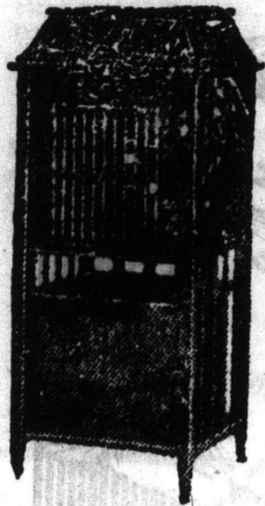


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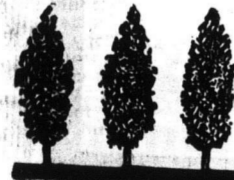
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Would Like to Go West.

Kensington, Que., March 13, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for nearly a year now and am very much amused by the correspondence column, so I thought I would write to see if any of those bachelors of 22 or 23 would care for a correspondent from down in Quebec, as I have often thought I would like to take a trip to the West to see some of those bachelors and prairie homesteads. I am a young farmer's daughter, not yet out of my teens, and I am neither dark nor fair, tall nor short. Oh! just a regular beauty just like all the others who write. I will tell all the rest of my good qualities if the boys care to write. Guess I will ring off and leave room for somebody else. Wishing your club every success "Happy Peggie."

Fluffy Buffles from Ontario.

Ontario, March 12, 1909.

Editor.—As I am a very recent reader of your very valuable and interesting paper I decided to pen a few lines, hoping I will not be refused a short space in your paper, also asking you to forward enclosed letter.

I see it is customary to describe one's self, so here goes. I have fair curly hair and blue eyes, and am 5 feet 6 in. tall, age 18 years. As for looks, I will not say much as I might not tell the truth. I would be pleased to hear from any reader and will try to answer all letters as I think it a very interesting way of becoming acquainted with other parts of this fair Dominion. Wishing the W. H. M. the success it surely deserves, "Fluffs."

"Gypsy" is No. 1 Hard.

Forestville, March 14, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for some time. I think it is an excellent magazine. This is my first letter to your paper. The lonely bachelors have my sympathy; it must be hard to do one's mending and cooking.

I am a farmer's daughter and must say I am proud of it. What has become of "White Pine," B. C.? I would be pleased to hear from some of the bachelors, especially "Living in Hopes" and "A Mountain Bachelor." I have spent quite a lot of my time in towns and cities but I enjoy the country best. I think that contentment is the keynote of happiness and that is the one thing that married people ought to have: if a woman is contented she will be happy and if happy, she will try to make her home as attractive as possible. I am one of those home loving creatures, nothing would be difficult for me if it would help to make the home any brighter. I think any true woman will agree with me when I say that a woman that loves her husband will gladly help with the chores if it is necessary. Now I never do that kind of work on my father's farm because I don't have to do it, but I would not think it was hard if I ever marry a farmer and have it to do.

It seems to be the order to describe one's self. Now, I am a poor hand to write, but can talk fast enough. I am about 5 feet 2 inches tall, weigh 115 pounds, have brown hair and eyes. I would be pleased to hear from any of the lonely bachelors over 28. I will gladly answer all letters promptly. "Gypsy."

"Sauerkraut Bill," Wake Up.

Pine, Ont., March 6, 1909.

Editor.—Really I shall have to confess a considerable amount of disappointment at not seeing my first letter in print, but I must not be selfish, and through kindness of Mr. Editor I hope to have more favorable luck this time. For the past six months I have read your valuable W. H. M. with growing interest. The correspondence section is of vast importance and popularity, hence the quantity of letters appearing in each issue from many parts of the world.

My home is in a small, remote part of that world, in the province of Ontario. I am a lumberman's daughter of 18 years, and being a great deal alone I am anxious to gain correspondents of either sex through this letter for pastime only. Any of the club interested in music, amateur photography, etc., shall be heartily welcome long with all others from country or city who are equally as lonely as I. "Sauerkraut Bill" has impressed me greatly by his letters of past dates. He is blessed with a valuable amount of sound common sense, and should be seen this I shall be pleased to welcome him as one of the many correspondents I hope to have. I should like to know something of the West, for the land

of the rising sun and the self-sacrificing tillers of the soil have been of great interest to me. "Fine Tassel."

He Followed the Crowd.

Calgary, Alta., March 12, 1909.

Editor.—The January issue of your paper came to me through a friend subscriber, and while looking through the correspondence columns was very much struck with many of the letters, and at once decided to contribute a few words myself if you will kindly spare them a little space.

I suppose I had better 'follow the crowd' and give a short description of myself. (I am afraid a long one would not look well in print.) I am 19, lightweight, 5 feet 6 inches tall, fond of athletics and girls. Am also somewhat musical, can play two or three instruments a little, but the phonograph is perhaps the one in which I excel most.

My object in writing is to get up a correspondence with some of the jolly, good natured girls for pastime. I am strictly out of the matrimonial list. Intend taking a long chance and wait a few years.

Now, girls, take your pen in hand and "get busy." Don't wait till tomorrow; remember what some "wise guy" said: "Procrastination is the thief of time," so if you don't write now, I might die, or get married, or worse, and then you'll be sorry.

Thanking you in advance for the space in your valuable paper, (or wastepaper basket), and wishing the former every success in the future, I will close and give someone else a chance. My address is with the editor. "College Kid."

The Two Johns.

British Columbia, Mar. 12 1909.

Editor.—How are chances for two loggers or lumber jacks as we are called, to enter into your correspondence column? Although only one of us takes your valuable paper, still we both read with great interest the letters in it. Well, ladies and gentlemen, we lumber jacks are not thought much of as a rule; we are generally put down by town people as a careless crowd of fellows, but perhaps you will agree with us that there is good and bad found everywhere, and likely we have our faults same as the rest.

Well, guess a little description of ourselves wouldn't hurt, so here's a go. We are both about the same height, 5 feet six inches, one with dark brown hair and grey eyes, weight 156 pounds; the other with dark brown hair and blue eyes, weight 142 pounds. We are not so old, our ages can be found somewhere between 19 and 29. Neither of us have the habits of drinking liquor or chewing tobacco, but one has a crooked stem pipe that he sometimes lights up and brings forth a tremendous fog. As for matrimony, guess we will not be included in this year's number. We will leave our address with the editor and any young ladies wishing to correspond with either of us, should they be uncertain as to which is which, they can look over our description again and state to the editor which one they wish to correspond with, grey or blue eyes. So hoping this will escape the refuse pile, we will close, wishing the editor and his paper every success. "Up a Gumtree."

A Happy-Go-Lucky Sort of Chap.

Pheasant Forks, Sask., Mar. 15, 1909.

Editor.—I now take time to write a few lines to your correspondence column. Being a constant reader I thought I would send my little say to be put into print, if it would be acceptable. There seems to be a keen rivalry existing between some of the old maids and bachelors that are growing crony, seedy, cranky, awkward, old and stubborn. Well, boys, I suppose some of you will be getting married very soon but I do hope you won't let her drudge away and carry her life in her hands to the grave like some of them do, but think of her as the better half, treat her so and if she is good, womanly, kind, and how much sweeter the home will be. We are only intended to live in this world once and why not peacefully?

I like the letter that "Polly" wrote in the last issue, also "Black-eyed Betty." Well, now I suppose I will describe myself. I am of average height, weight the same; and for good looks, well, I guess if I were hunting lions in Africa they would run when they saw me. Jack of all trades, master of none. Wishing your paper every success. "A Happy Saskatchewan."

Repeat: "Thilo's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."