

Correspondence

We print in this issue another batch of letters on the matrimonial question. During the month of March we exchanged just twice as many letters as in any previous month since the discussion in our columns on this question began.

We would like to print all the letters we have received up to date in this month's issue, but the number is so great that it is quite impossible for us to do so. In another issue we will print letters held over from this month.

We are not at liberty to give the name or address of any writer without the consent of such writer. Therefore please do not ask us to send name and address of any correspondent.

Affix a postage stamp on a blank envelope, enclosing letter you wish us to mail for you and we will forward it on through the mail to its destination.

A Gastronomic Poem.

Gallus: What joy, Marcellus?
Marcellus: The joy of being full!
—Old Play.

My mother made such toothsome cakes
and most delicious pies;
And when I was a bachelor, I often did
surmise,
No wife of mine, however skilled, could
so accomplished be.
But Lord! I was a blooming chump to
let such thoughts go free.
Now that I am a married man with
hunger oft and strong,
I've found that one's most loving
thoughts are apt to lead one wrong.
For when at supper I sit down, and
scan the lovely food.
Although I know to make remarks is
deemed exceeding rude,
I cannot help when my mouth's full
of that delicious cake,
But inch and inch along the board till
my wife's hand I take,
And say, "You blessed, blessed girl,
the very angels laugh
To see such heavenly food below, cook-
ed by my better half."

I know that last is a false rhyme, how-
ever, let it go;
One wife-made cake is better far than
ten you could bestow.
Than ten? Than ten times ten, and ten
times more than that;
And, if like this she means to cook—
by Jove, won't I grow fat!
I vow, as long as I can chew, I ne'er
shall want my wife to change.
If she'll but let me stray with her
through cookery's vast range.
To change my wife? Not much, you
bet, for she has found the root
Of matrimonial happiness, which is—
just feed the brute.
From Poems of the Heart and Stomach.
—By Ephraim Teazem.

Lonely Widow Would Love.

Portage la Prairie, Man., Mar. 17, 1908.
Editor.—You will oblige me by print-
ing this letter.
I am a widow and therefore very
lonesome and would like a nice hus-
band—a man about middle age. I had
several offers of marriage lately but the
suitors did not suit. I am a good house-
keeper.
"J. H."

On Deck With the Goods.

Alberta, March 9, 1908.
Editor.—I am a reader of your maga-
zine and find some of the correspond-
ence very interesting as well as help-
ful.
I would like to correspond with some
of the nice young men. My age is 26.
I am 5½ feet in height, weigh 135
pounds, have dark brown hair and blue
eyes; am good natured and would make
a good, kind-hearted wife. I own 240
acres of land which I bought. I have
21 head of cattle, ten head of horses
and \$1,000 in the bank. If any bachelor
wishes to write to me he can do so.
"Snow Bird."

Send Along the "Fudge."

Toronto, March 6, 1908.
Editor.—I have been an interested
reader of this column for some time
but it is only today that I have screwed
up courage to join. I am not so sure
that I joined as that I was pushed in
as we get this publication in our office
and someone lit on the correspondence
columns and thought it just the thing
for an old maid like me, too timid to
toot her own horn, and that I was let-
ting Leap Year slip by without accom-
plishing anything, it was just what
Cupid would prescribe for my case.
I want to be loved, I want to be
loved but I am so shy don't you see—
why don't somebody please take a hint
and make a fuss over me?
I suppose the first thing is a descrip-
tion of myself. Well, I am an Ameri-
can by birth, 17 years old 5 feet 8
inches tall and weight about 140 pounds.
My eyes are large and dark blue, I have
a good complexion, and hair shading
between blonde and a brown-haired
brunette and incline to be curly.
Mother says I am pretty (but how can
she help it, as I am the dead image of
her?) Am a stenographer in Toronto
and well educated. Like walking,

skating, dancing, singing, etc., and if
any bachelor in this column is a base-
ball fan he is the boy for me.

Was quite interested in "Handsome
Gent's" letter but I sadly fear that if it
is a farmer's wife that he is looking
for I should not qualify, as fudge is the
only thing I can make, but if I do say
it myself, I can make that. If "Hand-
some Gent" likes, will have much plea-
sure in sending him the recipe and a
sample, too. (N. B.—Will also send a
sample to the editor if he is curious
and not afraid.)

Most of the girls in this column get
right down to business and are all good
cooks, etc., and the men are nearly all
models, neither drinking nor smoking—
their is nothing like that in their
family. Personally, I think a man with
a bad temper infinitely worse than a
man who smokes, and I find that an in-
veterate smoker seldom has any other
vices.

The kind of correspondent I would like
to have would be between twenty and
thirty years old, tall, muscular, good
natured, humorous, and all around good
company—fond of sports, dancing and
a good card player.

I thoroughly enjoyed "John Bunyan's"
letter. Also "Loop the Loop's" and
"Will's Brother's." One touch of hu-
mor makes the whole world grin, you
know. If I weren't so far under forty
I would make an attempt to gain their
affections. Alas, I am not the one to
land the boys—I can win them but I
don't keep them. They tell me that I
am too much of a jollier and that I am
the same to them all. However, I am
a friend to them all, bless 'em, and
when I am satisfied I guess they should
be, too. You see, I can't give my heart
to just one—I like them all, some.

Now, I never took a prize for cook-
ing so suppose I am scratched in the
matrimonial race, but if any bachelor
wishes to correspond with a giddy old
maid like me for pastime, well, "Barkis
is willin'" but he must write first.
"Shy Ann."

Prospector and Poet.

Hedley, B. C., March 20, 1908.
Editor.—If you will allot me a little
space in the correspondence column, I
shall be simply delighted, as any bache-
lor should be to have the opportunity
of placing a few lines where the roving
eyes of some happy lass may chance to
fall, for a few seconds.

Here I am, only one of the many
bachelors that have been kicking
around for a good while, consequently
not any better than the rest of them.

The only winning card I have is that
of not using liquor, tobacco or bad
language. This, of course, doesn't help
a fellow out much, as most of the girls
want a man that can take a drink or
leave it alone, and one who is, as they
term, gay and full of fun.

I am not much of a talker, so that my
little bunch of daisies will need an ex-
tra gift of gab in order to keep things
balanced up properly. But according
to what most married men say, there is
no need to worry about the gab ques-
tion, for they say when a woman's jaw
gets to wagging there is no such a
thing as stopping it.

Well, my little dearie need not
bother stopping as long as she don't
get too many black looks and broken
broom handles mixed up in the conver-
sation.

Some of our lady correspondents can
use the pen almost as deadly as others
do the broom handle; that is, when it
comes to giving bachelors a hard hit in
their way through the correspondence
columns. Well, probably they are giv-
ing a great many of us our just dues.

But say, ladies, you can't expect to
find very many angels while you have
your feet on this old world of ours.
Neither can you expect to find many
saints riding bronchos through the
bunch grass. So you might as well give
up the notion of looking for them. Now
if you will allow me the privilege, I
will continue in a sort of half rhyme
fashion called "This Bachelor's Toast."

Why should we lead a lonesome life,
That's simply just a blank
Without the sweet cares of a loving
wife,
For to die as a bachelor crank?

For a bachelor's life 'tis a lonesome one,
That don't fulfil Dame Nature's law,
As he gouches, growls and gropes along
With a mopish, sullen awe.

Then to be wise, start right today
To court some happy miss,
And don't get faint or give away
Till her rosy lips you've kissed.

And if you pledge to be as one,
To unite as man and wife,
Make your solemn vow, from an honest
brow,
And your promise keep through life.

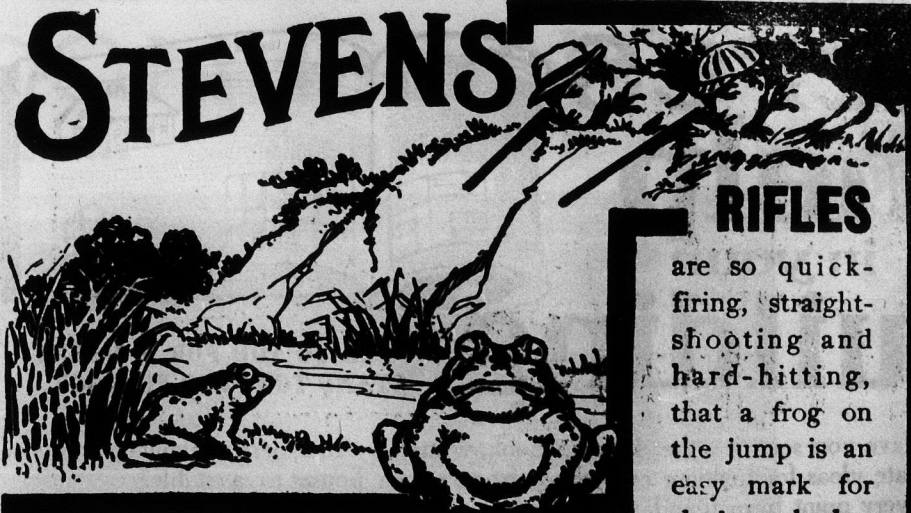
That to make this an earthly bliss,
'Twill be your aim and faith,
Then the essential joys of happiness
Will last till your dying day.

"Prospector."

Praise from a Queen City Lass.

Toronto, March 11, 1908.
Editor.—Your valuable magazine has
been a great source of pleasure to me
for the past year, and many pleasant
evenings have a number of us girls
spent together reading the correspond-
ence column, which has afforded us lots
of amusement.

While I don't approve of people cor-
responding with matrimonial intentions,



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