

think of the many, many poor, hungry suffering souls across the sea who would thank God earnestly for a quarter of what we spend in needless luxuries and foolishness.

Any poor fellow that ever gets into a state like mine and thinks my advice worth having, just write, and I will gladly assist you as well as I am able. "Morganrodraden."

Girls from the East

Dear Editor,—We are three city girls who live in the east, and have been reading the correspondence page in The Western Home Monthly. We think the letters very interesting and would like to get in touch with some of the young westerners.

We are seventeen years of age, about five and one-half feet tall, and are considered rather good-looking. Our favorite pastimes are motoring, dancing, skating, canoeing, and knitting socks. At this time of the year we attend a number of corn roasts and marshmallow feeds, and certainly have heaps of fun. Leave it to us to have the great times.

We hope by this time that "Morganrodraden" has at last gathered together enough courage to pop the question. We feel sorry for the girl if she has to wait ten years more. She had better take advantage of Leap Year. There are still three months left.

If there are any young gentlemen who would care to correspond with us, we would be pleased to write to them.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, and hoping to see this letter in print, we remain,

Yours in suspense,

Three Bachelor Girls.

P.S.—Our addresses are with the Editor.

"Back Again."

Dear Editor,—Thank you for putting my letter in your paper. I didn't expect it would get room, but now since it did I'll write again.

I received a number of letters in answer to mine in The Western Home Monthly, and wish to thank all who wrote. I would like to answer all the letters, but I may not have time, but I'll answer as many as I can. Some of the readers asked if I could play the piano. No, I do not play.

My father has a nice team of drivers, and my sister and I often hitch them up and go for a drive.

Some of the girls were speaking of girls dressing in overalls. I don't think there is any harm in it, but I know from experience there is lots of fun. My sister and I had our pictures taken on horseback with overalls on, and some of our neighbors didn't know us.

Hoping to hear from some of the readers, and wishing The Western Home Monthly all success, I remain,

"Dolly Dimples."

To the Point

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber of The Western Home Monthly for some time, and now take the privilege of writing to your correspondence column. In your September number I read a letter from an English lady who signed herself as assistant matron. She is just my own age, and I would like to correspond with a reader of The Western Home Monthly. She did not say her name was left with you, so I would ask her through your paper to write to me. I certainly would be glad to get a letter from her or any other girl of about twenty-five or thirty who would care to write to a bachelor. Thanking you for space in your valuable paper, my address is with the Editor, and will sign myself,

Bachelor Bill.

The Main Ma

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to your very interesting paper, and thought it my turn to join your correspondence

Miller's Worm Powders attack worms in the stomach and intestines at once, and no worm can come in contact with them and live. They also correct the unhealthy conditions in the digestive organs that invite and encourage worms, setting up reactions that are most beneficial to the growth of the child. They have attested their power in hundreds of cases and at all times are thoroughly trustworthy.

page. I agree with Western Maiden that nobody should look down on the farmer for, after all, he is the main man. I am a bachelor, and do my own cooking. If any of the girls wishes to correspond with me, my address is with the Editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly a long success, and hoping to see my letter in print.

Western Farmer.

Dear Editor,—A number of Winnipeg women who are interested in the welfare of the 226th Battalion have organized an association to work for the benefit of the men of that Battalion, and to supply them with whatever field comforts it is possible to obtain. There are only a very few women in Winnipeg who are anyway connected with the 226th Battalion, as it was recruited in the rural districts all over Northern Manitoba,

and we feel sure the women in the country who have boys or friends in the Battalion, will want to do their share to help supply their needs. Therefore, we are making an appeal through the district newspapers and ask the Editor to kindly publish this letter.

We quite understand how impossible it is for a great many of the country women to attend a regular meeting to work for the boys in the cold winter months, and we want to give them a chance to help us with this work, so we are asking for donations of socks, tobacco, cigarettes, fruit-cake, home-made candy, and chewing gum. These donations may be sent to our Colonel's wife, Mrs. R. A. Gillespie, Suite 2, 9 St. John's Avenue, Winnipeg, and will be sent direct to the detachments they are intended for; also any further information may be had by applying to her.

Thanking the Editor for this valuable space in his paper, we are

Yours truly,
226th Women of Winnipeg.

Nature

He was enraptured with the scenery. His fair companion at the country resort sat upon the stone wall beside him.

"Behold that exquisite sunset!" he exclaimed. "Note the delicate flesh tints, the cream shades, the long dashes of vermillion, and the almost living fire that leaps up from the sinking sun as from a fountain. Behold the framework of darkening skies and of deep green! Isn't it wonderful?"

His fair companion sighed heavily. "You just bet it is!" she exclaimed. "It looks just like a great big lobster salad!"—Lippincott's Magazine.



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