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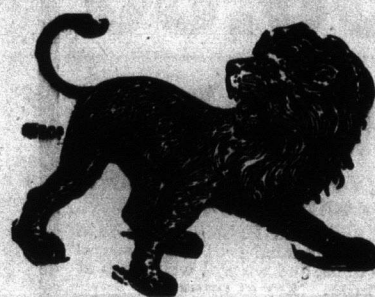
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does." I, like a great many writers, in your columns, no doubt, have not been long in the "Great West." I came to British Columbia a little over a year ago, and am already in love with this country. Perhaps the salary one receives in my profession (teaching) is the greatest lure of this country, for the monthly salary in any of our country schools here, is as much, if not more, than the quarterly salary given in the "back East" ungraded schools. True, the cost of living is considerably higher than in the Eastern provinces, but a teacher of the gentler sex can economize in the way of clothing. Here the fashions do not change every month, as they appear to in the older and more modern provinces. Apart from the salary, there is a certain freedom in the West which attracts one. Formality is something almost unknown. This fact might not appeal to some, but to me it seems almost perfect happiness to find a place where it is not necessary to possess calling cards. Unlike the older provinces, wealth or social position count for very little. One is valued for his true worth, whether rich or poor. As my letter is assuming Herculean proportions, I will close for this time. I would be very pleased to hear from readers in all parts of Canada or from the "other side of the line." I would prefer those who do not regard this department as a matrimonial medium, but as a means of exchanging ideas of interest to all. My address is with the Editor.

Girls—Critics.

Sask., Jan. 3rd, 1912.

Dear Sir,—I have read your classy magazine for some time, and it certainly is some paper. I would like to express a few little views on some of the stunts in the correspondence column, the members of which are like a great circle with Archibald and The Doctor in the centre. The members, one and all, unite their forces and fling their invectives of sarcasm, retaliation and defiance in the faces of those two men. Now Archibald, I believe, is really not exceptionally quixotic in his ideas of women's rights and expressions of same, but The Doctor has my eye. Imagine girls and critics (same thing), also those bachelors of the "Woolly West" who are jealous of the sensation The Doctor has created, and the attention he receives in consequence. Picture The Doctor as in the evening: He picks up the Western Home Monthly and thumbs the pages till the correspondence column presents itself. It is the December issue. He reads one or two letters; they are all right. Then the next one. There The Doctor comes in for a raking. Young Farmer spares no pains, feels no mercy for The Doctor. He evidently feels deeply on these things. The Doctor reads it, grins, reads on, to the last letter. One or two others mention his name. Then he laughs, a good, hearty laugh, which dispels all his cares of the preceding day. And what is the cause of such unstinted indulgence? Why, he knows he's got you fellows going—girls, too. He lays the paper down and promptly forgets about it, or perhaps—as he has often done—he takes pen and paper and writes, at one blow scattering and dislodging all the walls and bulwarks of accumulated abuse, sarcasm, and Anti-Doctor arguments. Then follows volleys of statements and towers of strength that annihilate all stragglers. The circle of correspondents fall back on the defensive; The Doctor has won, but does not follow up the victory, he retires and waits for his enemies to take the offensive side. Think, does The Doctor mean all he says? I think not. He maintains his end, against the rest. He is the altruist. I say, do not condemn a man because he is not a farmer and holds views contrary to yours. Young Farmer should not imagine that everyone has a taste similar to his. He thinks farming is the Al occupation. The Doctor rightly thinks differently. At the same time, one man might make good at farming and another would not. Everybody to their taste; there's room for us all. Hoping to see this unpretending epistle in print, Mr. Editor and wishing your paper all the success it deserves, I will now close, and in closing I would ad-

vise those anti-Doctor enthusiasts to be somewhat easier on The Doctor, while to the latter I say with all sincerity, "Keep it up, Doctor; keep it up!"

Debutante.

A Most Interesting Sight.

Sask., Jan. 9, 1912.

Dear Editor,—As I have subscribed for your paper and I have read with much interest your correspondence page, I decided to cast my lot with the other correspondents and write to this live Western magazine. I am an Eastern girl on a Western homestead, and besides, I am having my first of fine country life and certainly like it fine. Isn't this "Last Best West" of yours a grand country? No more East for me. About the most interesting sight I have seen since landing in Saskatchewan is a bachelor cooking. To my Eastern eyes that certainly capped all others. Nearly all our neighbors are bachelors, and I have tasted some of their culinary achievements, and I must say they were good. I am very fond of all outdoor sports, especially skating. Sorry to say I haven't had my skates on this winter. I can see no harm in a friendly game of cards. They certainly help to pass many a long winter evening. I am also very fond of music and play the piano a little myself. My feet are bright enough to want to move when I hear a waltz, two-step, etc. I intend going to Normal in August, so I am living in hopes of teaching young Canadians how to become good citizens. I see every one gives a description of themselves. I am not quite twenty, about 5 feet four inches tall, and have fair hair and blue eyes; and as for looks—well, I haven't cracked the kodaks yet. I am sorry I missed The Doctor's letter. He evidently caused quite a hubbub in the ranks. I would be pleased to correspond with any one to while away the long winter evening. I will leave my address with the Editor, and would be especially pleased if Two Roses, Contented Though Single Hearty Hall and Shy Jimmie would write to

An Eastern Girl.

Jeff and Mutt.

Crystal City, Jan 13th, 1912.

Dear Editor,—From constant reading of your magazine we find it to be very valuable and interesting, most especially the correspondence section. As it is customary, we will proceed to give a description of ourselves. No 1. Jeff is medium height, dark complexion, grey, blue eyes, clean shaven, age 22; good natured, shy; fond of dancing and card playing, temperate smoker, tee-totaller, and wishes to correspond with Heavenly Twin No. 1. No. 2—Mutt is tall, quite slim, dark complexion, dark blue eyes, clean shaven, age 22, shy; doesn't smoke or drink; fond of card playing, particularly fond of dancing; good bass singer, and is desirous of corresponding with Heavenly Twin No. 2. Should it not be intruding on our privileges we are enclosing letters to be forwarded to Heavenly Twins. Wishing the Editor and Western Home Monthly every success, we are signing ourselves

Jeff and Mutt.

A Few Exceptions.

Sask., Jan. 23, 1912.

Dear Mr. Editor,—It seems to us that if we are going to enter your correspondence columns we had better make a start or we shall soon be too old. From what I can gather while glancing over our correspondence page there is certainly an air of monotony with the possible exception of a few very interesting writers. You must all know, if I continue the letter, that Billie is an Englishman, having been 10 years in this country and I, yes I, am an Australian, and let me point out very much proud of it. Maybe for the enlightenment of your fair readers I should give my history. I was born near Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, and at the age of twelve was sent over to England to have everything that was English hammered into me. Thanks to the hammering I am proud to now call myself an Imperialist. And that, I am ashamed to write, is more than the majority of Westerners like to admit. Probably because it is popular to run

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