Winnipeg, December, 1910.

Tho Feels Lonely. England. great interest in column lately. a lttle space? [ my book of April ough I should so rather, hear from f he does not alm an English girl fair. I have been ousekeeper to my Am considered a ger. I should so in print. Think resent. With my lf and dear book, "Grey Eyes."

England. reader of your ear now I feel as much like a space e column. I am enty-one. I have interest in farm a farmer's daugheat delight lately letters, and I feel in "Zephyr's" letthe July number. a pipe, although noking myself. I ou my chief pleasthan fond of sing-, I am no pianist. sium hall has a lastly, but not



this being my there is nothing e hay fields with er object to sockles are not too tches the eye of who happens to es" in his socks, nem along to me. sting that I am ch of your time ou, yourself, Mr. st of health, and k to your western "Honeysuckle."

easure in reading ımns. I am an years of age, and

Erin.

or of 320 acres of province of Sasbeautifully situeturesque scenery, tance from a fine ng, boating and ily enjoyed. Now,

ex would like to hould be very devill now sign my-"Shamrock."

le Letter.

Pine, Ont. y allow me just epistle founded published in your ank you—A per-aded "Corresponsameness to pre-

vail, as month after month the same items are gone over. Mr. Editor, are not these pages to be considered rather a bureau for matrimonial purposes? or. in a general, friendly way, might we all contribute something of interest, which might tend to make the columns genuinely appreciated by one and all? One question of note has been given rather one-sided discussion, viz., habit, and the usual abhorrence of any addicted to even the minor habits. Everybody's looking for a somebody unencumbered by habits, and after all, even our daily existence is largely habit, from that of looking forward to the W.H.M.'s arrival monthly, to our daily routine of work or pleasure, it's a case of having acquired the habit. Here I see are two or three girls looking for a perfect man. Ah, me! Game out of season. Three they will not find. Should one turn up, what a bore he would be-poor, miserable creature. Soon, very soon, the thought of the taint around would drive him to smoke, the coming in contact with our own faulty natures would extract a "Great Scott!" occasionally. Gould anybody tolerate a faultless, habitless creature? A specimen who stood continually with accusing eyes fixed on the world's shortcomings? Well, I couldn't, if such a one exists, though I feel doubtful. What matters about the outward garb—'tis but the worldly covering up of God's creation, and the broad mind seeks 'neath the exterior for the ideal. Ask not do you smoke, chew, play cards, etc.; rather, are you a man, upright and clean, for such will not violate the gifts God has trusted them to keep bright. I feel our western homesteaders are men of ability and undaunted courage, and only by their perseverance and sticktoativeness are they winning out. Not a list of "should nots" for them, girls, but cheery words, bits of sunshine, that will make the day wholesome. A bit of encouragement, easy to bestow, yet valueless. "Tis half the battle to know we are appreciated, and a helpful hand works marvels. Thank you sincerely, Mr. Editor, for your long-suffering patience and space. May continued success be yours. It's just a girl who's speaking; a very human girl of 19, and should any one feel in need of a cheery word or jolly "Only a Mere Girl."

## The Other Side of the Question.

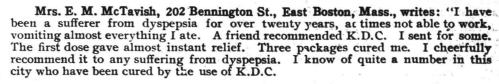
chat, come to

Chinook, Alta Sir,-I have had the pleasure and edification of perusing your magazine the last few months at the shack of a neighboring settler, and I note its marked improvement in substance and appearance as each number "materialize the spirit folks say. More power to your arm! You ask your readers' suggestions. You are the doctor and put up the mixture, but I would prescribe the greatest care about those love letters, as we have been ordered to not only "avoid evil, but the very appearance of evil," and there are noses twisted to scent foul air in every breath just as a tin tinker sees only the holes in the kettle, and the proof-reader only notes the mis-prints. One thing more: for any additional "features" I should say, gradually increase the quality of the stories and give more practical science and advanced philosophy to the other articles. Because your readers are largely rural is no reason they should not be good reasoners. Milk for babes is all right for babies, but men and women should have rich meat and not rice brown. Many of our farmers and mechanics and even laborers are college bred and library learned. Besides, the less facts the people know the more they need be taught. True instruction is of more moral and practical value than are faked-up imaginings and more interesting to the sensible.

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