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In the course of five years the prairie will all be broken up, and it will be a network of railroads, and in the summer time you will see nothing for miles but wheat. There has been a great quantity of land broken up this last few years with steam and gasoline plowing outfits, but still it is going to have a larger boom next year than ever. There are a good many more plowing outfits coming in and more settlers.

I live a few miles from where the great Cut Knife battle was fought about twenty-five years ago. When Reil tried to drive the white men out of this country. It was fought at the Cut Knife Hill and on the banks of the Cut Knife Creek. There were a good many soldiers buried where the battle was fought, but a few years ago they removed them to Battleford. There are a good many old timers here who lived here at the time of the battle.

I was born in Ontario, but still I would sooner live in the west, and I think any body that lived in the west for a while would say so too. I think it is a good place for a man or a woman to live or to work in, as they have just as many pleasures, or more, and if they do go out to work they get just as good places to work in and a good deal better wages. As for a man and his wife coming out west to homestead, they would have little hardships for a time, but in a few years they would have as good a home, or a little better, than they would have in the east.

As the old saying is, I am one of those lonely homesteader's in the west part of Ontario, where there is not anything to see but timber and muskeg. Still at the same time I enjoy it better than I do the city, as I have tried both.

Well, I guess, that I had better describe myself. I am only 35 years of age, weight 140 pounds, 5ft. 4in. tall, blue eyes and light hair. Now I would be very pleased if some of the young ladies or old maids or widows, or in fact anybody, would write me, as then I would have something to do to wear away the long hours of the evening. You will find my address with the editor.

Wishing the W. H. M. success, yours truly,
Muskeg Farmer.

The Magic Circle.

Wellwood, July 25, 1911.

Dear sir,—Will you let a lonely western girl take a peep in your charming page of correspondence, and enter the magic circle. I must say your magazine is the most amusing and instructive paper on record, and also one of the best printed to-day. I am a girl and only 25—no boys, not any more I am thankful to say; but I would like some nice correspondents. Brown Eyed Solitaire would be a jolly kind of friend to have. I wish he would write to me if he can't kill time any better, he will find my address with the editor.

Now I will describe myself. I am



Elbow Bridge, C.N.R.

Any girl who wishes to come out west won't need to look a year for a batchelor, for there are a string of them from one end of the west to the other. Now girls do not get discouraged, but come right along and pick one out as you go through the bunch of wild and woolly batchelors that you see in the west. I see that most of the writers give a description of themselves, that seems to be the funny part of it to read some of the descriptions some people give to themselves. Of course everybody makes themselves as pretty as a doll, with a complexion like a rose, so I guess if I don't give a description of myself I will have to fall out of line. So here goes. I am a Canadian, pretty as a picture, my hair has never got long enough to see how long it is, and I am five feet and a potato high, and if I have counted it right I am nineteen years old.

If I don't stop writing soon I will get a poke on the shoulder from somebody.

I would like to get a few letters from anybody who cares to write, and I will answer same promptly. Hoping this history will interest somebody, and wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, and thanking you for the space those lonely homesteader's in the west write to me will find my address with the editor. I will sign myself,
Last Grain.

A Letter From The East.

Sir,—I have taken your paper for some months now, and I am very much pleased with it, especially the correspondence pages.

tall and have black hair and eyes to match. I will sign myself,
Dellrose.

A Letter from Alberta.

Alberta, July, 1911.

Dear sir,—Here comes a dancing little maid who wishes to join your jolly circle. I have taken the Western Home Monthly for quite a while, and am very much interested in the correspondence columns, so I thought the editor might find room for a breezy little letter from the west. As the custom is to describe oneself, I must do so also, I suppose. I am nearing seventeen years of age, am five feet and three inches short, weight 106 lbs., have brown hair and brown eyes, and as for complexion—oh! you "apple blossom" and "blushing moon." I don't like to hear a person talk about their own fine looks, so I will not say anything about mine. Am very fond of nearly all kinds of out and indoor sport. I ride, drive, skate and play tennis; I can sing, play the piano some, and can talk like a chatterbox when once started. I do not dance or play cards, and only indulge in clean, healthy games of any kind. I was unfortunate enough to miss Archibald's letter, but it has certainly caused a disturbance among the fair sex, and I think it is lucky for Archibald that we don't know his real name and address; don't you? I think much injustice is done to the woman of the 20th century, and perhaps she deserves some of it too, but what would the world be without the sunshine and love of the women's cheerful nature? This does not answer in every case, but just because all women do not toe the mark, that is no reason why