

a perfect husband she would find him impossible to live with. Take my advice, girls, and quit chasing will o' the wisps, love the men for what they are, and you will find it reciprocated. If anyone wishes to know more of me, my address is with the editor. Wishing the W. H. M. continued success.
"Dolphin."

Not the Goody-Goody Kind.

Alberta, June 11, 1908.
Editor.—Have just finished reading your correspondence column in this month's number and as I have previously had lots of amusement from the letters I thought I should just like to put in a few words as time is hanging rather heavily just now. It seems to me that a lot of the Western bachelors are a sorry lot, continually grumbling about their lonely state. Surely they must have known before taking up homesteads that it would not be like city life, and some of them, judging by the account they give of themselves, must be paragons of virtue; they neither drink, swear, smoke or chew. It seems to me they ought to be in Heaven, this is no place for them. If I were a girl I should be afraid to marry these angels for fear that I could not live up to their standard, and moreover, I find that these old bachelors who are so good and know so much seldom make good husbands as they always think they know more about housework than any woman ever can know. I should also like to say a word about the idea of getting a partner by correspondence. I see one writer this month says that he thinks one needs a personal knowledge before he forms any intimate friendship with those of the opposite sex. But, women are little cattle any time and he might know one for years and then find out after he marries her that she is not the girl he thought he knew. If anyone cares to write to a young man who claims no virtues, but drinks a little, smokes, chews and swears a little and who is a socialist and an agnostic, my address will be with the editor. "No Angel."

Looking for His Affinity.

Winnipeg, June 13th, 1908.
Editor.—I have for some time past been very much interested in the correspondence columns which appear every month in your valuable paper. I should like therefore to contribute with your kind permission some little share in the correspondence of your next issue. I am the youngest and only single one of four, two brothers and a sister married. Having no parents living, both died shortly after each other, I left the Old Country, I certainly am of opinion that I am now come to an age when I should like to become acquainted with some nice respectable young lady, who would be prepared to consider our correspondence with a view to becoming more intimately acquainted with one another, and thus if satisfaction is arrived at with regard to the character and social standing of both, I should then seek to proceed a step further in seeking the hand in marriage of the one chosen. I am 31 years of age, of a steady nature, a staunch teetotaler, and non smoker, cheerful and good natured, passionately fond of music and outdoor exercises. I should esteem it a very great pleasure to enter into correspondence with any young lady who may feel so disposed to write, assuring them of immediate answers at all times. Wishing the W. H. M. every success. My address is with the editor.
Earnest Enquirer.

Fireman and Farmer.

Oberon, Man., June 23, 1908.
Editor.—It has given me great pleasure to read the different letters in your pages. I shall feel gratified if you will admit me into your club. I do not take your valuable paper, but my friends take it, and as I am staying with them at the present I read their paper.
Some of the letters are very nice and interesting, while others have a sarcastic ring in them, written both by ladies and gentlemen. Some writers are very hard to please, indeed, and I think those that are so very particular are pretty sure to be old maids or bachelors.
I am 5 feet 6 inches in height, brown hair and brown eyes, am good looking, 22 years old. I am a fireman on the C. N. R., getting \$100 a month. I have a farm, too, in the province of Manitoba, north of Neepawa. I have 4 horses, 15 head of cattle, good house and stable, but I don't like to be a bachelor so I am giving my farm to my brother who works on the C. N. R. If I were married I would stay on my farm, so I would like to hear from "Ripe Strawberry," "Rosebud No. 3," "Only a Pansy Blossom," "Glenboro Beauty," "Pretty Polly," or "Sweet Nell," of November issue; also "Cranky," September issue. "Fireman or a Farmer."

She Seems to be the Goods.

Bluff Centre, Alta., June 10, 1908.
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of this paper for some time and have lots of fun reading the correspondence column.
I am not looking for a hubby but would like to correspond with some nice young man for fun, one who does not smoke, chew or drink, and he must be honest.
I am sweet sixteen, have brown hair, blue eyes, am 5 feet 7 inches tall. I

weigh 135 pounds. I can milk a cow, harness a horse any day. I am fond of skating and horseback riding. I am a good cook and housekeeper. I can play the organ some and am a pretty good singer. I like "The Prospector's" letter of April number, and if he will write first I will be pleased to correspond with him. I will leave my address with the editor. Will answer all letters.
"Sly Puss."

An All Round Worker.

Mountain Range, Alta., June 9, 1908.
Editor.—We take your magazine and it always interests me to read the letters of the old bachelors and old maids. I have never written to the club before and I hope this letter will be printed.
I am a farmer's daughter and can keep house first rate, and am used to doing outdoor work also. I can milk cows and do other chores; can pitch hay, rake, mow and make cheese and butter. I am not very refined in dress; like dancing and other amusements. I am 20 years old and am light complected and have light hair. I am about 4 feet tall and weigh 115 pounds.
Some of the letters in the club are quite amusing to the reader. I think that "Just An Ordinary Girl," in the April number, writes quite sensible. Some of the old bachelors portray good reasoning faculties. I will correspond with "Blue Nose" if he will write first. He will find my right address with the editor. I have not been insulted by being told that I am good looking, but my good points lie underneath the surface. Any one wishing to correspond with me can do so. Wishing your paper every success, I remain, signing myself
"A Rowdy American."

Humorous Billy Grafton.

Clareholm, Alta., June 12, 1908.
Editor.—Having been a constant reader of your valuable magazine for the last 3 years, I find it second to none. Some of the ladies write very sensible letters, especially "Lady Betty." I am a young man, 22 years of age, health very good when not sick, but am subject to nightmares, especially after going to bed. I am 5 feet, 10 inches in height, weigh 162 pounds. "Troy" weight, my trade is broncho busting, when not feeding the pigs and cows. I have read some of the craziest letters in your magazine, but this will take the cake or I miss my mark, but I am very eager to be placed in correspondence with some young lady of a matrimonial turn of mind. I have a large farm in Alberta and am quite capable of supporting a wife if she isn't too heavy in any style she may have been accustomed in her maiden days. I am a lonely bachelor, anxious to get the knot tied. Wishing to see this in your next issue.
"Billy Grafton."

Pretty Hot Stuff.

Kronau, Sask., June 12, 1908.
Editor.—Your valuable magazine has been a source of great pleasure for many months past. Many pleasant evenings have I spent, reading the correspondence columns. And as I think a person cannot get too much of a good thing I respectfully ask you to allow me a small space in your columns.
Now, I will just tell you what I would like. I would like a little lassie with blue eyes and auburn hair, gentle disposition, (and as I am inclined to be a bit musical myself) I also wish her to be musical, as it would, I imagine, be advisable to be as much alike as possible. (Now don't smile, nothing to smile about as yet). Her age must not exceed 20, sixteen would suit me best.
As for myself, I can hardly call myself a bachelor but I expect to be one before long. It seems to be the rule to give a short description of one's self so I will commence with saying that I am 5 feet 3 inches tall, dark brown hair and blue eyes, somewhat shy, but very affectionate once I become acquainted with the fairer sex. I can just sit for hours (years, I mean) with a nice wee girlie. I am really not joking.
Say, do you know the girls wouldn't stop a minute to think if they only knew me; they would just want to plunge themselves into matrimony at once. I wish some of the girls would favor me with a nice wee letter. I shall deem it a great favor to answer any young lassie who will correspond. Hoping this will escape the waste paper basket I will conclude, wishing your valuable magazine every success.
"True Blue."

Tragedian with Genius for Cooking.

St. Stephen, N. B., June 26, 1908.
Editor.—Having long wanted some correspondents, I have decided to write you a letter and trust that it will be published. I suppose I had better begin by describing myself—first, as other people see me, and second, as I see myself. People say I am very striking in appearance and that my eyes, which are brown, are my chief beauty. I have often been told that I should go on the stage because of my "tragedy air" (isn't that silly?) and my splendid figure, which would be one of the chief things to bring me success.
If I were to describe myself as I seem in my own eyes, I should say that I was tall and dark, with nice hair, but am not remarkably beautiful. I can sing and am very fond of music, being able to play on the piano, organ and guitar. I am a good housekeeper and

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