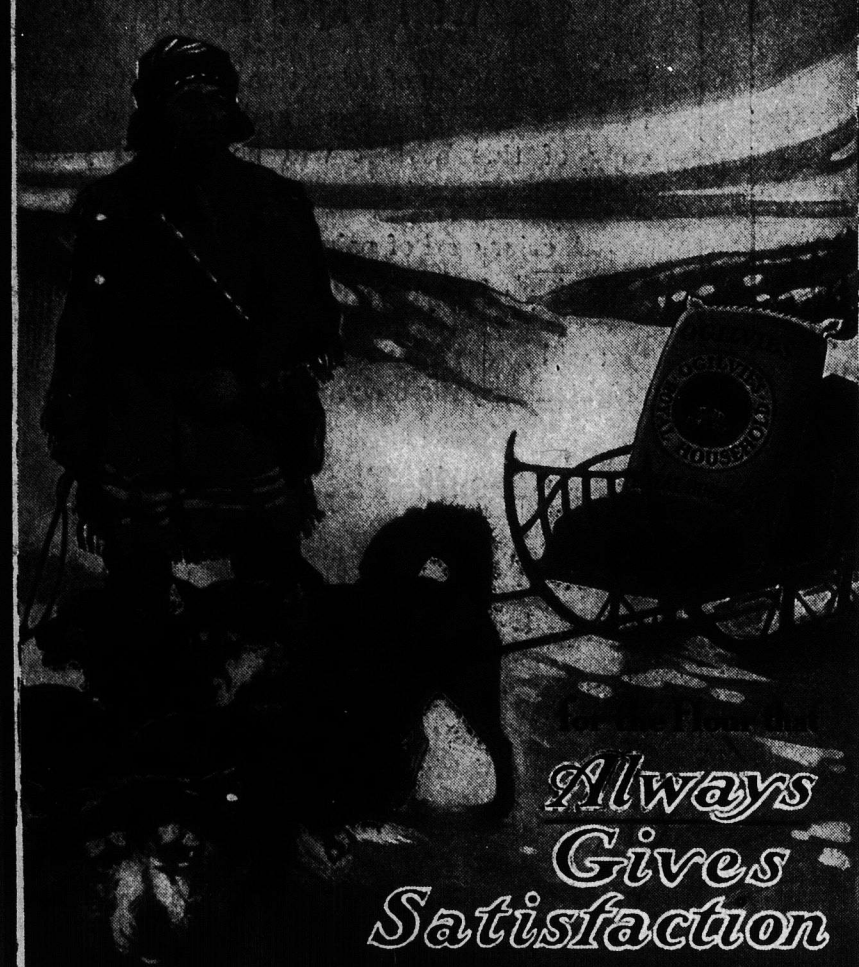


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There's a remedy—no necessity of being content with a dead, tasteless loaf, or even ordinarily good; you should have beautiful bread, and

Anchor Brand Flour

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—always and all ways

Good Bread

Manfd. by
Leitch Brothers Flour Mills,
Oak Lake, Manitoba.



Correspondence.

From One Who Might Wed.

Ont., Jan. 26th, 1910

Sir.—As I have read a few of the interesting letters which have appeared in the W.H.M., I thought it would not be out of place for me to try my hand. I think this is a good way to get acquainted with the young people and more especially the young ladies. I believe that many of the young ladies corresponding with young men would make excellent wives. We know there are some men who would make good husbands, but there are others who never know when a wife does enough. And what about the drunkard? I say shun him every time; also the man who chews tobacco. Just fancy a man wanting his wife to kiss him with his breath smelling from the use of the filthy weed. I am glad to be able to say I don't indulge in either. If any of the girls will write to me I would be most happy to reply. My name is with the editor.

"Shoo Fly."

Who Wants Gum-Drop?

Camrose, Alta., Feb. 11th, 1910

Sir.—Just a few lines to pay homage to your charming paper, as all the readers do, and perhaps to air my views on the much vexed matrimonial question. First of all I will start out on the well worn trail and describe my rather insignificant person. I am about 5 ft 2 in. tall, slender, nearly eighteen and have grey eyes, a little daub of a nose and sufficient mouth for anyone. Nearly all the girls extend their tenderest sympathy to the "poor, dear bachelors." I think that young men who are new to homestead duties or other lonely work are to be pitied. But I know about ten bachelors, all on the shady side of thirty-five, who do not seem to be particularly lonely, so do not need sympathy. In fact, I heard one say that he missed a wife at no time except threshing. But I imagine that he and some of the rest of you will reach a toothless middle age if you don't get married soon. Why? Because of that stuff, which when thrown at a mule means sure death, in other words "hard tack." Now, boys, I would like to hear from any of you who answer the following description, or any others who wish to write. Would be pleased to correspond with a young man, rather big, dark and homeliness makes no difference but he must have a face minus freckles, in the summer, as I have enough for a dozen. I will close, wishing your paper every possible success. I am

"A Gum-drop."

A Letter from Buttercup.

Alberta, Canada, Jan. 19th, 1910

Sir.—This is my first letter to the W.H.M. I think the paper is fine, only I don't see as many letters from Alberta as I would like. Now boys and girls, wake up and make the paper lively. I am a farmer's daughter, 17 years old, 5 feet 3 inches high, black hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, weigh 120 pounds. I am not looking for a husband, but writing for pleasure. I feel sorry for the bachelors, but I think they ought not to chew, swear or drink. I don't mind a little smoke. I have seen men who would sit and chew, spit first this side and that side all over the floor. Who has to keep the house clean? Why the poor wife, of course. I hope to see this letter in print. Please send No. 1 to An Irish Colleen, Dublin, Ireland, No. 2 to Homesteader, Saskatchewan. I sign myself

"Buttercup."

Is not Anxious for Correspondents.

Man., Jan. 25th, 1910

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to your paper for several years but have never sent a letter to the correspondence column before. I will not say much about matrimony but I think the "Unsatisfied Wife" gives pretty good advice. It is quite romantic to find a life partner by correspondence but one

must be very careful. I think that it is bad enough for us men if we get married and then find out that we have made an error in choosing. I believe that many of the "love each other at first sight" cases are just as well off as many of those who know each other many years, and I believe that two people, without love, could live together quite satisfactorily, but they must be of noble character. Well, I am not on the matrimonial market and while I will be very pleased to receive some letters that I will answer, I will not ask anybody to write to me. My address is with the editor. Please editor send the enclosed letter to "All the way from India." Wishing you a Happy New Year, I will sign

"On the Sick List."

Wants to Hear from Lonesome Louise.

Tuxford, Sask., Feb. 27th, 1910

Sir.—We have been readers of your splendid paper since we came up from Montana. Some of the letters in the Correspondence page are very amusing. I like the letter from the Dreamer very much, also the one from Lonesome Louise. At present we are looking after stock out west here and at times find it pretty lonesome. "Slim Jim" is 20 years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, 150 lbs., blue eyes, black hair and his mother says the best kid in the family. "Weary Willy" is 20 years of age, 5 ft. 8 in., 150 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, took his looks from a well-known eastern catalogue and lost them punching cattle. We both smoke cigarettes but do not drink; that being all we can get around here. We would be pleased to hear from Dreamer and from any other nice girls from the circle and we guarantee to reply to the letters received. Slim Jim has asked me whether the three Broncho Busters have rope enough to reach him. We have coiled the rope ourselves so would be pleased to hear from them. I guess I could catch Montana with a fifty foot rope. We will now close, hoping the editor will publish this letter and wishing the editor and all the circle a Happy New Year, we remain

"Weary Willy and Slim Jim."

Kind Words for the W.H.M.

Swift Current, Feb. 6th, 1910

Sir.—As I have not seen the last two letters in print, I will try again, hoping you can find space in your correspondence column for this one. You will find enclosed one year's subscription to your valuable magazine. I always look forward to the coming of the W.H.M. as its pages are always filled with good stories and other interesting reading. A person can always find something to interest him or her in it. There are some very sensible letters in the correspondence columns and others I think are very silly. I sometimes think I would like to meet all the writers in the W.H.M. and believe we could have a very enjoyable time for a little while. I think there must be quite a number of them. I have been in the west for about five years and like it fine but there are not many ladies here, mostly bachelors and some of them are fine fellows, all good steady boys. I think some of the lady writers are far too hard on the boys. If they knew how lonesome they were they would be different. They say they wouldn't have a man who smoked or chewed or drank. Well, I want to tell you girls that if a man does nothing worse than smoke a pipe he is alright. The majority of them are far better than those who do not and besides they have to do something for pastime. I know of some who go around with good clothes on and stand up collars and all that and who do not smoke but you most always see them in a pool room or swearing around where they think no one hears them. I say, girls, a man can do a worse thing than smoke for company and good looks don't cut any figure as long as a man