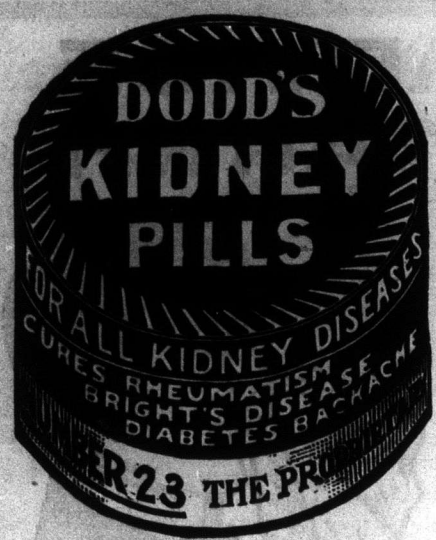




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have brown eyes and hair. I am very fond of music and can dance and skate to perfection, also can ride on horseback with the best of them. I have taken first prize for best lady rider in Winnipeg. I am a dressmaker by trade so you see I'll be always handy. I am just 19 but very old in my ways and think if it was up to me to keep house I would suit a king. Now, if Bobby Burns wants to get lots of letters he had better get busy. My address will be with the editor.

"Brown Eyed Belle."

A Lonely Englishman

Calgary, Alta., April 9th, 1910.

Sir.—Having read your paper for several years I have at last made up my mind to write a letter to your correspondence column. I am not baching it at present but expect to start again soon. I have been in the country for seven years and have roamed round a bit to see the country before settling down but have bought a farm now and intend to make a home for myself. Should any farmer's daughter or any lady reader care to write to me I will answer all letters for the fun of it. I do not think anyone should write with a view to matrimony as it is too serious a thing to enter into without knowing each other well. I am 5 ft. 7½ in., have fair complexion and blue eyes and weigh 165 lbs. and am fond of home life. I do not think a woman ought to have the cows and pigs to look after as I think she has enough to do in the house if she keeps it clean and tidy. I will now close with best wishes to the W. H. M.

"An Englishman."

A Merry Widow

Fielding P. O., Sask., April 20th, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a very interested reader of your journal for some time and have often thought of answering some of the letters but always seem to be busy. However the letter signed Shorty Do Little in this month's paper rather took my fancy and I thought I would write. Mr. Do Little certainly is modest in wishing for a young beautiful lady to correspond with. I presume that he would not care to notice one over forty-five or fifty, although I think that he must be a pretty smart and active man if he expects to get a young wife and he sixty-eight years of age. I dare say he would make a real good husband but I always think that there should not be too much difference in age either way although I have heard and known of very happy marriages where the wife was some years the elder. It is the general sympathies that help to make happiness and if either one is selfish there is sure to be unhappiness for the other. (I forgot to say I am a merry widow.) Mr. Do Little does not say whether he is fond of music, dancing, etc. Well now, I am not a young beautiful girl, if anyone should care to write me he can find out all particulars. I may say though that I have been called a good looking woman (Handsome is that Handsome does). I dance, sing, play the organ, talk, read, etc., and believe in having all the brightness that can be got out of life and try to make others happy all of which I do according to a good old-fashioned Presbyterian conscience. There are a lot of other letters I would like to answer but time is limited. Should this letter be printed and receive a reply I shall be pleased as I take a great interest in your paper and do not intend to be without it. Should anyone wish to write me he will find my address with the editor and I will be pleased to answer him or any others as I like to have lots of friends.

"Ever Leal."

A Chance for X. Y. Z.

Winnipeg, April 26, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of your magazine for nearly two years, and I enjoy it very much. I find the correspondence column especially interesting, some of the letters are so good. I remember perusing one, signed "X. Y. Z." in either March or May issue, 1909, letter which has as yet, appeared in which in my estimation is the best your pages. Apart from its being grammatically written, the thoughts are good, and well expressed, and the whole letter is much above the average. Francesca has also written beautifully,

and if I may enter your correspondence circle, I should be pleased to count the above mentioned as correspondents, and also any who might care to write to me.

Must I describe myself, and wherefor? Does one's personal appearance make any difference in forming friendships or acquaintances? However, as it appears to be the general rule to do so, I therefore must conform to same.

I am a stenographer, in a large, busy office, I command a good salary and my employers are considerate and kind. Although I like my work well, I sometimes feel it tedious, and long for freedom. When I look out of the window at the broad expanse of blue sky and the bright sunshine, I hear invisible voices calling me, and I feel like some imprisoned thing, because I cannot answer, but my soul does. Duty, one has to do their duty. I am afraid, I am telling you some of my innermost thoughts, instead of describing myself.

I have dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, a clear dark skin, between 20 and 30 years of age, (but look younger, an uncommon thing for a woman) medium height, medium weight, but these things tell very little; one judges mostly by the expression, expression of the eyes, of the mouth, and in fact the whole face.

I am fond of reading, have written a few articles for the local papers, also a Valentine story, of which I will not speak further; love animals, birds, flowers, music, sunshine, and everything that looks free appeals to me.

But my letter is too long, and would no doubt be more interesting had I left out the part, which personally concerns me, and inserted something else.

If the editor honors me by publishing this letter, I shall be glad to hear from you, and I shall be particularly glad to hear from "X. Y. Z." "Margaret."

Wants a "Nice" Girl

Sask., April 18, 1910.

Sir.—Having been a subscriber of your valuable home paper for some time I thought I would try and write a letter for your Correspondence Column which I take a great delight in reading, and if a person follows this column up he runs across people with a lot of different views especially about habits, tobacco, liquors, etc. Now, I think that a man that smokes is by all means the most desirable and if I were a woman I would prefer one that smoked. Give a man a good meal and a pipe of good tobacco and ask him for a dress or a hat and you are pretty sure to get one.

As for the other two habits I think they are filthy and I do not do either. But I smoke and it has helped many a homesteader to bear the loneliness of homesteading. I am a homesteader myself and live six miles from a siding. Am also a bachelor, young, tall, and dark. Measuring 5 feet, 10½ inches, dark hair, brown eyes. Age 24 years, weight 155.

"Rambler's" letter in your April issue just echoes my thoughts. A man was not made to live alone and if when he came home at night and found supper ready and a good smudge going (for the mosquitoes are very bad here during the summer) it would make a great difference and I think any man could afford to be pretty good to his wife, if she was a good wife. Of course looks are entirely out of the question, for you generally find a good looking man is food for nothing else, also a woman; but there are exceptions. When a bachelor comes in for supper and finds none ready he generally can't eat it after he does get it ready. Homesteading here is not so bad, as all the homesteads are taken up and the boys are pretty good fellows and the girls the best in the land. We have dances here and they help to while away the spare hours, everybody is jolly and 'tis a good world after all. Anybody who does not like the west wants to go east for a while and they'll come back into this great west land of ours to stretch themselves. Hoping you will publish this and hoping it may catch the eye of a nice girl who will write, I will sign myself, "Zepyhr."

Praise for Barkis.

Moose Jaw, Sask., May 19, 1910.

Sir.—Just a few lines in reply to Barkis' letter in April number. I have been reading the correspondence columns for some time past and am quite surprised at some of the letters some girls write. What are girls thinking of themselves when they say they do not object to their future husbands, smoking, chewing or drinking? One even says she will let her husband go on a "spree" once a year, while a married woman writes she learned to play cards to keep her husband at home nights.

If there wasn't attraction enough in my home and my company to keep my future husband home nights, I would much rather do without him than learn to play cards. I say three cheers for the young men who have no bad habits, such as the above mentioned. Good for you; Barkis, you hit the nail on the head that time, but don't be too hard on the girls; they are not all bad. For myself I will say I am a farmer's daughter, and am 24 years of age. I will sign myself, "Pap's Daughter."

"Colonial" Writes a Good Letter.

Sask., Canada, April 14, 1910.

Sir.—As I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for several years I thought I would write a few lines if you will kindly find space in your correspondence columns. Now as my crops and stock are increasing I find it very difficult to attend house and keep everything in order, and I have come to the conclusion that I must have a helpmate. I have been baching now for nearly six years. I have a fairly comfortable home to offer to some honorable woman, one who is willing to share her lot with me on a western farm. I do not wish to mention what she should do as I notice some do. I should say a woman has sufficient work in the house; the outside work belongs to the men. I also notice some say how many dresses their wife should wear; that does not seem to me kind treatment. I say if your wife needs a dress and you can afford it never refuse her if you expect her to look as well as your neighbors. I remember some years back I lived at a place a few months one summer; the master bought his wife her dresses, hats and shoes and when she came to wear them they did not fit or look well but she had to be satisfied or go without. I felt very sorry for the poor woman; she was a very hard worker and deserved different treatment. In this month's issue there are quite a number of farmers daughters; those are the sort a farmer is looking out for. Some write for pasture and a good time and they do not mean all they say but these good timers I am afraid will get left and be sorry for themselves.

In this month's issue there are several tendering advice which I think they do not follow themselves, also in one of the back numbers I noticed one letter signed "Doctor." Now I say, doctor, if we all were doctors and bank clerks, who would run the plow and provide farm products? Doctor, in the future leave the farmers alone; every man to his trade. Although I am writing this letter I do not approve of matrimony through correspondence columns but at the same time I do not see why there cannot be found persons suitable; of course, arrangements can be made to see each other before the final steps are taken. Now I will change the subject and say a little for myself. I do not like self-praise and brag, but I believe in being honest, upright and just in all my undertakings. I am an English Canadian, age 36, medium height, weight 130 lbs. darkish hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Protestant. I may safely say without contradiction, that I do not chew or drink as I think they are injurious. I will sign myself, "A Colonial."

Another One Meaning Business.

Fairfax, April 4, 1910.

Sir.—Having seen a letter from our town in last month's issue of the West-