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Toronto,

ence. In your issue of December, 1911, I read a letter by Young Farmer, and I certainly agree with him. I think he is right in his ideas, and certainly commend him for airing his views on the subject. I have spent time, money and labor, both in the city and country, and have always found the advantage in favor of the country. I think you will always find failure in both places, because you will see men and women in the city, and vice versa, that ought to be earned around, and then again you will see people that will make good, and are credited as well as a success in either place. I think you will find that brains count everywhere; but the advantages taken all in all are in favor of the country. I am glad that the Doctor had the courage to air his views on the subject, but I hardly think anybody else would attempt to give utterance to such thoughts now, since the Doctor has been criticized so unmercifully. I would like to say something in his favor, but I cannot agree with him, but will give him credit for his honesty in his views anyway. I will now cut my letter short. I would be pleased to correspond with some of the nice young ladies in the West, as I am thinking of coming West in the spring. I remain,

Excuse Me.

Two Jolly Boys.

Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 12, 1911.

Dear Editor,—We are two jolly bachelors, and we ask admission into the family circle. We buy the W.H.M. regularly, but have never written before. We do not wish to take up too much space, therefore we will just ask for a few correspondents between 18 and 22 years of age. Hoping to hear from farmers' daughters, I will say good night.

Flint and Sleepy Dick.

Scotty to the Fore.

Viridien, Man., Dec., 1911.

Dear Editor,—As I am a subscriber to your interesting paper, the Western Home Monthly, I would like to join your happy circle. I think it is a suitable paper for both old and young. I look forward to the Correspondence Column every month. I am a Scotty, and came across the pond two years ago. I am working on a farm west of Viridien. I would be very pleased to correspond with the fair sex if they will write first. I am 18 years of age, 5 feet six inches high, blue eyes, fair hair, and not bad looking. I will close now. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself,

A Lonesome Flower.

In the Old Country.

S. Croydon, England, Nov., 1911.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I hope I am not taking too great a liberty in writing to tell you how very much I like your book. I have read several of them and like them better each time. My sister has them from Canada, and I go and see her about once a year, and I always go for your book. Now I have asked her if she will let me have it each month. Three of us already read it, and now another person wants it. I like the correspondence very much — everybody seems to be so jolly and nice. I feel rather sorry for those lonely bachelors out West sometimes, and I should very much like to write to some of the girls if they would write to me. I am 21 years of age, and I will sign myself,

A Sympathiser.

A Bright Idea.

Pele Island, Ont., December, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Just let me step in with the rest of the happy crowd. It is with much pleasure and interest that I read your valuable paper, and think it one of the brightest ideas that ever was invented, not only for the lonely bachelors, but for the lonely girls, too. Well, I suppose I may just as well as the others fall in and follow them. I am 5 feet 6 or 7 inches in height, and have brown hair, and same kind of eyes. I weigh 145 lbs., and look all right at a distance. One thing more, I would like very much to correspond with A Voice from the Wild in October number. With best wishes for The

Western Home Monthly and hoping this will find a little room in your paper. To all who would like to write, my address is with the Editor. From a lonely sprig of

Scotch Heather.

The Hired Man.

Colonsay, Sask., Dec. 16th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—In perusing the letters of the correspondence column month after month, I notice particularly the duels between "The Doctor" and "The Farmer." If you will permit, I would like to step in by referring to "Young Farmer," who is one of the duellists. To start with, he has signed the truth all right when he signs "Young Farmer." That alone makes his letter ridiculous in criticising "The Doctor." He talks small when he says "he knew men in business in town, who would have been bankrupt years ago had it not been for the farm, the old stand-by, the profits of which they spend on their town business to keep up appearances." It's the other way on, now, "Young Farmer." By the joyful way "Young Farmer" writes, he never homesteaded fifty miles from a railroad. He talks of the pleasure of hitching up a prancing team to a buggy any time he feels like it, and the pleasure of having willing fat horses around, knowing that it's his

neighbor. "Take it or leave it." "A pioneer Homesteader," who is six feet two inches tall, gives "The Doctor" a dig, too. "The farmers furnish the towns with most of their provisions," he says. "Where would 'The Doctor' get his porridge and eggs in the first place?" There's one thing, "The Doctor" pays for his porridge and eggs. He pays forty cents a dozen for eggs to the grocer, who pays the farmer fifteen cents a dozen, and not in cash either. That's what "The Doctor" smiles at the farmer for. "A Pioneer Homesteader" admits that the farmer works harder and earns his money more than the doctor does. "The Doctor" thinks so, too, and that's the reason he's in the city. Mr. Editor, I would like "Young Farmer" and "Pioneer Homesteader" to see this, so that they may hit me back. I am three feet three — and nervous. Girls, my address is with the Editor.

Single and not Contented.

Worth a Dollar.

Clova, Sask., 12, 12, '11.

Dear Editor,—I have had The Western Home Monthly for one year and I think it is a good all-round paper, and is certainly worth the dollar. As a bachelor, I certainly enjoy the corres-

such comforts. Then too, as a community they can keep up fine parks, athletic grounds, theaters, churches, etc., that are not possible for a farmer to have; at least, not conveniently. On the other hand, the country people enjoy a much more free independent life, less confined to the customs of society, more of the deeper, purer charms to be seen in nature and the wonderful spots in this great and beautiful world. Very much could be said on both sides. I should enjoy reading the discussions. I am a widower, and have seen some of both the good and the evil of this world, though yet I think young enough to be classed as a young man. I should like to make the acquaintance through your columns of some nice young people who would appreciate letters and be willing to correspond. I am dark complexioned, height 5 feet ten inches, weight 150 lbs., Protestant, do not use liquors or tobacco, and do not play cards. Since renting my farm in Ontario I have worked at carpentering. I went from there to Cuba, where I have a small fruit plantation of oranges, grapefruit, bananas, pine-apples, etc., but wearied of that charming and sublimely indolent life, so returned to my native Canada. I spent one summer on the Pacific coasts, but am now in Al-



One of Nature's Beauty Spots.

treatment and care. The hired man, I suppose, would be at the straw pile all day long, feeding the fat cattle all night long, bucking wood and carrying water in between times. If "Young Farmer" does not keep him at it he will find himself "sunken in debt and paying of the mortgage with the proceeds." It's the hired man that does the business part of farming that we hear so much about. "Young Farmer" does the pleasure part of it, driving the prancing team around. His topic for discussion, "Town Life versus Country Life," from a pleasure standpoint is easily answered; in fact, there is nothing to discuss, because there are not the pleasures in the country that there are in the city or town. What pleasure is there in living in the country, unless it's walking behind four sections of harrows all day, or going to the bush and cutting a load of poplars in the winter? No, "Young Farmer," I am a farmer, too. If I had space I would tell you why the city offers a better chance to the individual. "Madge of Arcadie" hits it right on the head. The price of wheat goes down, down, down, and the price of flour goes up, up, up. Why, the butcher buys beef from me for ten cents a pound and sells it for from fifteen to twenty a pound to my next

pence columns. I can read by them that some of the boys like to "batch" it. I had 160 acres in crop this year, and I found out that this was enough for me let alone the housework. I got 4,400 bushels, so that is all right for one man. Now if anyone will care to correspond with me, my address will be with the Editor. I will sign,

Dandy Jim.

A Wanderer Returned.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the many interesting letters in the correspondence column, and am so interested as to desire to write a little too. I am only a new subscriber, but much interested. Now as regards Young Farmer's letter, in December issue and the discussion on city or country life one might write volumes on that. I have lived in both places, and was brought up on an Ontario farm. For my part, I see much more amusement and comfort in a city, for the reason that the thousands of people there contribute to each other's comforts. A farmer could not individually have his own paved streets, sidewalks, his electric lights, sewerage, street cars, etc., while the city people all contributing such things can well afford

berta. I have experienced reverses and accidents, and am now minus part of one foot; have had some of the Tropical diseases and mental worries so that I know how to appreciate a good thing and can make life worth living. I will try to write interesting answers to all letters received. Trusting to the goodness of our esteemed Editor to publish this, I am, yours sincerely,

A Returned Cuban.

The Mermaid and The Western Home Monthly.

Newfoundland.

Dear Sir,—Once again I emerge from the serene and azure depths of the broad Atlantic to seek the congenial society of the men and maids in the columns of The Western Home Monthly if the Editor will kindly grant me (his marine admirer) a little space. Among the many papers that find their way to my submarine grotto, I must say The Western Home Monthly is a first favorite, reading being my pet hobby. I hope none of you have the mistaken idea, actuated by pictures, that the chief occupation of a mermaid is that of gazing at herself in a mirror. I must tell you, we sea folk are very studious. No doubt you have all

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