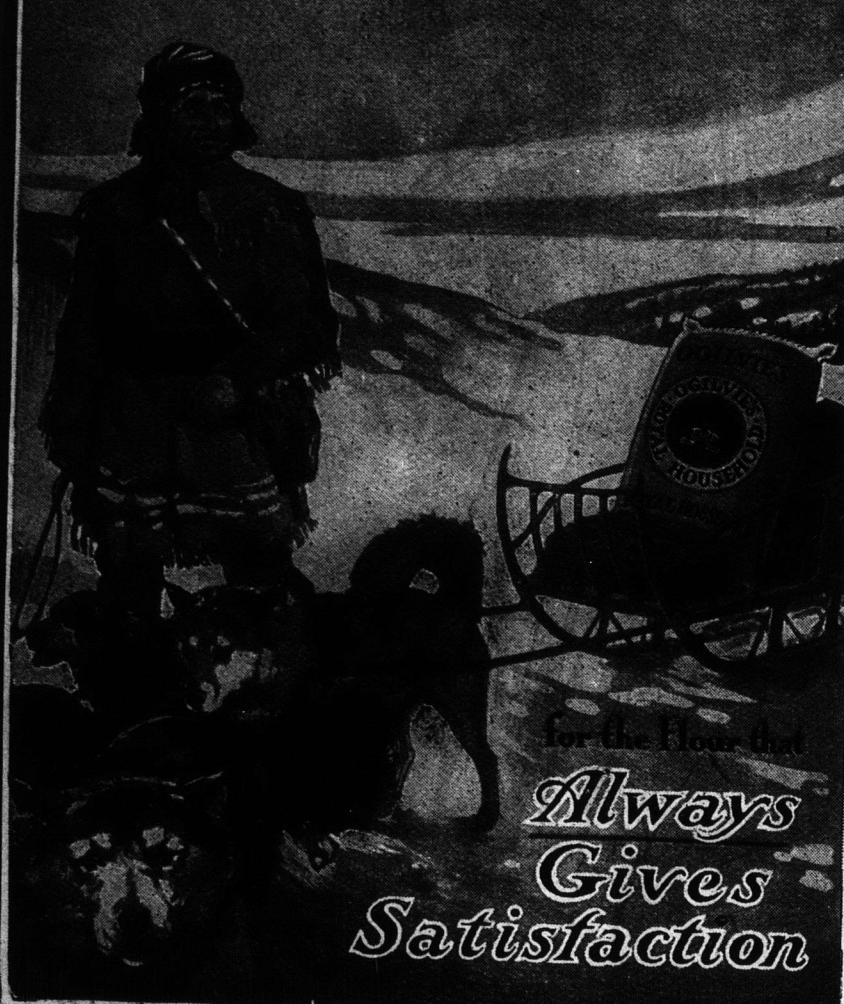


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Fairplay for Canadian Women.

By Grace Hopewell.

If the men who make the laws of our country would make them a little less lob-sided, there would be less clamoring for women's rights. For instance, our Dominion Government will give 160 acres of land in Western Canada, free, to the lowest foreigner who comes to the country or to divorced women from the United States, if the woman has a child who is not yet of age.

The writer knows of instances where women have come over from the United States, whose children were over sixteen years of age, and were earning good wages, yet this mother could file upon free land in Western Canada, while unmarried Canadian women who are obliged to earn their own living and support an aged parent or other relatives, are not allowed to file upon this free land in the country of their birth.

A Canadian widow who has been deprived of her children by death, or whose children are over eighteen years of age may stand aside and see an American "Grass Widow" or a Russian, Swede, German, Galician or Norwegian, receive 160 acres of land free, while the woman whose forefathers were the pioneers of Canada and fought to save our country, are debarred from the privilege granted to the foreigner. Is this justice?

Our agricultural colleges are open to women, yet Canadian women who have taken a thorough course in dairying, poultry culture, etc., etc., in these colleges, are not allowed to make a homestead entry, while foreigners who scarcely know a spring lamb from a jack rabbit, are welcome to 160 acres of the best land they can find in Western Canada.

In the Western States, single women (whether widows or spinsters) are allowed to file upon free homesteads yet there is no complaint as to these states being over-crowded with women.

The single women of our country who are thrown upon their own resources, and desire to make a home for themselves in this way, should not be treated as step-children.

The conditions in Western Canada are much more favorable for women than they were in the United States, as we have the Protection of the Mounted Police, and law is more strictly enforced.

There are now so many miles of railway under construction that homesteads may be secured within a few miles of a railway station, and women wishing to take up land can go out in company with some married friends and file upon adjoining land, or a sister could file upon land adjoining that of a brother. There are many young men in the West who would be glad to have a sister living close by, and they would spend fewer evenings in town, where many now, because of their loneliness, spend too much time in pool rooms and saloons.

Any one who has looked into the conditions as they are in the West, knows that women can easily find employment in the winter months at \$18 to \$25.00 per month and her board and lodging, and thus save enough money during the winter to pay some poor homesteader of the male persuasion, the ready cash which they are glad to receive for breaking land, building fences, etc.

After a woman has her land broken, she can rent part of it on shares to a neighbor, and by raising her own vegetables, poultry, etc., she can have a comfortable living, and in the meantime her land is increasing in value.

Canadian women are now going to insist upon having their rights in this matter, and if our Dominion Members of Parliament will give the subject a few minutes' thought, we believe they will vote for an amendment to the homestead law during this session, so that Canadian women, whether spinsters or widows, who are obliged to earn their own living, may be granted the

same privileges that are extended to the foreigners. We want justice.

Topaz is Modest.

Morden, Man., Feb. 11th, 1910

Sir.—In looking over the pages of that very interesting magazine, namely, the W. H. M., I saw a great many letters, and as I have a leisure hour, I am going to scribble a few lines. I am a Manitoba girl, although I am now staying in the west. How that throng of bachelors ears must burn, if there is any truth in the old saying, that when someone is talking or thinking about you, your ears will tell the tale. But at the same time, we are all sorry for the lonely men who are making homes for themselves in this new country and a splendid country it is too. I think any man or woman with congenial company would soon love their prairie home. But companionship seems to be what most are pining for, friends of the weaker sex are scarce in the west. It seems to be customary to tell our fellow correspondents what we can boast of in the way of good looks. There's where I am left, unfortunately I can't lay any claims to the commodity. I am dark enough to be a gipsy or Indian; have black hair and eyes, weigh about 124 pounds and am 5 feet four inches in height. To finish the picture I have a dreadfully dumpy little nose. Do you think any of the readers will have courage to write a few lines to me? I hope they will. First, because I didn't mean to scare anyone, and secondly because I am very fond of writing and receiving letters. I will also be pleased to exchange post cards with anyone. I will sign myself Topaz.

A Bachelor Who is Not Lonely.

Brandon, Man., Feb. 14th, 1910

Sir.—Having been a subscriber to the W.H.M. for sometime I would like to give a few of my views of the letters appearing in the correspondence column from my lonely bachelor brothers. I think some are very interesting and sensible, while others are perfectly ridiculous. I don't know how some of them can say they are lonely as there is always something to be done around a farm, indoors or out, and more for a bachelor than a married man. A bachelor as a rule never picks anything up he can step over, throws his paper on the floor, stands at the wood pile (if he has one) and throws his wood into the house, shuts the door, sits down and stews and pines. It would be far better for him to fetch in that harness that is going to rack and ruin and repair it or that binder canvass that requires mending; sweep and wash the year's dirt off the floor and make life worth living. All these are cures for loneliness, but yet some may go as far as to say life is not worth living without a wife to cheer the home. Shaw!! it is all rot, such fickle hearted fellows as "Scotland Yet" in your Oct. issue ought never to have left his mother's apron strings. "Scotland Yet" I'm ashamed of you, to think that you belong to our noble role. Why man "batching" is one of the best things a man can do; it makes him a man, to love and appreciate a wife when he does get one and do things for her, and not be like "An Unsatisfied Wife's" husband. I really feel sorry for her. A man never stops to think of his wife's work, she being the weaker vessel puts out more energy in one day's work than we put out in two. Some bachelors even complain of being lonely in the summer time. Shame! How about that breaking? but perhaps you have not enough oats to break any this year, then plant a tree Jock, 'twill be growing while you are sleeping, besides adding dollars to the value of your farm and keep your mind occupied. Now some of the girls have the audacity to say they don't want a man who smokes, chews or drinks. I tell you girls men are not made to order now-a-days. As for a man smoking he looks more at home with a pipe