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drink and am rather musically inclined. There are some cows about the place but, of course, would not expect a woman to milk them, nor to carry wood and water.

Any young lady who wishes to correspond with a jolly Western bachelor will find my address with the editor. Would be pleased if "Calla Lily" or "Chick" would write to me at their earliest convenience. "John Bull."

Polly Says She Is Very Pretty.

Fairfax, Man., Nov. 4, 1908.
Editor.—As I am not a subscriber to your paper, the W. H. M., I thought that I would like to join in the correspondence columns. I always take great pleasure in the letters; they are often very laughable. I will answer letters from either sex but would like to hear from "Mamma's Little Love-sick Boy." In the September number. With exchange post cards or photos with any nice young man who does not drink (I will not be hard on him, he can smoke if he chooses to), and who wants to correspond with me. I am 17 years old, weigh 126 pounds, am 5 feet tall, and I am very fair with nice blue eyes and very good looking (when not cross or out of humor). Well, I will be pleased to see this in print. Will leave my address with the editor. "Polly."

A Letter Full of Advice.

Manitoba, Oct. 8, 1908.
Editor.—I was very much struck with the letter of "The Girl with the Apron On." It seems to me from what I have observed both in this district and in others where I have been that she is about right as to her opinion of bachelors' ideas, though why they have those ideas I cannot understand. She says that the men seem to want a partner, experienced, a good housekeeper, a good cook, good looking, know all about music, etc. Now I would say that such a person would be rather an ideal something to aim at, and the nearer the man came to getting his ideal the more thankful he should be, and if he is truly thankful she will show it and live up to it. She says she thinks the home should be nice and comfortable. Certainly, but I think that it should be more than that, comfort is not all. It seems to me that there is nothing a man should think more of in this world than his home and family. It seems to me that his home can be made a little heaven. I often think of a little verse: "What is a woman's world, A castle or a cot?"

A little place where hearts beat true,
A spot where love doth leaven,
Built on the rock of Faith by two
Who make that home a heaven.
Where busy hands toll all day long,
Where children lip a prayer,
With voices raised in cheerful song,
A woman's world is there."

Now I do not wish to infer from "Where busy hands toll all day long" that I think that the woman should feed the pigs and milk the cows, for that is decidedly outside her realm; but I verily believe that if the woman is encouraged by her husband, who shows his appreciation of a nice comfortable home, she will not only find it easy but a pleasure to toll to make their home such that the husband will think so much of it that he will be loath to leave her presence for an evening. Such a home would go a long way toward making the man and woman true companions. I think that a great deal of trouble is caused through persons entering the state of matrimony without considering well what it means. Marriage should be to both sexes an honorable and holy estate, to be entered upon only when it is well known that the party is faithful and carries with him the spirit of chivalry and love. Perhaps I am extreme in some of my views, but I think that if they were followed more closely it would cause more happiness and eliminate some of the existing misery. "Sauerkraut Bill."

The Lonely West.

Saskatchewan, Nov. 8, 1908.
Editor.—For some months past I have read the correspondence column of your paper with pleasure as I am at present keeping house for my brother who (in the past) has been a bachelor and is proving up on his homestead. As he is a subscriber to the W. H. M. I have the privilege of reading it. I agree with many of the girls that it is the man's place to write first. I know for myself I would not wish to write first. The bachelors speak about being so lonely, but say, girls, don't you think it is just as lonely, if not more so, for us to be away out here in the West and often for months at a time and not to see the face of one of our sex and the nearest is nine miles away? Such is often the case in this part of the world.

Now if "Handy Andy" or "Scotchman" (whose letter appeared in the June paper) care to write to me or any others, I will answer all letters. Now, somebody will say, "Who are you, anyway?" Well, I am a farmer's daughter, am 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have dark hair and blue eyes, and as for my beauty, will say

nothing; my brother tells me when I start to play the piano I make such a noise it often starts to rain.

Excuse me for taking up so much space in your columns, as I know there will be other letters of more interest. My address you will find with the editor. "Prairie Lillie."

A Voice from Bonnie Scotland.

Highlands, Scotland, Oct. 12, 1908.
Editor.—I receive the W. H. M. from a friend in Canada and have always been very much interested in the correspondence column. I shall be so glad if you could print this letter as I have no Canadian stamp and cannot send any letter for you to forward. I should be so pleased if "London" would write to me. My address will be with the editor. As I cannot write to him I had better give a description of myself here. I am quite Scotch but intend going to Canada this winter to stay a few years on my brother's farm. I am 19 years of age and have just left school. Fairly tall, dark hair and eyes. I am musical and have a good training in piano, violin and singing. Of course, I will tell him more about myself if he cares to correspond. Perhaps he has found a Canadian stamp by this time. I do hope you will find space for this in your columns. "Dark Eyed Betty."

A Glint in Girls.

British Columbia, Nov. 15, 1908.
Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last six months. Have been greatly amused by the queer ideas expressed by some of your correspondents. I do not think I shall advertise for a wife through your correspondence bureau as there are about five young ladies to every gentleman in this beautiful valley of ours. I confess we have a few bachelors but I think it is a case of "getting too much of a good thing." I think the Eastern ladies must believe in the old maxim that the road to a (Western) man's heart leads through his stomach. By the trend of their letters, they all seem to be good cooks, no medium or poor ones. I suppose a description of myself is essential, so here goes. By profession a logger, by necessity a rancher; height 6 feet, weight 155½ pounds, neither blonde nor brunette, as the girls say; dark brown hair and blue eyes. My ideal girl must not dance, play cards, nor smoke cigarettes. I'm not particular as to her looks, so long as she finds the road to my heart. Wishing your paper success. "B. C. Optimist."

"School Peggy" Writes a Long Letter.

Ontario, Nov. 12, 1908.
Editor.—For some months past I have been perusing your correspondence column. It has afforded me much pleasure and some amusement to read some of the letters but had no notion of writing myself until I read the letter written by "Flymo." Not many men express themselves so strongly, else I am sure their reception by ladies, at least, would be at freezing point. However, there is something rather taking about "Flymo's" letter although I believe Cupid has already been at work and left him a little bitter; perhaps he was fed on sour grapes. I think it a very nice thing to carry on this correspondence and to have some of it printed for perhaps some person's letter is cheering some lonely heart. As the pebble thrown into the water causes vibrations past and beyond our vision so our actions often influence farther than we have any conception of.

Although I live in the East and read many Eastern magazines and papers, the Western Home Monthly appeals to me more than almost any other, perhaps because I have a strong desire to go to the West, and besides in this present day all eyes are turned more or less to the West. From the West should rise a strong, intelligent race of people, and I am sure that day is on the advance now.

If any who read my few words would care to correspond with me I would be very pleased. I am not at all particular about matrimony, for being very ambitious I wish to avoid such, unless Mr. Right should happen along. But my aim is to help or enlighten, or carry on a bright, cheery line of correspondence, just as the case may require. As to sounding my own praises I would rather some one else do that, but I may say that I am a school teacher, also follow vocal work and oil painting. The age is often interesting to some people, especially young men, and as I am not at all ashamed of mine I can tell you that it is 22.

I notice most of the young ladies ask for the gentlemen of clean habits, free from tobacco, alcohol and cards, and I heartily agree with them. And the best part of it is that if they will stick to what they say we can win. Men may fight against it for a time but eventually they will give in, and much more respected and loved is the woman for the stand she has taken and held. I once heard a young man say that nothing could influence him like a lady. If that be so, let every woman exert her influence for good to stamp out the evils of our country. Although I often think of these sober sides of our lives