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A Farmer's Daughter.

Ontario, May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a silent reader of your ideal magazine for nearly two years, but have at last got up enough courage to write. A sister of mine, teaching in Manitoba and boarding in a house where they took the W.H.M., liked it so well that when she came home she sent for it. She is now teaching about thirteen miles from here, but sends us each copy when she is finished with it. We take a large number of papers but it is my favorite. I am a farmer's daughter, living on a farm near the capital of Canada. I wonder how many of the readers of the W.H.M. have been in Ottawa. It is a very pretty city. I love the country, especially at this time of the year, and do not think I would like city life. I can dance a little, and like it fine, and do not mind a quiet game of cards once in a while. I would like to hear from any who care to write.

Milkmaid.

Wants Irish Correspondents

May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I first learned to appreciate your splendid paper in the Old Country, (I am an Irishman), and I still continue to read and enjoy it. Although I am not a subscriber I am now living with the friend who used to send it to me and I bade "good-bye" to the little cottage home in the green Isle in the East, and came to this great country to seek my fortune, and we two jolly Irish bachelors share the pleasure of the W.H.M. together. We thoroughly enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column, and sometimes have a lively discussion and criticising the writers' opinions. I will not venture to give any of our opinions now, on the subjects your correspondents have dealt with, as I intend this letter to be as short as possible. I have been in Canada a little more than twelve months, and certainly like the country well. How it compares with dear old Ireland, I will not say. I would like some of the Irish girls in this country to write to me, and I will try to answer all correspondence.

Handy Andy.

Wants Information

British Columbia, June, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been a silent reader of this fine paper for the last five years, and as I have not noticed many correspondents from B.C., I think it is about time a start was made. I am not a homesteader but I would very much like to become one, and I am thinking of going to Alberta or Saskatchewan this fall. I would not like to leave my position here (as I have a good one in a saw mill, and every month makes it better for me) without knowing something about these provinces. Would some of you kind readers kindly write and give me a little advice in regard to this? By doing so you will greatly oblige. I am eighteen years of age and would like to correspond with girls from Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Cottonwood.

May I Come Too?

Man., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—May I come too, and join the happy circle, as really, it is very inviting when one reads the number of interesting letters which appear in the correspondence column every month? And do you ever notice how extremely well everyone seems to enjoy and appreciate the Western Home Monthly? Judging by myself I can very well imagine how pleased each member is when the magazine makes its monthly visit. I notice in the last month's issue that "The Doctor" has returned. While all were severely scolding him, I must say that I think the members were extremely hard on "The Doctor." I think he just wrote that letter to see how the many readers would take it, and if they would prove to be more lady-like than some of his patients appear to be, which he mentioned in his last letter. And have they? Am I not right "Doctor?" Never mind, come again, I for one enjoyed your letters. I must

also state that I did enjoy "A Reader's" letter so much, also "Bashful Sandy," both appearing in the March number. Now, boys, in those letters you will find good advice. Try it. I notice that some of the members still describe themselves so I will too, in case the many readers will imagine me to be an old maid, but I am not, as I am not yet twenty, and as for good looks, I will leave that for some one else to judge. What is the matter with "X.Y.Z." I wonder, he has not written to the paper for a long time. I would like to see another letter from him, also "Rainbow" and a number of our old members. I would be glad to receive letters from either boys or girls. My address is with the Editor.

Bonnie Sweet Bessie.

From Scotland Yet

May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I receive The Western Home Monthly from a friend in Canada. I think it is a very interesting paper, especially the correspondence column. I live on a farm, and am interested in all kinds of farm work. I can yoke and drive a horse, and can also ride quite a bit. I see by some of the letters that they do not believe in dancing, but I am very fond of it, and there is nothing I like better than a good Scotch reel or "blue bonnets." I think dancing is very good for smartening up young people and giving them a good figure. I play the violin. If any one would like to correspond with me, I should be very glad to answer their letters. I will close now, wishing your paper every success, and hoping to see this letter in print will sign myself,

The Scotch Blue Bell.

Marriage is Not a Failure

Man., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the W.H.M. and the cause of it is the publication of a letter in your May issue over the pen name of "A Confirmed Bachelor." His letter made me sit up and take notice, for it is the most disgraceful bit of sophistry that I have read for many a day. It would be interesting to know just what causes a man's mind to become so morbid as to render him capable of condemning the sacred bonds of matrimony. Marriage, we have good reasons to believe, is the moral foundation of society—of our nation, and upon its success or failure depends our whole social system. We will rise or fall just in proportion to the success or failure of our married people. Surely our correspondent doesn't think this nation is on the downward road to destruction—or on the verge of disparity and immorality! No marriage is not a failure by any means. It is only those who should not marry, and do, that makes a failure of it. It is the people who are the failure, and not the system itself. It is the few who go about with a lugubrious face thrusting their imagined woes under the nose of an unsympathizing society instead of fighting through the fog of ignorance to the sunshine of man's humanity to man. Marriage is never a failure when founded on love, toleration and common sense. One of the difficulties experienced in married life is the shock occasioned when they each find out that the other is only human after all. In her hearts of hearts the woman has made a sort of idol of the man she is to marry. It is the same with the man regarding the woman, but on a much smaller scale, for men are not capable of loving so intensely and as steadfastly as women. Men haven't risen as far above the animal as woman. This may sound a little unjust, but it is only necessary to point out that when a woman falls she is forever branded with the shame of her sin, and scorned by the very ones who caused her downfall, while a man may commit the same sin and society will only wink at the incident, which is soon forgotten. This goes to show that woman living on a higher plane, as she does, violates more of the laws of nature and customs than does man by the same act. When a man falls he hasn't far to go before he strikes bottom. And I venture to say that about nine tenths of the trouble in married life is caused not by the woman, but by the man, who

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