

it was evident she knew another profession, and even the young student minister fell before her to be allowed to caress those beautiful curved lips only till others crowded him away—only to get their short day and be forgotten; and it would have been very appropriate had they consoled themselves by singing "I wonder who's kissing her now." But she returned no caress, and simply took what came her way, and smiled the same on all and tried even to deceive herself. The next year found her in a new district among rather a rough class of people. This was new to her and she held aloof from them all. But her good behavior is not of interest just now, so on we go to the next district with her—where girls were very few and men very plentiful—a flirt's paradise. Here there seemed too a rush among "the fellows" to see who could be first to receive that peculiar smile. Far below her in station though

all of them were she allowed them to press coarse lips to hers and smiled with her head on their shoulders while they poured passionate words in her ear. She didn't love herself, and did not believe they felt what they said, but soon she was to know what an aching heart meant. Her fickle heart went for a few days—in the absence of another lover—to a worthless fellow, and before she realized it she had a pretty fetter on her finger and like an unroped broncho, felt hate, scorn and defiance, for the one who had dared to win her promise. Her dream had a rude awakening and she longed to tear that burning band from her hand less than an hour after it was placed there. Hadn't she received the passionate kisses of the returned lover half an hour after giving her promise. The heart once so free and gay was now dumb and sore for she felt now what a heart can suffer. But she forced her-

self to be brave, and freed herself from the hateful tie which bound her. Did she return to the old game? No, indeed, but even today she is afraid to trust herself and a sad smile tells the story of the struggle this still young girl has gone through, and no one tries harder than she to keep her young girl companions from going the road on which she began. When we know things like this occur so often doesn't it make us want to fight against it? Leave the men to their pipes, girls, and fight against this thing which leads where no pipe will lead. Some say, "Bah, listen to the jilted old maid telling about herself." Or maybe you think I'm a man. Well I am a woman and not even an old maid, and it makes no difference whether it is myself I was talking about or not; but I must get out before I am put out so will conclude with a favorite verse.

"I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased.
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
The ghost of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight
And things I thought were dead things
Were alive with terrible might.
The vision of all my past life,
Was a terrible thing to face
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that silently solemn place."
Highland Jo.

B. C. Information Wanted.

Manitoba, Nov., 1913.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your paper for some years, and I think quite a lot of it, but I have not done much reading lately as it has been a busy season for me. I live on a farm, and have done so all my life, but I am leaving the farm soon as I intend going West. I think it will be to British Columbia as I have had a notion of that part for some years—the winters being too long and too cold for me in Manitoba. I would like very much if some of the readers living in B. C. would write and tell me about their district, its climate and conditions as I would like to get work in a town for a while if possible. I have lived alone and batched for some months, but did not like it very well. For one thing I was lonely and also I had a lot of work to do what with inside and outside. I enjoy reading your correspondence page—some of the letters are interesting. I hope some of your B. C. readers will write. I might say I had a pretty fair crop this year, and did not get hailed out as a lot did around here. I must close now, but will write again soon, from
A Canadian.

Teaching Down East.

Moncton, N. B., December, 1913.

Dear Editor—Having been a silent reader of the W. H. M. for over a year, I have become very deeply interested in it, especially in the correspondence columns. The topics taken up are very suggestive at times, and furnish food for reflection, making it very interesting. These letters also convey ideas of how people live out West, and therefore instruct us Eastern people who have faint ideas of Western life. I have not noticed many Eastern correspondents in the list, but I hope I may be welcomed among the Western friends. Now may I say a few words concerning the East? Life is somewhat different down here, and although our province contains many lucrative farming localities, the young people seem to be lured into the cities to work, thinking that many more social attractions are afforded them after their day's work. However, agriculture is being very keenly discussed by the leading men, and it is to be hoped that it will tend to revive the ardor which our forefathers had in laying out our great farms. I belong to the teaching class since five years, and think it is one of the noblest of professions as it requires observation, patience, care, zeal and devotion on the part of the teacher who wants to be really successful. On the teacher rests the great responsibility of moulding the character of the future men and women of the country. I do not see many of my profession writing in your columns, but I hope that I am starting the ball a rolling, and that some of the Western teachers will express their views on teaching in the West. If any correspondent would write I would gladly answer their letters. I remain a friend,
Chubby.

Girls—Get Busy

Killarney, Man., December, 1913.

Dear Editor—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, so I hope you will find a corner for me in your correspondence column. I am very interested in the new topic on "Marriage." Some people get married just for the sake of

Could Hardly Live for Asthma. Writes one man who after years of suffering has found complete relief through Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Now he knows how needless has been his suffering. This matchless remedy gives sure help to all afflicted with asthma. Inhaled as smoke or vapor it brings the help so long needed. Every dealer has it or can get it for you from his wholesaler.

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Dear Sir.—I wish to tell you that I am in splendid health and strength. Under Providence, your Belt made a new man of me. I gave it away when I was cured, and I know that it fixed the other fellow up, too. Thanking you, I am, WM. C. ALLAN, Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir.—I am perfectly satisfied with your Belt. I did not have to use it very often until I had found relief, and by continuing its use a little longer, I felt able to discontinue its use altogether. Should I need further advice, I will consult you at once.—WM. JEFFREY, Lavenham, Man.

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