

nice young man for pastime. I am 16 years of age, height 5 feet 2½ inches, and weigh 125 pounds, and have dark brown hair and hazel eyes, and am considered very good looking. If any young man would like to correspond with me he will find my address with the editor. If the editor will kindly send this letter which I have enclosed to "Dante" in the October number, I will close, wishing the paper every success.

"A Girl from the City."

Useful and Ornamental.

Caledonia, Jan. 11, 1909.
Editor.—We have been most interested readers of your excellent paper for some time, and seeing in your last issue a letter from "Tipperary" we would like to hear from him, as that "homestead and room for two" sounds good to us.

As it seems to be the style to describe one's self, we shall forthwith proceed to do so, although we cannot do full justice to our charms. One is 5 feet 7 inches tall, golden hair and blue eyes, very fond of dancing, although a Methodist. The other is 5 feet 3 inches in height, golden brown hair, and brown eyes, also fond of dancing. We are both splendid cooks, can make most beautiful gingerbread with whipped cream. Would like to correspond with some of the boys who smoke nothing but ten cent cigars, and neither drink nor swear, even if they do eat something that does not agree with them. We are willing to make ourselves useful as well as ornamental. Hoping to see this in print. Our address will be with the editor.

"The Lily and the Rose."

Sassy Swede Has His Say.

Allan, Sask., Jan. 20, 1909.
Editor.—With the editor's kind permission I would like to contribute a few lines to the correspondence column. In the first place, I'll say that I'm not fishing for a life partner, but am just writing for the fun of it.

Say, Mr. Editor, doesn't it seem strange to you how experienced some of these 15 and 16 year old kids seem, to be in love, etc. I've an idea there's quite a number of novel friends writing in your paper. Mr. Editor, "Dolly Dimple's Darling," you're a peach. Yours is the most sensible letter that I've seen for a long time. You're "no 14 year old kid" (I suppose you're a girl).

"Healthy Lemon" thinks he is somebody, don't he? I notice a few more like him, too. I suppose I had better quit or this will go in the waste basket.

I'm a kind of a half-way bachelor, living with my father and brother, but I know what batching is. Am 21 years old and will answer letters.

"Sassy Swede."

Six Feet with Shoes Off.

Dundurn, Sask., Jan. 9, 1909.
Editor.—I am a bachelor, 24 years old, am 6 feet tall with my shoes off, dark complexion, jolly, play the fiddle, dance and play cards, and all the other vices the angels in your valuable paper prohibit. My face is not my fortune I'm told, but I've never cracked a glass in a camera yet; the boys call me a jolly good fellow—so much for my description. The girls that write to the W. H. M. certainly know what they want, especially some that won't even allow a man sugar in his tea; now, I think they must be very sweet.

Hoping that this will escape the waste basket I will sign

"Uncas."

A Request to Have Correspondence Page Continued.

Winnipeg, Jan. 12, 1909.
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for over a year. My business takes me all over the Province, but I have always been able to get your paper every month to date. I represent a local firm in this city dealing in musical instruments and supplies and can play nearly anything in the shape of an instrument.

Now, I have not one word to say about any of your correspondents; they are all entitled to their opinion; if another party does not agree with it, why let it go. However, "Lonely Mabel," who writes in the November issue expresses my sentiments. Kindly forward enclosed letter to her. I am tall, dark, and 32 years of age.

You mention in your November issue that if your readers tire of the correspondence department you would discontinue it. Now, Mr. Editor, I think it is the redeeming feature of the W. H. M., as there are so many magazines published nowadays that one hardly knows which to get for their "Sunday at home"; in fact, I do not know of any other with such an interesting feature as a correspondence column. Of course, mine is only one opinion; you will very likely get plenty more, so let the majority rule. This is my first letter and if you have space in your December number, kindly publish and oblige.

"Black Dyke."

Advice to Ranchers.

Editor.—I have read several copies of your magazine and find it very interesting. I am deeply interested in the correspondence column and would take

pleasure in corresponding with some rancher.

I, like many other girls, like outdoor sport, especially riding, and therefore I prefer a country life. I am a stenographer, 18 years of age, fair, and not very tall. I have lived in the west for many years. I think it is only right for every rancher to have a housekeeper and not live alone always.

"Fairly Queen."

A Chance for Good Sensible Woman.

Saskatchewan, Dec. 9, 1908.
Editor.—As I consider it quite possible to find a mate through your esteemed magazine, I hope you will give space to these few lines in your January number. The correspondence column is very interesting to read. It seems to me to be quite an exposition of feeling, thought and character. There seems to be quite a few pessimists among the ladies a little addicted to fault finding. There is no doubt men could get along with less bad habits to good advantage, but then, ladies should remember that men were not made to order to suit one's particular notions. If we become more optimistic or if we learn to look more on the bright side of life I believe we will live far happier. "Modest Pansy Saucebox" writes a very nice letter I think. I am not going to find fault with the ladies myself, as I am not addicted that way much, but would like to correspond with ladies of middle age as I am 40. Should like to hear from good sensible woman.

"W. H. M."

Very Fond of Girls.

Deloraine, Man., Dec. 8, 1908.
Editor.—Having been a reader of the W. H. M. for some time, I thought I would write a short letter to the correspondence column. The fact of the matter is, the first thing I look for when we get the magazine is the correspondence columns. I always thought the W. H. M. a wonderful magazine and think it a valuable help in any home it may enter.

I am a farmer's son; not a bachelor though, for I have seven sisters, and only two of them married—much to my sorrow.

Always reading the letters in this particular column a person will naturally form all kinds of opinions of all kinds of people. But I think it a poor way of procuring a life partner, especially if you never saw the person you were going to marry. For myself, I want to see her a little while before I become engaged. Marriage is a serious affair, although many of our readers seem to speak so lightly of it and talk so giddy. Although there are many letters I like reading, very many of them are full of trash and giddy notions.

I suppose I will have to describe myself; it seems to be the rule and not the exception. I am 5 feet 4 inches in height, dark hair, lovely hazel eyes (some say devilish eyes), weight 125 pounds, between 25 and 30 years of age. I am scarcely the average in looks (some say I'm a homely mug of misery), but that's not so. I prefer red-headed girls; might take a fair one, as some of them are pretty nice. Now, girls, I can't say I am on the matrimonial list, but if any nice girl between 20 and 30 cares to write to me I will answer all letters. Who can tell what might spring up.

I live on a section of land; have not much time for sports, but am a great lover of the fair sex. I love music so would like one that could sing and play. I neither smoke, chew, drink nor swear. Am a Methodist, although not bigoted. Thanking you in advance for printing these few remarks, I will close.

"Tumbling Mustard."

This Chance Won't Last Long.

Saskatchewan, Jan. 10, 1909.
Editor.—As we both take a great interest in your charming magazine, we have decided to write and express our view on matrimony.

We think it is a very foolish idea to marry a person you just get acquainted with through correspondence. We think it would be a great joke to flirt with the boys through your paper, but when it comes to marrying we prefer knowing him a week at least before taking such a serious step.

We will give just a short description of ourselves. One is dark, the other fair, and both are under 30 years of age. Any of you fellows wanting to know more of us will have to write. We neither profess to be professional beauties nor would we frighten a horse from his oats, but are just two jolly girls fond of all sorts of amusement, such as horseback riding, dancing and skating. Our homes are situated in a very pretty part of the country, with lakes and tall poplar trees dotted here and there. It makes a very picturesque scene indeed; that is, in summer, but when the long, lonely winter months come around it is indeed lonely, and as we are both young we are in for a good time, which we don't always get in winter.

We would like some correspondents (some nice young fellows) not over 25 years of age, who are jolly and in for fun. All we have to say about the fellows here that they are too slow to stop quick, so boys don't be too slow about writing while you have the chance for it won't last long. We will close now, hoping to see our letter in print soon.

"Brunette and Blonde."

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