

Correspondence

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his implements or even do the gardening with skirts on and he will soon find out why men discard the skirt. Conventionality runs second to necessity. May I suggest education as a new topic? Although a new and modern country, the West is behind in education. Education means, first, a thorough knowledge of our language, laws and business systems, and of our country and its people, and, secondly, an intimate acquaintance with the world around us. If we cannot travel to see the world we can read, and there is no better occupation for our spare time. A person will learn more by reading and observation than is taught them in school in the same time. Religious education is also sadly neglected. Every boy and girl should have instilled into their minds by their parents a knowledge of the great moral law, a respect for and an obedience to the Power that created them and a love toward everyone they come in contact with. A realization on the part of every citizen that he or she is his or her brother's keeper and sister's keeper also, would soon bring our hopes of a better social welfare to a consummation.

Irish Charlie.

The City is Lonesome

Dear Editor:—Being so lucky as to see my last letter in print I will try again. "Yankee Canuck" appears to be a "real" man. Certainly he has some sound reasoning. As the soldier and the farmer are suggested for discussion, I will say that I think the farmers as well as the soldiers ought to be divided into two classes. Many a boy went to the farm to escape the draft, while others who were physically unfit volunteered to work on the farm. I believe that the latter class deserves as much credit as the soldier, but, as there are also two classes of soldiers namely, the ones who went to do their duty and the other ones to have a good time, the "draft farmer" and the "goodtime" soldier don't deserve much credit at all. As for myself, I am a regular farmer and the war has not made me do anything special. In a case like this I would give the credit to the "his duty" soldier. I quite agree with "Ever a Jolly Kid," only that I am usually a little too busy to do any art and fancy work, although I once tried it for pastime's sake. I should be pleased to correspond with her if she'd care to write. I think "City Girl" should answer the call to the country and her lonesome time would not appear so often. For myself, I have been on the farm, in the village and in the city, also in towns and on the ranch, but, believe me, the worst place for one to get lonesome is the city. The best place for common society circles is the farm. I have a skating rink for winter evenings and, tired of that, we play in our outside games, dance or ride horseback, go sleigh riding or snowshoeing, etc., and yet the principal thing to drive loneliness away is the work which is to be looked after to keep a big farm going, for it keeps our spirits high. I should be pleased to correspond with some other girls about my age (twenty-three) for correspondence sake. All good wishes.

Fly-by-Night.

A Real Sport

Dear Editor:—Your magazine has found an appreciative reader in me for some time, but though I have often contemplated finding a place in your correspondence columns, I never felt presumptuous enough till now. I'm "sweet sixteen" and a native of B.C., also a worshipper of its scenery, though I confess that other provinces of Canada and the United States rival it in my affections. I am at present taking a course in shorthand, typewriting, English literature, languages, etc., to prepare myself for the realization of my ambition, that of being a newspaper reporter. I am very fond of literary work and my teachers think I will qualify for such a position. I was very interested in Yankee Canuck's letter and he sounds as if there were "pep" present in him. I think Robert W. Service is a master of the art

of poetry, but his prose is not nearly as inspiring. I will not express my opinion of "Not a Crank(?)" as, doubtless, he will receive his share of criticism from other readers. Who is a swimming enthusiast among the readers? No one seems to mention it. I love it. Especially in the ocean on a stormy day when you have to swim some to keep above the big rollers. Do many shoot? I drive our car and my chum and I often go out with my dad in the early morning. My last "bag" was one goose and two mallards. I also, like most girls, like dancing and skating. We have had quite a lot of skating on one of the lakes already. Two boys of our party fell through last week but were fortunately rescued. Since then no one skates very much there. No doubt everyone will find this letter very dull and uninteresting,

but I just wrote what came into my head. A very foolish thing to do, by the way. My address is with the editor.

Brown Eyes.

A Word from Kitty

Dear Editor:—I have been a very interested reader of your page for a long time and find some of the letters very amusing. I do not agree with "Fly-by-Night" on girls marrying when in their teens. I am still a "High School Kid," but will be going to college next year. I love all outdoor sports, especially skating and riding. Write again, "Yankee Canuck." I thought your letter was splendid. I do a lot of fancy work and if any of the readers have any hair-pin work patterns they do not want I should be pleased to receive them. I do not dance myself, but I see no harm in

a quiet country dance. I think skating is splendid, but we cannot have very much of it around here. I am glad nearly all the boys are back. Many of them are bringing English brides, and I think we ought to welcome them and give them a good time. One of my cousins who lived in England married a Canadian soldier. They are both out here and are enjoying the "Wild and Woolly West." Some of the English girls do not like either Canada or the Canadians, but they will soon get over that before they have been out here very long. Well, I must stop. My address is with the editor if any one cares to write.

Kitty.

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"What is This Nerve Food You See Advertised in all the Papers, Some Kind of Patent Medicine?"

"**P**ERHAPS that is what you might call it."

"Well, do you know anything about it?"

"I certainly do, and have a box right here in my grip. Why, say, in my estimation, it is the greatest thing ever invented in the medicine line."

"You seem to be rather enthusiastic. You are not selling Nerve Food, are you?"

"No, I am not selling it, but I am recommending it. When I find a good thing I like to tell others about it."

"What did it ever do for you?"

"I was on my back with the 'flu' for two weeks, and when I got up was so weak that I did not get out of the house for ten days. I started out on my trip on the road, but did not have the energy to sell goods."

"What seemed to be the matter?"

"The doctor said my nerves were in bad condition. I could not sleep nights, and after talking to a customer I seemed to

be all in. There was so little nerve force in my system that I went all to pieces with a little exertion."

"I did not get right until I had used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two weeks. By that time my appetite was good and I began to feel like myself again."

"For a month I scarcely missed a dose of the Nerve Food, and am now feeling fine. I eat and sleep well, and take the same old pleasure in my work that I always did when in good health."

"You must be all right, then."

"Yes, and I certainly appreciate what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, for I thought I would have to quit the road entirely. You can call it a patent medicine if you like, but, anyway, I swear by it."

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