

we have to endure in places and also in the minds of many town girls and boys who are lost in their seas of pleasure.

"Believe that you have it and you have it," is as equally true of the "dreadful winters and the discomforts, etc., as it is of the bright sunny winters and the freedom which we able-bodied Westerners believe is ours.

"Evaleen's" letter contains sound, wholesome advice, — "Never trouble trouble, etc." I take all troubles with a smile, and have never been knocked out yet although I am almost 25 years in this world of sin and sorrow. Of course I am not married, otherwise I would not mention troubles.

Please do not put me down as a sarcastic, cold critic. I take delight in writing a harmless criticism, and remember "the cowl does not make the monk."

Would like very much to receive correspondence from any of your readers. I am not an Englishman, nor am I a Canadian. I am, Yours very truly, Irish Albertan.

"To the Two Broncho Busters"

Alberta, April 6th, 1915.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Dear Editor—Will you please allow me a little space in your Correspondence Columns? We have taken The Western Home Monthly for some time and certainly intend to renew our subscription.

I am sending an answer to "Two Broncho Busters," which I hope you will print in your next issue.

All the Columns of a paper, I was reading much concerned, When some poetry caught my notice And of the writer wished to learn.

I'm a lover of the prairie, And these Western maids can see I'm fond of dark ones also fairies, Whatever month it chance to be.

I love the cottage on the prairie, But the cheerful ones are few, Unless they house some Broncho Busters With rosy cheeks and touched with dew.

There is no doubt, you're Broncho Busters

But the good old Idyle Wyld, Is not the only place you find them That knows how to put on style.

Star, is a good name for a pony, So is Pride, a nice name too, But on those lovely moonlight evenings, I've a nicer name for you.

Now this letter's getting lengthy, But the Editor, you see, Will have pity on a stranger, And keep it from the W. P. B.

If you please, I will be seated, And take off my Stetson lid, For here is one Alberta bachelor, That's writing to those prairie kids.

Well, good-bye, Two Broncho Busters, I'll come again, after a spell, But until I get some letters, I will close and say farewell. Sunlight Sammi

Hints on Love

Dear Editor—Many a time I have wanted to fill one of your interesting columns, and I think this subject will interest both sexes especially men. People often tell me that men think it nothing to kiss a girl—that flirting means nothing—saying that it is just a part of youth's pastime and pleasure.

I am afraid that too often these short times of pleasure are followed unfortunately by a long period of disillusionment of sorrow and pain.

Why—if flirting means nothing, where does the fun or pleasure come in? I would be delighted to have an answer. To play with love's flowers, to abuse one's affections to pretend to love one

just to have gifts such as jewels, theatres, boxes of chocolates, excursions, etc.

I merely say that the one who dares to do this is throwing the black necklace in its own neck.

How many poor girls and boys weep on friendship's graves. Beware—Beware—every dog has his day. I think I should reserve the rest for future correspondence. I shall close with a riddle.

Q. Can you find love in these four lines?

Little by little, Oh! you men fickle, Varying your tricks, Every girl's heart you prick.

Q. Why does my dearest cross the muddy road with his new tan shoes?

A. To get the other side.

Q. Man is my enemy. Spell this in four letters.

A. This.

Q. What is a flirt?

A. A flirt is a misguided individual who treats all the girls the same and slams love's door in their face.

Tob Bot.

A Married Man's Views

Landis, Sask., Feb. 22, 1915.

Dear Editor—I am just a new subscriber, and I am very interested in the Correspondence Column. I like The Western Home Monthly very much and thought I would try my hand at answering one of your correspondents. I see by the "Village Blacksmith" that he would like to hear from a married man. As I am one, perhaps I can answer him, if my letter misses the waste paper basket.

Well, I think that double harness is all right, provided the collar and hames fit, but if not, it's a poor business. As for my wife and I, it is all right. I would not want to discourage any couple from getting married as it is the best business that can happen, especially for a farmer, who after working all day in the field, can come in and sit

down to a decent meal. I have backed and farmed together for some time, and know how it goes to come in and get a meal of half cooked bannock and syrup, and a cup of tea strong enough to float a bullet. It is certainly hard on a man's constitution. A "bach" has no time to cook while working and doesn't feel like doing so when he isn't. The "Village Blacksmith" also says "Which is the happier, married or single?" Well, I say that if a wife does get cranky once in a while, we men have more fun and can beat it for the barn if need be, and if she doesn't get angry occasionally, she is a poor stick. I remain, wishing your department every success,

A Reformed Bach.

Oliver Equipment

May 2nd, 1915.

Dear Sir—Am not a subscriber to your paper, but have seen several copies sent to western boys in our battalion.

One copy particularly interested us. I refer to the one containing pictures of the "Oliver Equipment." The people of Canada do not seem to know that this is utterly out-of-date. The Canadian soldier carries the same equipment as his English brother-in-arms namely, the "Webb Equipment." Don't you think it is an awful waste of money to continue to manufacture the Oliver design? But the Ross rifle is a world-beater.

Am leaving for the front in two hours time, so must draw to a conclusion. Just one thing more. I am very interested in your subscribers' letters. So if you could manage to send me the copy containing this letter, you would be doing a lonely western boy a kindness. I would send you a P. O., but being under orders, we are not allowed out of our quarters. My address (not for publication) is enclosed. Yours sincerely, Volunteer.

Would "Farmer's Son," Doc, Eng., Right and Co., Thistle, kindly send in their addresses.

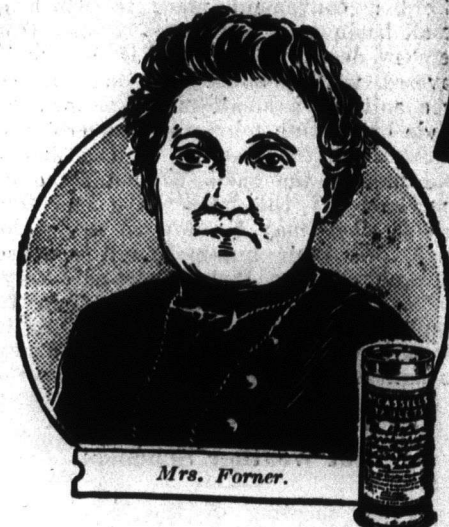
PALPITATION CAUSES COLLAPSE

Once again the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the reliable British remedy of World-wide repute, is proved

Elderly folk in Canada who suffer from Dyspepsia or Heart Palpitation should read this story. They will then know what wonderful power there is in Dr. Cassell's Tablets to cure these torturing maladies, and to restore bright health and comfort even to those of advanced age. Mrs. Elizabeth Forner, the testifier in this case is a lady 67 years of age. She resides at 9, Mainsforth Terrace, Sunderland, England, where she is well known for the interest she takes in religious work. Seen recently by a special representative, Mrs. Forner said—

"For the benefit of other sufferers I feel it is only right that I should tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. It is about four years now since I first began to suffer with Dyspepsia, and during that time I'm sure I have gone through martyrdom. The trouble came on with heartburn, and a flatulence, which got worse and worse till I could keep nothing on my stomach. I was afraid to eat even the lightest thing lest it should cause trouble. Sometimes even a glass of water would make me ill. My life was a daily misery. Another trouble, perhaps my worst, was the frightful heart palpitation I had to endure. My heart used to flutter till I felt like to collapse, and had to throw myself down on a couch utterly helpless. Sometimes I hardly cared whether I lived or died, I was so tortured and miserable. There was pain constantly at my chest, and I was so weak and faint that I could do nothing. I had to pay to have my housework done.

"Of course, I had the best advice and medicine. I also tried other things, everything, in fact, that people told me about. But it was all useless. I seemed incurable, till at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then I grew better. All pain left me, all the sickness and palpitation; I could eat without fear, and now I am as well as ever in my life. I had lost four stones in weight, and now I look so well my friends marvel at me."



Mrs. Forner.



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Infantile Weakness **Anemia** **Stomach Disorder** **Palpitation**

and are especially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

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