



Let us write You a Personal Letter

Are you roofing any buildings this Fall?

If you are, write to us about it. We are building experts. We know more, perhaps, about houses and farm buildings than any other firm in America. We know a great many things that you should know, if you're building anything—building pointers of great value—things it will pay you to know.

Let us write you a personal letter about any building problems you may have. We will give you, absolutely free, the full benefit of our years' of farm-building experience.

If you're bothered with leaky roofs—write to us. If you're troubled with drafty buildings, write to us. We're makers of

PAROID

Ready Roofing

The Roofing That Keeps Your Buildings Dry.

We're specialists on these things. We will tell you how you can remedy and avoid them.

Write us yourself. Don't put it off. Do it now. We'll give you the best advice on any building subject that is puzzling you.

Our Free Book

"PRACTICAL FARM BUILDINGS" is a book you should always have on hand.

You'll find it an invaluable building reference book. Every practical farmer should have this practical farmer's book. Send for it. It's yours for 2c. to pay the postage.

Write to us—and let us write to you.

Address Dept. 1

F.W. BIRD & SON, East Walpole, Mass.

Don't Throw It Away



MENDIT

Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE COLLETTE'S PATENT PATCHES mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B., Collingwood, Ont. 617

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Correspondence

Notwithstanding that the harvest is now on and as a result many of our readers are busy, there still continues a steady stream of letters to our Correspondence Columns. The popularity of this department is attested by readers from afar and near and we are pleased at the appreciation shown us by our subscribers. We are doing our best to accommodate all our contributors, but the space given, though generous, is oftentimes inadequate to meet the requirements. We will endeavor, as in the past, to print all letters received and epistles sent in and intended for this month will be given a place later on.

If any reader desires to get acquainted with any writer of a letter appearing in these columns such reader must address us a letter enclosed in another (blank) envelope with postage stamp affixed thereto and we will forward it on through the mail to the party which it is intended for. When writing us please give your full name and post office address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

We Fooled You Just Once.

Saskatchewan, July 21, 1908.
Editor.—I have been a very interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for a long while and although I have written imaginary letters very often to the correspondence column, I have screwed up enough courage to write for fairs. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if this, instead of reposing in a small nook in the column finds its resting place in the waste paper basket, which perhaps is the fittest place.

I agree with "Black Sheep Bill" that a drunkard does not deserve a wife and I consider a man who just takes a little is quite as bad as the one who is continually on the spree.

When coming to this country a few years ago I couldn't help wondering what was the meaning of so many mouths working, but very soon found out. I think it is a disgusting habit and like to keep a civil distance from the men who are always chewing tobacco (as well as girls who chew gum) as I can't stand watching people whose jaws are always on the move. I'm afraid some of the boys will think I'm hitting hard, but I think if they could see themselves as others see them they would stop right away quick.

I don't understand the expression "Farmer's Man" (uses April number) about souvenir gathering girls. Does "A Juggler" mean that if he can't get a Canadian he won't have any? Would an English girl not suit quite as well? I think the average English girl is quite as good as the average Canadian. Of course, I'm English, but I'm sure I would not suit him as I'm not particularly good-looking although not the opposite, and I weigh not less than 80 pounds or more than 200 pounds, and am past 18 years. I hope he will get one to suit although if he's the dear he imagines himself to be, how is it he has not been caught by some of the girls near his home, as there are surely some within 12 miles.

A friend predicts that I shall be an old maid as I'm very fond of cats and dogs, so I'll sign myself the "Single Daisy of the West."

From An Irish Schoolmarm.

Trout River, Que., July 19, 1908.
Editor.—Although I have only been a subscriber of the W. H. M. since January, I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence column.

Most of the girls describe themselves and then tell what they can do in the way of housekeeping, so I think I'll follow suit.

I am just a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, Irish schoolmarm. I guess that's enough to frighten any Western bachelor, without telling about my cooking, but here goes.

I can bake potatoes and beans, but that is about all; and as for milking, the least said about that the better, but sure there's lots of time to learn, as I'm only eighteen.

I love dancing and candy, and I like boys, too, if they are tall, good-looking and agreeable, and not red-headed.

I do not object to smoking as long as they do not use French tobacco.

I would like to correspond with any of the Western boys if they would write first. My address will be with the editor. Hoping this will escape the wastebasket, I will close, wishing the club every success.

"Towhead."

Not All Sunshine on Homestead.

Alberta, July 20, 1908.
Editor.—Will you once more allow me a little space in your valuable magazine? I would like to know what "Farmer's Man" means by "souvenir gatherers."

I do not think that "Wild Bill No. 1" in the December issue, needs a wife. He would save time and expense if he hired a woman to help his mother.

I quite agree with "Peggy McCarthy" when she says that too little has been said about the women who, in their own way, have helped to build up the country.

I live on a homestead and know from experience and from what I have seen that most women have just as many hardships as the men, that is, if they are willing to do the little things which count so much in the end. Of course, there are exceptions in all cases, but I mean the woman who tries to do her best in all things and never receives a word of praise. Those that have never lived on a homestead and perhaps can not guess what the life is like, they may not know that it is not all sunshine and I think most every one finds that in the first few years spent on the prairies there are more cloudy days than fair ones. I firmly believe that a little more praise is due the women and the girls who, together with either husband, father or brother, endure the trials and hardships of a life on the homestead. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I remain an

"Interested Reader."

No Place Like Home.

Manitoba, July 13, 1908.
Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your magazine but as my brother is I always have the opportunity (which I never miss) to read it both for pleasure and for edification.

I am particularly interested in the correspondence column, not that I am particularly anxious to marry at present, for since I am living in a village I do not have to do my own cooking; and as I have a nice set of rooms I find things fairly comfortable (I am not saying that there is not room for improvement). Yet, with all my comforts, I must confess that when my day's work is over, and I go to my rooms I find that, although I have everything I could wish, from an ash tray to a bookcase (ladies will kindly note the way my thoughts run), yet there seems to be something lacking, an incompleteness somewhere that is hard to define. I enjoy sitting in the evening with a cigar and a book, meditating on the thoughts of the grand old masters, yet gladly would I turn to one more life-like, who would nestle to me and give me a word of encouragement and of love.

I find my life somewhat lonesome, because I do not care much for going out with "the boys," preferring rather to stay in my rooms occupying myself with something that will fit me more fully for a strenuous and a helpful life. After all, there is no place like home, even if it is not yet complete.

I would like very much to hear from any young ladies between the age of 18 and 23. My address is with the editor, "Sauerkraut Bill."

Justina Has Her Say.

Ontario, July 11, 1908.
Editor.—Is there any room in your correspondence column for an interested reader and member of the Western Home Monthly? I think it is a fine magazine and always welcome its coming every month.

I see that nearly every one gives a description of himself, but I will not give any here, but if anyone who happens to read this letter should care to write to me, I will be very pleased to correspond with them.

I am a Canadian farmer's daughter and live in the country and I prefer country life any time to living in a town or city.

I have no objections at all to a man who smokes, but as for drinking or chewing, I do not like to see it. Some of the girls are so particular.

I liked "Brick Yard Blonde's" letter and "I. B. Longfellow's" very much indeed, and would be pleased if they will write to me. I like letter writing and always answer promptly, so hoping to see this in print and with best wishes for success with your valuable paper I am,

"Faustina."

Willing to Help Some Bachelor.

Ontario, July 19, 1908.
Editor.—I am a reader of your paper and am interested in it very much, especially the correspondence page. I did not get your April number and missed it very much.

There are some of the bachelors I see that are looking for a partner; well, as I will admit, I am looking for one too. So perhaps I could help some one out.

The most of the writers give a little description of themselves. I suppose I will have to do likewise.

I am 25 years old, about five feet four inches in height and weigh 115 pounds, have dark hair, brown eyes, never was counted with the homely ones. I am a farmer's daughter and can do all kinds of work and like to work. I do all the sewing for the family.

The man I respect must not have any bad habits, must not use profane language and must take an interest in church.

I like the letter that "Miles Standish" wrote in the March number; also the one that "Omaha Bill" wrote. I would be pleased to hear from them and any other that care to write. They must write first, and will find my address with the editor. I thank the editor for the space and hope to see this in the next number.

"Forget-me-not."

Looking for a Snap.

McTaggart, Sask., July 22, 1908.
Editor.—Though not subscribers, we have taken great interest in your paper for several years.

We are young yet and in no hurry to be married, but it is rather lonely after coming so recently from dear old Scotland to the homestead so far out from

any town. There are few very nice young men in this district, as the best of them have all been taken.

Neither of us is as pretty as most girls, but we would pass in a crowd, if it was large enough. We think we could keep house very nicely, and do cooking, too, if we each have about three servants. Either of us would rather play the piano than milk the cows any time, and if the men cannot do the milking themselves they had better not keep a cow. Some men make great promises during their courtship, but after marriage they expect their wives to do all the chores while they sit and fill the house with tobacco smoke. None of this sort need apply, as we want smart, well educated men of good habits. Both having the same ideals, we are writing together. The only distinction we can give is that one is dark, the other fair.

Wishing your paper success we are "Country Lasses."

A Married Woman Tenders Advice.

Manitoba, July 11, 1908.
Editor.—I hope you will be as good as to allow me a few words of warning and advice to the young girls who write to your very interesting paper.

Now, you young girls from sixteen to twenty that are so willing to marry young bachelor farmers that are just starting up, be careful what you are about. Young men with their farms to pay for and other debts, as most of them have, no matter how they would like to be unable to supply the needs and comforts of a home and unable to get help for his wife if she is sick, and often unable to afford a man for himself. I know whereof I speak as I speak from my own experience, and the wives are often over-worked and miserable, with the care of little ones and the amount of work to be done and often chores to do, too.

Be careful, girls. You may think it's romantic and all such stuff, but you want to look out that you don't live to rue your marriage and repent in dust and ashes that you did not wait a few years longer. Then, too, the young farmer, worried by debts he cannot meet and things he cannot supply his family, and often over-worked himself, cannot pay his wife that attention that she craves. Women want to be loved and told so. They do not want to have to take it for granted and hard work and poverty grind the love out of anyone (almost). Of course, the girls that read this will think it won't be so in their case, but I know what I am talking about.

Now boys, those of you who give so many warnings to the girls that it is just for fun you want to write and that you have no thought of getting married, suppose you write to me. I will have no schemes on hand to scare you as I am married already. We were married with mortgage and heavy machinery bills to pay and we know how it goes to have to do without help. I helped my husband haul in all the grain last fall; frozen it was, too, not worth the trouble, but it took us three weeks and a half, and a neighbor kept our two little ones. But it is too hard work for a woman. I was just done out.

I do not agree with "School Girl" that a woman should plow (unless a riding plow; I would not mind that myself). I think she had better not air her views till she knows a little more than what she learns at school.

I would like to shake hands with "Lonely," in May number. His is the most sensible letter I have read for a while.

So now, boys, I'll look for all those letters, as no doubt you will be glad to correspond (for fun only. Ha, ha.) with someone without ideas of getting married.

I am no old woman. I am twenty-four but as I am not so handsome as the girls that write, I will not state my charms.

Oh, say! Where are all the handsome girls and bachelors coming from? They are all handsome. I never meet very many handsome people myself. I would like to know some of them. Don't be mad. "Spoken For."

Would Correspond with So Very Many.

Lemberg, July 13, 1908.
Editor.—I am a new subscriber to the W. H. M. and I must say I think it a first-class magazine. I enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column. I think most of the letters are real sensible and to the point; some perhaps in fun.

I would like to correspond with some of the lonely boys. I pity them from the bottom of my loving little heart. Would like a letter from "Gilbert," Saskatoon; also "Prospector," Hedley, B. C., "One Old Bachelor," "Lonely One," "Rip Van Winkle," "Blue Nose," or in fact any that care to write to me.

I like "Black Sheep Bill's" letter. "Prospector" must be a very affectionate man when he calls us such sweet names as Dearly, my little Bunch of Daisies, etc. Would like to hear from him. These letters are in the April number. Here are some in the May number I wish to correspond with if agreeable to them with a view to matrimony if suited to either parties: "Hayseed," "Curly," "Lonely," "Husky," "Sod Buster," or any that care to write.

My address is with the editor. I think "Black Sheep Bill's" letter is well put together and very true.

I will not take up your valuable space to describe myself; time enough when some dear one asks for it. I am of a valuable happy sunny nature