

ing my dear old friend, the W. H. M., and the correspondence columns, I thought I would try my fist at sending a few lines.

The chief trouble as far as I can see is the "chore question" which gathers quite a difference of opinions, but nevertheless a woman's place is in the house and the man's outside. There would be nothing nicer, in my estimation, than to see a nice tidy house to come home to dinner in and afterwards for the wife to be dressed nice and tidy and a smiling face to come home to and chat with and talk over the affairs of the day when work and chores are finished. There are many little things happen during the day on the homestead to make one a little cross and miserable with one's self and coming home and having to make the meals and wash dishes does not tend to make one more pleased with himself, but these small dark clouds are nearly always driven away by the cheerful face of a wife and a comfortable fire to come home to.

I will not torture you with a description of my looks as I am very modest, but will tell you my age is 21 and trust that you will do me the favor of printing this and that some of the young ladies will take pity and write to "Weary Willie."

More Criticism for "The Doctor."

Dubuc, Sask., March 15, 1910.

Sir.—Having taken your paper for quite a long time, must say that I thoroughly enjoy its contents and think it an ideal western magazine. The one department, more than any other, that seems to appeal to the hearts of your many readers is the "correspondence." And this is only natural in a country where so many young fellows, who alone have undertaken the struggle of laying the foundation of a future home, are scattered over the lonely prairies with few opportunities to associate with other young people. This, I know, applies more particularly to the western districts; but I think the correspondence is read with interest wherever the paper goes.

I would like to have a few correspondents for pastime. I may say that I am between 25 and 28 years of age, and the genuine article, deferring further description for the present.

Well, what really brought me out with the pen was the "Doctor's" discourse in your February number. While having due regard for the views and ambitions of the "Doctor," I can not approve of the picture he draws up before us of his schoolmate, the farmer, where he sees him struggling with a team of oxen and an old breaker plow, when he himself, or his ideal, has reached the height of his ambition and the point where he can retire. Such a view is only pessimistic nonsense as concerning the farmer.

Allow me, my young friend, to pen another picture. I will gladly allow the doctor or bank manager to reach the height of his ambition, and even the point where he can retire. But while he has achieved this, by climbing the ladder of ability, which is long and slippery, as you term it yourself, the farmer has not slept his chances away, but has been wide awake. He has acquired more land; he has largely substituted mechanical power in place of his often unsatisfactory horses; he has studied up-to-date methods of soil cultivation and other operations on the farm and has been generously rewarded in bountiful crops. He has been able to build a modern residence with a view to comfort and convenience besides other necessary buildings, and all these enclosed by a beautiful grove of planted trees with nice shady walks, vegetable, fruit and flower gardens, etc. Alive to social and political needs, he has his telephone convenient, and his fine automobile with little trouble or waste of time will take him wherever he goes. He has advanced step by step until at last he finds his plans and ambitions fulfilled and he, too, sees the time where he can retire; not to abandon

don the dear old estate for the crowded city, but to remain where he can enjoy his well-earned rest and see the blessings of his labor.

And now, my friend, it has not been my intention to criticize your inclination or your idea of a profession, but merely to try to show your views of the farmer as a class as unreasonably pessimistic. By all means, study for doctor or whatever profession your inclination suggests. I apologize for the length of this and hope to see it in the paper. I will sign myself,

"Just a Bachelor."

From "Smiles."

Alberta, March 15, 1910.

Sir.—Your very valuable paper has been coming into our home for some months and I enjoy it very much as it helps to pass the lonely hours away for a poor farmer's daughter in the winter months.

I am 5 feet 2½ inches tall and am somewhat on the lean side. I have grayish-blue eyes and golden hair, and a fair country girl's complexion. I am not very pretty, at least have not had anyone tell me so. I am somewhat shy and so are some of the boys here. I am a pretty good cook and am not afraid of work. I can milk and don't mind doing it in the summer, but I think it is the man's duty to do it through the winter. If I ever have any chickens I would not mind taking care of them myself. I am somewhat lonesome in the long months of winter when I am not much out of doors. I would like to correspond with "Bright Wickaded." I will answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

"All Smiles."

"Farmer" is Critical.

Viscount, Sask., March 11, 1910.

Sir.—I have been taking your magazine for some time and must say that I am well pleased with it and I would certainly feel lonesome if the W. H. M. was to cease its monthly visit. I am quite a close reader of the correspondence column. Some letters I think are pretty good; others again I despise. I do not approve of the "Doctor" in your February issue as he does not like the farmers. What do such people think? Now, Mr. "Doctor," if everybody should go studying medicine what would become of the world? I tell you right now that farming is the backbone of all industry and you know that as well as the rest of us. I am a farmer and I am proud of it, and any man that is not is a fool. Let every man attend to his own occupation and let alone running down that of other people's. Well, now I won't bother you any more, Mr. "Doctor," but you must not run down the farmers or you won't have many friends.

I want to plead my case personally, but I'll correspond for mutual benefit and will answer faithfully all letters.

"Farmer."


Another Letter from "Prairie Girl."

March 24, 1910.

Sir.—I wish through these columns to thank very much all who responded to my request some months ago. I received about fifty letters. Those who received no reply will now understand the reason. The letters were all interesting and I very much regretted not being able to reply to more. Among those with whom I opened a correspondence, many were kind enough to send me interesting books, papers, post cards and snapshots. To those I tender my sincere thanks and regret that I cannot respond.

Since writing, a change in circumstances has blown me back East, away to the very farthest coast, where I have taken charge of a very heavy school, which leaves me little time for recreation and none for lonesomeness. This compels me to give up all my correspondence in connection with the W. H. M. Again thanking all who took the trouble to write, I remain, although the name is no longer suitable,

"A Prairie Girl."



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