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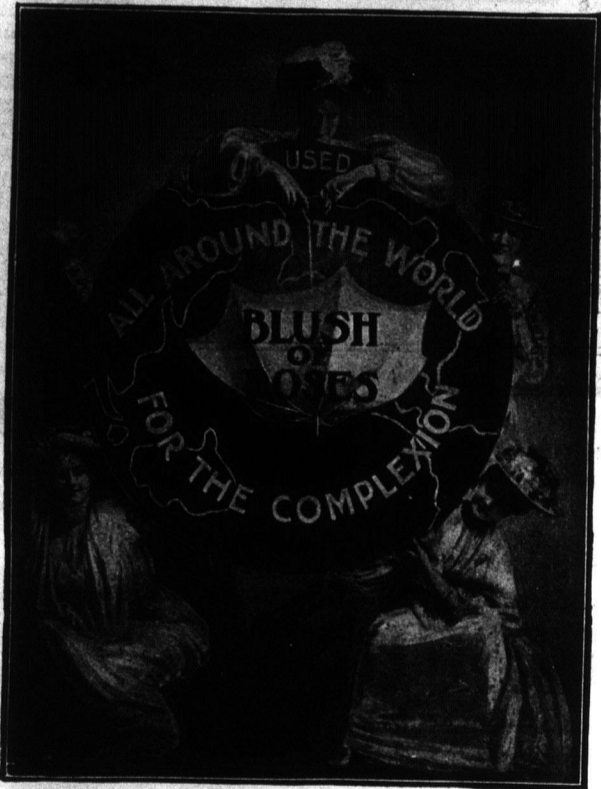
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me, but being a mere lad of twenty, perhaps my ideas are not of much account. I think that anyone who is lucky enough to be able to call himself a native of our glorious Canada, has a good homestead, and is inclined to look at the brighter side of life has no reason to be pitied, even if he is a half-starved bachelor. This glorious Canada of ours (of whom all Canadians who are worth a snap are justly proud), affords all kinds of opportunities to the willing and dauntless, lonely or otherwise. I think "Prairie Sunshine's" ideas of the way a home should be made are fine, only a little more weight should be thrown on the man's side of it. Although not a subscriber I am a constant reader of your paper, and I find it very helpful to me, especially Doctor Gordon's "The Young Man and his Problem." I should like to correspond with "Prairie Sunshine" and "Maple Bud" if they will please write to me. I will sign myself, Canadian Frank.

### From The Melting Pot

Winnipeg, Man., April 10th, 1914.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,  
Good evening, dear Editor. Can you make room for a new-comer at your fireside? One who has often listened through the keyhole but feared to venture in. You're right "Northonia"—for fear of "What would people think." And now they think me rude, I'm sure, and, yes, I hear them say "Who is he anyway? Another lonesome bachelor, I suppose!" Not this time, Miss, and if I were I do not think I should come here toadying for sympathy on that account. I think the average Western homesteader much too manly and far too busy to think of such a thing. No, I'm a city boy and come from "the melting pot"—the Gateway City to the Golden West! "Aha! some country pedagogue looking for a Miss!"—Missed again, but never mind your guessing. It doesn't matter anyhow so long as I can sit beside the fire and hear you talk. I like your golden hair and deep blue eyes, fair Miss, so please sit beside me here and let me hear you laugh. The truth is I am feeling blue and disappointed with the world. I need your sunny smile to help me to forget. Now, don't be afraid; I have no golden ring to steal your hand with, nor even one with sparkling diamond chips—cut from window glass mostly. No, just a plain, tall, gawky boy of 25 or thereabouts, with brown hair and brown eyes and a big mouth with a taste for apple pie. Music hath charms, and so has poetry, but most of all I want your wine of laughter, full of the rich sweet joy of life—the joy that somehow I have missed. Do you want my story? No, there isn't enough of one to tell, mostly dry psychology, or perhaps its merely growing pains—but never mind. I know the cure even as Saul did when he found it in the music of a boy. The cause—I leave you to guess that; only let me hear you laugh. My address is with the Editor,  
Arthur-at-the-Gate.

### An Example Worth Following

Sask., Canada, April 14th, 1914.

To, the Editor,

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of your paper for three years and have found much pleasure in the perusal. I have enjoyed reading it so much that I wish to send it to a friend of mine in the Old Country, whose address I enclose together with a dollar for payment of subscription. There is a great deal of discussion in your correspondence column re "Woman's Suffrage." I have read both the pros and cons with interest. In my first year at College I was a supporter of the cause, but that was before the militants committed so many outrages. I have been so disgusted with their programme of campaign and their utter disregard of other folks' property, that I would not care to be associated with them. I firmly believe they have ruined the cause instead of helping it forward. If they had spent their energies and money in trying to relieve the sufferings of their poorer sisters, encouraging them to rise above their surroundings and helping them in

their struggle against poverty and the evils of their environment, they would have accomplished more in a month than legislation would have accomplished in a year. There is a great deal of talk about the loneliness of the Western bachelors. We spinsters have a touch of the complaint also, especially in the winter. I came from London, England, three years ago and have lived on a homestead east of Moose Jaw most of the time, with the exception of three months I spent in Alberta. I am a teacher by profession, but I have discovered, that in order to be successful in this prairie land, one must be prepared to do anything in reason. I have lived in the country and I have lived in the city, and although the latter has many advantages, such as Church fellowship and social intercourse, I think life in the country is the healthier of the two. Last summer I stayed on a farm and got a glimpse of life on a Canadian farm. The work is hard and the hours are long, but there are many compensations. I should be glad to correspond with readers of either sex, who care to write. I am fond of music and in the long winter evenings I do a great deal of reading and needlework. I see that most of the correspondents give a description of themselves. I will not, however, because I should find the task somewhat irksome. I am still in the twenties, rather short and a blonde. I do not dance, but do not grudge others the pleasure. I enjoy a drive but am not an accomplished horsewoman by any means. I have no great objections to a man smoking, but I have no use at all for a man who drinks or gambles. As to a man or a girl who flirts, all I can say is, I do not want to make their acquaintance. I have seen the terrible tragic effects of the affections being played with by heartless people. This Western land needs earnest men and thinking women if it is to become truly great. In these days of the "Hobble Skirt" and the "Suffragette," men are losing their chivalrous attitude toward the weaker sex and it is not to be wondered at. Still there are women who are not slaves to the prevailing fashion, who prefer comfort and modesty to style. Trusting that you will find a space in your columns for this epistle, I will sign myself,  
A London Lassie.

### A Reader and a Poet

Medicine Hat, Alta., April 20, 1914.

Dear Editor: I would like just a little wee space in the column, wherein I can pass a few remarks, regarding the letters written by other writers in the Column, so I hope you won't refuse. I'll take "Spartan," first. I guess he's an Atheist, and religion never appealed to him. Eve was the only sex for ages, eh! Now Mr. Spartan turn to your Bible, if you possess one, the oldest historical book a-going, and read in Genesis thus: "And God made Man in His own image," then farther on we read: "And God saw it was not good for man to be alone, so He made woman to be an helpmate unto him." So there it appears, man was the first, and I presume all those who read the Bible, as a rule, believe the Bible to be true, or otherwise they are not Christians. I guess you lay under a tree, and smoked your pipe when you thought that letter out. I guess you have tried that fishing invention, you seem to know all about it. I used to do a little of it years ago, and I found it hard work to get my breakfast before I went to my regular work at 7 a.m. I guess you didn't get a long enough start in idleness, or you may have been a philosopher, and that is where the kick comes. You and Christobel Pankhurst would just fill the barrow, and it would wheel along fine. I would dearly love to see you under "Peticoat Government." What do you say, brother bachelors. Now lie quiet and take your medicine. I'm glad to see "Sammy" on my side regarding marriage failures, with a little sensible talk on it. "Northonia" talks good sense too. I see "Canadian Girl" and "Contented" both find The Western Home Monthly a great benefit. Glad to hear it. Well now I'll have to quit, there's some poetry to come. Well, keep smiling all Dido.