

Correspondence

BAD BLOOD

The Cause of Boils and Pimples.

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PIMPLES CURED.

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WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Have you Tried This?

Sask., Feb., 1915. Dear Editor—While leisurely perusing the columns of your indispensable paper, I am rather amused by the way in which many of the correspondents deal with the subject of "Love." Some of the fair ones are seeking a recipe for love, and following the old adage: "A stitch in time saves nine," I am sending them a cure for love, as I am sure they will soon need it when they succeed in finding (?) the desired recipe.

The cure—Take a grain of sense, half a grain of prudence, a dram of understanding, one ounce of patience, a pound of resolution and a handful of dislike, intermix them all together and fold them in the emble of your brain for twenty-four hours, then set them on a slow fire of hatred and strain clear from the dregs of melancholy, sweetening them with forgetfulness, then put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping them down with the cork of sound judgment. Let them stand fourteen days in the water of cold affection. This, when rightly made and properly applied, is the most effectual remedy in the universe and was never known to fail. You may get the ingredients at the house of Understanding in Constant Street by going up the hill of Self Denial in the town of Forgetfulness in the County of Love Me More.

Now, dear editor, while wishing The Western Home Monthly every success and its readers special success, along this particular theme. I will close by giving my definition of "love." It is an inward incomprehensibility and an outward all overhissness.

Love Me More.

Patriotism

Perth, Feb., 1915. Dear Editor—Having been a silent scrutinizer of your valuable magazine for some time, I have decided to express my opinion on the topics discussed in your correspondence columns.

I am an Eastern lad but have studied many facts of the Canadian West, but have not decided to leave the "Land of the rising sun," although there is always a clinging to the land of one's birth. Many find the West fulfilling their model ideas, but for my part I prefer "nature's art," of Ontario, to that of the Western plains.

But, to change the subject, I would suggest this a time of serious consideration to every one who lives in Canada, for when we think of the great European struggle, which is waging wild at the present time.

We should feel proud of the country in which we live, when we see how freely our country has responded to the "Call to Arms" in the time of need, it shows the high esteem in which Canadians hold their protector, "Old England."

And we, the rising generation, should make it an appointment to mould characters so as not to lower the high standard attained by our forefathers in the past ages, and little hints given in these correspondence letters in that direction may be of much value in encouraging patriotism in the hearts of the present youthful generation.

Well, as this is my first letter to these pages, I don't want to take up too much of this valuable space. I hope other correspondents will write on some new topic. Thanking the editor for his valuable space, I remain, A Canadian Suggestor.

A Canadian's Ideal

Alberta, Feb. 6, 1915. Dear Editor—I have read your valuable paper from time to time through other subscribers until I became a subscriber myself. I have often thought of writing to your correspondence columns, but my letters never got beyond my own stove, but I will try and do better this time. I have noticed some letters in different magazines and papers of late dealing with the Canadian men. One writer says Canadian men seem still to have a very old-fashioned idea of the uses of a wife. Others that Canadian men do not appreciate women. I think Canadian men do appreciate women, but they have high ideals of what an up-to-date woman should be. I think every young woman and man should have an ideal of their own. Some of the readers seem to think we Canadians are looking for a slave. Not so. We are not looking for the good-looking street girl with the fancy dress and hat, with the false hair and paint who can't keep a job for a week. We want the girls from good homes with high ideals and ambitions. Who can cook and take care of a house, who always look neat and clean, who are good to their mothers, sisters and brothers, who have a smile for their friends. You may depend they will suit their husbands. I will be pleased to hear from readers and will try and answer the same.

I wish The Western Home Monthly and its readers every success. Johnny Canuck.

One Train a Week

Alberta, Jan. 28, 1915. Dear Editor—Having been a subscriber to your valuable paper for over a year, and thinking that it is a most interesting magazine, I always look forward to its coming every month. I wonder if I may venture to join your correspondence column. I notice several interesting letters, one from a correspondent at Mattawa, Ont. This lady states in her letters that the bachelors seem lonely and oppressed. Well some may be like that, but the majority of them are lively and content with their lot. I admit that we get lonely sometimes, but not to that extent. We know, or should know, that when we go to a new part of the country away from railroads and towns, etc., that it will be lonely; therefore, it is up to us to have the old pioneering spirit, and help to improve our land, and also to help one another. The railroads will soon come, schools and churches will be built, and also we will have better homes, etc. Where I am living now, we have a new railroad and a town is building. We also get a train once a week, which is a great help, it is a lot better than 40 miles to town like it used to be. We are trying to stop them selling liquor; I hope that we will succeed. If we had the ladies to vote it could be done, and I think that the day is near at hand when the ladies will have the vote.

Well, dear editor, I guess that I will bring my letter to a close. I am also sending the paper to my brother in the British navy. He is on board one of the Dreadnoughts in the North Sea. I think that he will enjoy reading it. Hoping to hear from some of the correspondents, I will sign myself Silent Alf.

Some Fine Stories

Alix, Alta., March 15, 1915. Dear Editor—May I join your correspondence columns? I have been a subscriber to your paper for the last six months. I would not be without it now. It sure has some fine stories in it.

I am an American girl age 20. I live on a farm 12 miles southwest of Alix. We sure have some fine land around here. There is quite a lot of railroad land that has not been taken. It sure is a fine place for mixed farming.

I think A Yankee Foreigner is quite right in what she says about people slighting a newcomer. We never know when we will have to move into a strange place. I think everybody should do unto others as they would be done by. I think A Mere Bachelor's opinion of

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Mrs. H. N. Gill, Truro, N.S., writes: "Last January, 1913, I developed an awful cold, and it hung on to me for so long I was afraid it would turn into consumption. I would go to bed nights, and could not get any sleep at all for the choking feeling in my throat and lungs, and sometimes I would cough till I would turn black in the face. A friend came to see me, and told me of your remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle of it, and after I had taken it I could see a great change for the better, so I got another, and when I had taken the two bottles my cough was all gone, and I have never had an attack of it since, and that is now a year ago."

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