and have been eight years in Canada. Is there a gentleman willing to rent a farm in England. I will put my £2 weekly for two years into the farm to buy stock, and we could buy our own poultry, etc., keep a few cows and pigs and a horse and cart to take the milk to station. I could not pay my fare to Canada, and it is very expensive living there.
"Joan."

Would Make a Good Farmer's Wife.

Hopewell Hill, N.B., Oct. 12, 1910.
Sir,—Having read the letters in the correspondence columns with great interest, I thought I would write a letter. First, I will describe myself: I have light brown hair, fair complexion, eyes as blue as the violets, and cheeks as pink as the roses. I am 5 ft. 2½ in. tall, and weigh 117 lbs. As for my age, well, I am neither too old nor yet too young. I am a most experienced housekeeper, can work to perfection, can sew even to sewing on bachelors' buttons, and as for doing chores outside, I can do anything you can mention, even to milking "kicking cows." So I think I would make a good farmer's wife all right.
I am glad "Old Black Joe," Sept. issue, does not drink, smoke nor chew. I find most of the gentlemen I know either smoke or chew, and sometimes both, and quite often take a little liquor on the sly. It must be very lonely for him to live alone, but still I think it is a good thing for all young men to live alone for a while, and then, when they do get a

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