

prove of liquor myself, but I think it is all right in its place. I think if the tobacco is any comfort to the poor, lonely boys, let them have it, for those starting on a homestead have not very much comfort. I am not on the matrimonial list, but would like to hear from any of the young men or women if they should care to write. I am very fond of music and play a little; I also like dancing. I will gladly answer any cards or letters received. My address will be with the Editor. I will sign myself—  
"Shy Prairie Belle."

**Women Should Not Feed Hogs.**

Sept. 9, 1910.

Sir,—I have written to this charming circle before and never had the good luck to see my letter in print. I thought I would pick up courage and try once more. Now, here goes for a description of a farmer's little girl. I am 17, and have brown hair, brown eyes and rosy cheeks. Some of the letters amuse me very much, especially "Archibald's" letter in your March number. Just stop and think for a moment what kind of a life a girl would lead with such a man. Imagine a woman feeding hogs, the dirtiest job out of doors, and then come in and greet such a man with a smile. Of course, she would get one or two dresses which she would need in the kitchen, and I hope she will do well with that ugly

flock of hens, and she will get a good dress also. I would like to know whether he intended her to go out anywhere, but I suppose that would depend upon the hens, too, whether they could supply her with a dress or not. Now, "Archibald," I think you had better think about this and let her have all the chicken money and more, too, if she wants it. Would the Editor be so kind as to give me the address of "Daman" from Nelson, B.C., in the March number; also "All Smiles" from Alberta, "Farmer" from Viscount, and "A Rival" from Eyebrow, Sask., all in your March number. I would like to correspond with "Maple Leaf Jack" if he will write first; also "Barkis" from Moose Jaw. Find letter addressed and stamped to send them to me. I'll close, leaving my address with the Editor, and wishing him every success.  
"Brown Eyes."

**"Archibald" Criticized.**

Sept. 23, 1910.

Sir,—Though not a subscriber to, I am an interested reader of, your paper. Many things in it are helpful and very interesting. I am often quite amused and at times edified (?) through reading some of the letters. "Archibald's" letter in the April number is really unique. On his account it is unfortunate that slavery has been abolished, otherwise he might spend a few dollars and

supply himself with a household drudge. He will scarcely find in this twentieth century any damsel waiting at the well ready to let down and draw water for his camels. Ye goos and little fishes! but wouldn't that man's gall jar you? Wonder how far down the lane she, his prospective wife, would be expected to meet him with a smile and a steaming hot supper? Guess the latter would count for more than the former. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! where was he born and brought up, anyway? Poor Archibald! I feel sorry that a man of such calibre has a foothold on Canadian soil. Let us hope his soul may grow and his heart—or is it only a gizzard—may expand and hollow somewhat before any woman, blue-eyed and brown haired, with the sensibilities that usually accompany such, puts herself in the power of such as he. I notice all these letters come from the young, and I have been tempted to ask, is there not a middle-aged or even older man out in our vast N.W. who is alone and at times lonely enough to care to exchange views on paper with a woman past the half-way mark and on the down-hill side of life? I am a widow, quite alone in the world, but not looking for someone to put in "his place." Simply after an active life; now compelled to sit and "spin in the sun," and often find time hangings heavy and no one to talk with on many subjects I should like to have views upon. If such there be, my address will be found with the Editor.  
"Atina."

**Favors a Post Card Exchange.**

Brandon, Man., Sept. 1, 1910.

Sir,—I have just been reading the correspondence column of your August number, which I found quite interesting. I think the suggestion of a post card exchange a splendid idea, and would enjoy exchanging with any young West-erners who would care for cards. I have quite a large collection of cards, but none from west of Winnipeg. If it is not asking too much, I would like to have the addresses of several of your correspondents, namely, "Bashful Kid," "Beer," and "Whiskers"; also "Hooligan." I will sign myself—  
"Blue Eyes."

**A Contented Bachelor.**

Bladworth, Sask., Sept. 9, 1910.

Sir,—When I got your paper yesterday and turned to the correspondence column and read "Skittles'" letter, I was on the point of ordering out my steed and careering "o'er the hills to Govan." His description so suited me—age, good looks (?), disposition, housework and music. Why, it seemed that somebody knew me. But, luckily, I read it twice, and I came to "I do not believe that love exists between man and woman," and that fixed me. I sat down again. Dear "Skittles," you have never been in love, that is evident, though possibly you have been disappointed in love; but allow me to say that if there was no love in this world the latter would stop. Considering I am even older than you, which should give me a little more experience, it may seem silly for a man to say such things, but get married and you will learn very shortly that there is such a thing as love. But do not marry a man who does not love you. "O. G. Rusalem's" letter, very happily put next to yours, would seem to suit your case, though he wants a widow. That shows his sense, though I cannot admire where he says all young girls are vain and frivolous; that would seem to include you, though your letter does not seem as if you are made that way. However, I would be pleased to introduce you to each other, as you both seem to have good business heads, and I own that is a great essential for married life. I enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column. When one can see the hopes and fears of those starting in life, and the cynicisms and pessimisms of others old enough to know better. I am afraid I am in the latter class myself, at least, as regards age. I will not attempt to give a description of myself, as is the rule, as I am not in the market, and cannot say that I want any correspondents particularly. Suffice to say that I have crossed the herring pond three times, have travelled by land and sea considerably, been in four continents, and seen considerable fighting in foreign lands. If I were in the matrimonial market I would prefer someone about half my age, fair preferred, money no object, the less the better; but I would never marry a girl till I had seen her and knew her, as, no matter what "Skittles'" and others of like sentiment (or want of it) may say, without love life is not worth living. I know it, for I have lived without it too long, and one cannot fall in love with a photo. I would sooner do the cooking myself than marry just for a "cook." As for the dowry law, sharing the pocket book, allowing a wife, or giving her the egg money and so on, it's all bosh. When money creeps in, love flies out. I would want a wife with business ideas, even if she had never been in a business and everything should be hers as well as mine. You know, two heads are better than one if, etc.—Yours, etc.  
"Contented as a Bach."

**Carberry, Man., Sept. 14, 1910.**

Sir,—For some time I have been a reader of the W.H.M. and have been very pleased with it, but have never had the courage to write. I have never had the pleasure of a trip to the West, but having heard so much about it I would like very much to correspond with any of the young people, or if anyone wishes to exchange post cards, please remember me, as I will be only too glad to have some views of Western Canada. I leave my address with the Editor, and hope your readers will take pity on one who is—  
"Lonesome."

**Let us buy a 50-cent bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) from your druggist and give it to you (free) to prove its great value.**

**Psychine is the greatest vitality builder of the age.**  
For thirty years Psychine has been curing almost every disease that is due to run-down vitality.  
Hundreds of thousands have used Psychine with wonderful beneficial results.  
We have received thousands of unsolicited testimonials from people whom Psychine has cured, of in many cases, hopeless ailments.  
There are still thousands of people suffering from disease, however, whom Psychine can benefit.  
There are still thousands who are trying to cure themselves by wrong methods, who are using dangerous and hurtful medicines.  
There are still thousands who are gradually losing their vitality—from whose body the necessary resisting power to disease is slowly but surely slipping away.  
There are still those who soon will hear the dread "call in the night" if they do not take prompt action.  
To these we have the above message, viz.:  
"Let us buy a 50-cent bottle of Psychine from your druggist and give it to you, free, to prove its great value."  
That 50-cent bottle of Psychine will tell you more powerfully than mere words can how tremendously beneficial Psychine will be for you.  
It will give you an unmistakable indication of its wonderful power to renew the bodily vitality, to strengthen the phagocytes (the white corpuscles), the policemen or scavengers of the body.  
\* \* \*  
The Surgical Department of the Japanese Army, in the Japo-Russian war, first drew the attention of the scientific world to the function of the white corpuscles of the blood or phagocytes.  
Foreign medical men were astounded to see Japanese soldiers with wounds that had not been cleansed or dressed for days, that were apparently dirty, ill-kept, and altogether unsanitary.  
Yet these dirty wounds healed marvellously; no army the world had ever known had such a wonderful record

for the recovery of their wounded as the Japanese army.  
And all because the Japanese knew how to let the white corpuscles cure.  
\* \* \*  
There are two kinds of corpuscles in your blood, you know, red and white.  
The red carry nutrition, the white are the policemen or scavengers of the body.  
Whenever a disease germ enters the body, these white corpuscles attack and literally eat it.  
A wound that attracts disease germs from the air is cleansed and healed by billions of phagocytes, or white corpuscles, devouring these unwelcome disease germs.  
Any disease can be cured by these white corpuscles if they be in sufficient number or strong enough to attack and devour the germs that cause the disease.  
If they are not in sufficient numbers or strength, then the disease germs eat them and disease claims the body.  
That's the cause of every disease to which humanity is heir.  
\* \* \*  
For centuries the cure of disease has been by means of herbs—nature's remedies.  
It is only within recent times that we have come to know how these herbs act.  
Now scientists tell us they increase the strength and numbers of the white corpuscles or phagocytes.  
In Psychine we have some of the most healing and beneficial herbs in the world, herbs that increase and strengthen the white corpuscles.  
From Arabia comes one herb, from South America another, China and Japan produce a third, while the jungle of India yields a fourth.  
All these herbs are recognized by the medical profession as being the most beneficial to health that they know.  
That's why Psychine, in the third of a century it has been made, has cured hundreds of thousands of people who suffered from the following diseases:

<p><b>La Grippe</b> Bronchitis Hemorrhages Sore Throat Anaemia Female Weakness Indigestion Poor Appetite Chills and Fevers Sleeplessness and Nervous Troubles After-effects of Pleurisy, Pneumonia and La Grippe.</p>	<p><b>Bronchial Coughs</b> Weak Lungs Weak Voice Spring Weakness Early Decline Catarrhal Affections Catarrh of Stomach Night Sweats Obstinate Coughs Laryngitis and Dyspepsia</p>
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That's why we believe it will be beneficial to you.  
Now we don't ask you to take our word for the tremendously beneficial effect of Psychine. Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us, and we'll give you an order on your druggist (for which we pay him the regular retail price) for a 50-cent bottle of Psychine to be given you free of cost.  
We will undoubtedly buy and distribute in this manner, hundreds of thousands of these 50-cent bottles of Psychine.  
And we do that to show our entire confidence in this wonderful preparation.  
A confidence that has been based on our 30 years' experience with this splendid preparation with a full knowledge of the hundreds of thousands of cures it has made.

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To the Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Ltd.  
193-195 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

I accept your offer to try a 50c. bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) at your expense. I have not had a 50c. bottle of Psychine under this plan. Kindly advise my druggist to deliver this bottle to me.

My Name.....

Town.....

Street and Number.....

My Druggist's Name.....

Street and Number.....

This coupon is not good for a 50c. bottle of Psychine if presented to the druggist—it must be sent us—we will then buy the 50c. bottle of Psychine from your druggist and direct him to deliver it to you. This offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send coupon to-day.