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NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.,
THE PULFORD BLOCK
DONALD ST. WINNIPEG

Correspondence

We present to our readers this month the usual quota of letters from young men and women who are interested in the discussion going on in these columns on the matrimonial question in Western Canada. Judging from the increase in the number of letters received by us, this question of getting acquainted with a view to getting married later on is a topic of general interest throughout this western country.

We are quite willing to exchange or re-mail letters addressed to this office intended for some writer in these columns. When sending us letters to be re-mailed, please affix stamp on blank envelope enclosing your letter. All writers must give us their full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Girls, what do you think of him?

Alberta, Aug. 11, 1907.

Editor.—I enjoy your correspondence columns, and will add my impressions to the many already printed.

I have a half-section, with the necessary buildings and furniture, but lack the necessary true, loving, devoted wife to make it a home. I have an ideal which I have as yet been unable to find in the flesh, and when I do, I am in the market.

I want a healthy, refined, educated Christian wife, with musical talents and a cheerful, lively, fun-loving disposition; good looking, well built, and a good cook and housekeeper.

I am 26 years of age, weigh 180 lbs., good looking, have dark brown hair, and am as healthy and strong as a horse. I am independent, cheerful, hospitable, fond of fun and music, good natured, unselfish, use neither tobacco, liquor nor bad language, am a member of the Methodist Church, and am considered a good all-around man.

If I find the girl who comes up to my ideal, which I have roughly outlined, and the rough sketch of myself comes near hers, I can lavish on her a love and devotion that will make her future very happy.

Any replies will receive prompt attention from

"Cheerful Canadian."

Writes Very Sensible Letter.

Halbrite, Sask., Aug. 10, 1907.

Editor.—As I was looking over the February number of the Western Home Monthly, I noticed a letter signed "Sloppy Soby" that took my fancy, and should like to hear from him should he care to write.

I am not looking for a husband, as I lead a happy, contented life, but would write to any one, if by so doing I could while away a long, lonesome Sunday or a rainy afternoon for them, for I know bachelors are lonesome work.

As for the bachelor drinking, we see the subject wrote of and discussed it. Most of us have grown weary of it. Still, I would like to have my say. I think we are to blame to a certain extent. Girls, if you treated these boys of the plains more as brothers than as beaux you would find your truest friends among them. Open wide your house to them and make them welcome, for while you are sheltered in your own home, they have left perhaps better homes to make a home of their own, and what is nobler than that? Perhaps some have left just as sweet a sister as you in the old home; encourage them to talk of the old mother and the little sister; it will be a relief to them and a pleasant surprise to you.

Some may be behind the times, but, girls, it is because you have shunned them because they were bachelors and haven't much time for dress after working all day in the fields, then getting their own supper, etc.

Some visit the saloon too often, re-member there no one is slighted, all are equal, and your manners and dress cut no ice, as the saying goes.

So let us welcome these boys of the plains to our homes and do all we can to help them and to try to win their friendship and esteem, so when they write home, someone will be glad to know their boy has found a true friend, one to lead him right, not wrong.

I will correspond with one and all, if any care to write to pass the time away.

"The Kid."

Anti-Tobacco and Anti-Booze.

Fillmore, Sask., June 7, 1907.

Editor.—After reading the letters in the correspondence department, it seems only just to give the young people interested the result of careful investigation and observation on the liquor and tobacco questions.

First, suppose it is a pleasure to a young man to smoke or chew, or indulge in intoxicating drinks, what right has he to impose his will upon an unoffending public—or private, if you please?

Again, what would you do, my young friend, if a big brute of a man came deliberately into your home and spit into the face of your mother or sister? But you will puff the foul nicotine

into the very lungs of pure and innocent women and even children of most delicate organism.

Thanks to the progress of the age, we can go along the streets of most of our leading cities without wading through tobacco "swill" on the pavements.

Now, re the drink question: You may have seen a young child take the early "baits"—its first drink of alcoholic beverage. Did you notice the wry face? That was the demonstration of a mighty repulsion of the nervous system of the child—a hard fight for supremacy. But even so early the native force in the child is weakened by each indulgence.

Now, I hear you say "Our grandfathers (and mothers, too often) used it, and they were hardy. Yes, and you and I are reaping the result of their sowing."

My age makes me eligible to apply for the address of "Blue Bell" from Ontario. I'll fill the other requirements for the purpose of correspondence.

"The Scribe."

Got Husband through this Magazine.

British Columbia, July 11, 1907.

Editor.—I am writing to tell you that I am changing my address as a result of my letter to the W. H. M. I have made the acquaintance of a rancher, who has done me the honor of asking me to marry him. I leave here for my new home next week, and will forward you the address, subject to his approval.

Would you thank those gentlemen for their letters to me, that I have been unable to reply to. I am enclosing an answer to "Widower," as I do not know his address. Thanking you, and wishing your paper all success.—Yours truly, "Marjorie of Edmonton."

"Bright Eyes" Sympathizes with "Willie."

London, Ont., June 12, 1907.

Editor.—I am very much interested in your correspondence department, and would very much like to correspond with some real nice boys who are not crazy to get married right away, but who wouldn't mind writing a jolly letter occasionally to a lonely little girl.

Although I don't want to get married just now, I sympathize with the girls who do and the boys who can't find a suitable wife. What are we poor girls to do, though? So many of the boys say:

"Gee-whiz, I'm glad I'm free.

No wedding bells for me."

I am a stenographer and am very fond of music and all kinds of amusements. I just love to have a good dance or go to a good opera. I can be very serious sometimes, though, and as sedate as I imagine Mrs. Noah was. I am small and have dark hair and eyes.

"Willie" (on the Lone Pine Ranch) has my sympathy, and I would be very much obliged if you would kindly forward the enclosed letter to him.

Wishing your magazine every success, I remain, "Bright Eyes."

P.S.—I would like to exchange post-cards with anyone.

Good Fellow, but Bad Foot.

Daysland, Alta., Aug. 10, 1907.

Editor.—Seeing in your magazine that the young gentlemen and ladies are having a good old time corresponding together, I thought I would like to be one of them. I have just come home from a wedding to-day from one of my friends, and it made me feel as if I ought to have one of my own. In fact, I felt that way long ago, but I have never yet found a suitable partner.

I am a young bachelor, of course, farming at present till I prove up and get my patent. Not that I don't like farming, but it is too lonesome, and as I know quite a bit about business (my parents have been in the store business for the last five years), I think that I might go into some kind of mercantile business. I would like to correspond with some young ladies with a view to matrimony. I would like to get married for love and lead a happy life and have my love returned in the same manner. The young lady should be kind-hearted and have a good education and be about my own age, viz., 25 years.

My height is 5 ft. 9 in., weight 160 lbs., have light brown hair, no bad habits, am honest and true, and can give, good character.

I would like a lady who can play and sing, as I am fond of music and singing. Yes, "Irish Molly," just come up here and teach school for us. I wouldn't mind going to school to you myself.

I enclose the following poem for "Irish Molly's" perusal. I've loved her more than twenty years, I've written countless rhymes about her.

And as my thirtieth birthday nears, I know I could not live without her.

She's gentle, womanly, refined; Her eyes along life's pathway light me;

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I love her more than fame or self, I love her more than life itself.

I loved her when a boy—I love her yet—The girl that I have never met.

I will sign myself "True-hearted."

A Voice from the Pacific.

Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 16, 1907.

Editor.—While looking over the papers and magazines in the Carnegie Library here, I came across yours, and was much pleased with it, so much so that I decided to subscribe (the subscription price please find enclosed). I was especially struck with the correspondence columns, and as I am an old bachelor (26), I thought I would write too, and see if I couldn't interest some nice, respectable, homey young lady. I would like to hear from any that care to correspond for amusement for the present, and perhaps talk business later on.

I am 5 ft. 6 in. or so, have curly brown hair, blue eyes, weigh about 135 and am well built but not so good-looking that many would go wild over me. I am not over-burdened with wealth, but hope soon to be able to take out a comfortable home, and wouldn't mind running across a respectable young lady who would care to share it with me.

It seems strange that men and women should take this way of becoming acquainted, when we know numbers of the opposite sex of marriageable age who surely entertain an idea of being spliced some day, but such seems to be the case. Can you explain it, or can any of the readers explain it?

Of course, in some cases where the young man is homesteading it is explainable, but still he surely has been one time raised or living in a more populous locality, where he might have seen the girl of his choice. For my part, I think it is just a case of bashfulness or perhaps backwardness, or it may be a case of not having met my ideal. I am rather inclined to like a dark-haired girl, about my own size, and, of course, good looking, preferably a farmer's daughter, and one who knows how to and "will" cook; of medium, jolly disposition and always good-natured, and, above all, a Christian.

I do not use tobacco or liquor in any form, and have no very bad habits, yet I do not think myself anywhere near perfect.

Now, if any of your young lady readers care to write to such a fellow I would be pleased to hear from them, and send a small photo along if you have any, and get mine in return. Hoping this doesn't see the wastebasket too soon, and thanking you in advance, I remain yours truly,

"A Waysider."

Qualifying for the Job.

Fort Saskatchewan, Alta., Aug. 17, 1907.

Editor.—I read the correspondence pages of the Western Home Monthly with great interest, and think it a great help to young ladies and bachelors. I would like to get acquainted with some of the young lady readers.

I am not a bachelor, but expect to be. I am young (not 20), dark complexion, weight about 160 lbs., 6 ft. tall and of good habits.

Young ladies about my own age wishing to write will find me most willing to answer.

"One Who is Particular."

"Shamrock" in a hurry.

Millet, Alta., Aug. 13, 1907.

Editor.—I am a bachelor, having a homestead. I am 5 ft. 9 in. high, and weigh 175 lbs. Have black hair and dark eyes and dark complexion, no bad habits. Would like to correspond with young ladies. Hoping to hear from some soon, "Shamrock."

Not a Married Man.

Alberta, Aug. 9, 1907.

Editor.—I sometimes scan the columns on matrimony in your ever-welcome paper. A letter written by Miss Alice Montrose, of Feb. 19, 1907, from Alberta, and published in your issue for April, 1907, has interested me so much that I would like to say that the writer has my sympathy and that I think the letter is a very sensible one.

Marriage arrived at through the columns of some newspapers may prove a boon to some, especially to those who chiefly look for a home, whilst they take for granted that the man with whom they intend to throw in their lot also mainly seeks a partner to help him with his numerous duties and also perchance to be a companion. But otherwise, for those who think of marriage in a different way, where love is to play some part this method of becoming affianced may perhaps be a risky one.

Such as my little experience in this country has taught me, I would believe that there are men (I know little of the girls) of all stamps, natures, etc., on the farms in the "Wild West." But there is little or no doubt that we have all come with the idea, if not of making one's fortunes, then at least of bettering ourselves and making for ourselves an independence. Those who have begun from the beginning will bear me out that the homesteader's life under such conditions is one that needs strenuous living, a denial at times perhaps of what under other conditions one would term the necessities of life.

Whether it be but an illusion on my part (but I do not think so, for I have read articles in our farm papers re "The Easing of the Work for the Women on the Farm," "The Improvement

of Buildings," "of Beauty," I many a good-through a letter it was hard to comes unconscious to ought and the inches over a dollar. His wife, if he have grown in mind. This could never be eyed man, or making comes easy as saying settling up of is as well that "hang on" and ner without is all against. However, a man might be engage plenty farm or for not possibly wife was able. Do not let me not infer that butter, etc., s. Although I contemplate writing was toward the osophical Wri honoring me friend and com. Your object view to bring participants a doubt, a good mind on what ing weighing hand before t doubt, influen mainder of th

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