



For "Single" Men

If you are "batching" it, or living away from home, you know what darning-drudgery is. Even when you do plug up the holes with lumps of yarn your sox are so uncomfortable you hate to put your feet inside of them. But you can end all your darning-troubles with

NEVERDARN Holeproof Sox

These are the sox that always feel smooth, soft and comfortable on the feet—the sox that are

Guaranteed Holeproof 6 Months

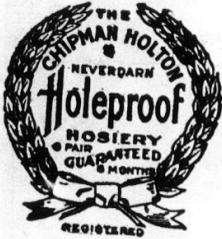
—The sox that are made from six strands, long-fibred cotton yarn, instead of the usual single ply, short-fibred yarn—the sox that are interwoven on special machinery so as to make them extraordinarily durable, but not heavy—the sox that are dyed by a new process that makes them as soft, clean and sanitary as undyed hosiery—the sox you can buy

6 PAIRS \$2.00

with the following guarantee in each box: If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase we will replace with new ones, free of charge. State size, and whether black, or leather shade tan. If your dealer cannot supply you we will supply you direct. Send the two dollars in money order or bills.

CHIPMAN HOLTON KNITTING CO., LIMITED MARY AND KELLY STS. HAMILTON, CANADA

"It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good"



In answer to requests from numerous customers we are also making Ladies' Holeproof Hosiery in the same quality and containing the same guarantee as does the men's

ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR MAKES GOOD BREAD

opportunities I possibly could to indulge in such pastime. Seeing that it is the custom to give a description of one's self, here goes. I am 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh 160 pounds, light hair and blue eyes. Do not use liquor in any form but enjoy a pipe as well as anybody. All correspondence will be promptly answered and would feel very thankful to any of the girls that would be kind enough to write to a poor and lonesome bachelor to help him pass away the long evenings of the winter. Hoping this poor attempt will miss the waste paper basket I will sign myself "Fatty Jim."

Come Again, "Orangeman."

Edrans, Man., Feb. 20, 1909. Editor.—Here I come again to bother you. You will soon be tired forwarding letters for me, won't you? But I have gained one correspondent and expect another one any day, so please forward enclosed letter to "Black Betty," and I won't write any more letters till next month. "Orangeman."

"Hobo" Hits the Trail.

Ontario, Feb. 15, 1909. Editor.—I am a reader of your most excellent paper, the Western Home Monthly. I especially favor the correspondence page. I think there are some very sensible letters written, while some are—I don't know what. Some girls are very particular; at least they think they are, and I don't blame them one bit. I don't think there is any harm for young folks to correspond with each other for pastime. It helps to keep up their spirits and also get acquainted with each other. As others all give a description of themselves I will too. I am 20 years of age, weigh 140 pounds and am 5 feet 10 1/2 inches tall; about my beauty I've nothing to say. Forward enclosed letter to "Sunny Rilla," August number. "Hobo."

Please Write to "Emma."

Nova Scotia, Feb. 22, 1909. Editor.—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly and I like this paper very well. I read the correspondence columns in this paper and take a great interest in them. I should like to correspond with any lonely bachelor, as I am lonely myself and would like to hear from some of them. I am a Nova Scotian. I live out of town on Yorks Road; I live on a big farm. I would be pleased to hear from some of the Western bachelors. If any of them care to write, why I will answer all their letters. Hoping to hear from you soon. "Emma."

Sensible "Susan."

Armstrong, B. C., Feb. 24, 1909. Editor.—Here is another interested reader of your paper who wants to join in the ranks of the correspondence columns. I suppose I am not eligible unless I give a description of myself so I'll commence. In the first place, I am an English girl, have been four years in Canada and like the country and people. I am of medium height and figure, weigh 122 pounds, have dark brown hair and grey eyes, and fair complexion; am 20 years of age. I have lived on a farm in Manitoba and liked the life; have milked cows, made butter, and when necessary have fed the stock. I consider myself a good housekeeper. I think that is sufficient for a description of myself. I have not met many bachelors, there being few where we lived, but I must say we like the average Canadian farmer, and in my opinion the man who can go out to the lonely prairie and "bach" it deserves credit. Well, I must not make this long enough for the waste paper basket as I would rather it found space in your columns, so thanking you in advance I will sign myself. "An Eastern Girl."

"A Dandy Boy" Gets Busy.

Ontario, Feb. 19, 1909. Editor.—I am a subscriber and interested reader of your valuable magazine. This is my first letter to the correspondence column. I wish to gain a few correspondents to help put in the long evenings. I see it is the custom to give a description of one's self, so here goes. I am 5 feet 10 inches tall, dark complexion, dark brown hair, and weigh 143 pounds. Just love to dance and go driving with the girls. I will ring off wishing your paper every success. Please forward enclosed letter to "A Daisy Bell," Alberta. "A Dandy Boy."

A Scarcity of Marriageable Women.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 6, 1909. Editor.—Being a subscriber to your valuable paper it is unnecessary to say that I take quite an interest in the correspondence page. What do your lady readers think of the following, taken from a New Zealand paper: "What strikes you about Auckland is the dearth of women. It is said to be the same all over New Zealand. There are far more men than women, and lots of men have to go without wives." Personally I do not think that New Zealand is in such an unfortunate state as the West. Around here there are but two young ladies who would be considered old enough to

be married (or otherwise?) with affairs of the heart. I should be pleased to write to any young ladies about 20 or 25 in the hopes of making their acquaintance, but as it would be very unfair for me to expect them to write first, I will gladly do so if they will just send me their name and address; mine is with the editor. I will not take up your valuable space by describing myself, but I am dark, over 20 and under 30. "Pigweed," Sask.

"Funny Bill" Willing to Perform.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 9, 1909. Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, but am taking the liberty of writing. I enjoy reading the correspondence column. I am only about 20, and if any of the girls want a further description they can write for it. I will answer any and all letters as the long winter hours are near and the girls are limited here so correspondence is a good pastime for the long winter evenings. Hoping to hear from some of the pretty damselfs, as my address will be with the editor. "Funny Bill."

Like a Hen on Hot Griddle when Teased.

Nutana, Sask., Feb. 17, 1909. Editor.—Although I am not a subscriber to your most interesting paper, I have the opportunity of reading it. As this is my first letter I hope it will escape the waste paper basket. I notice some of the girls object to doing outside chores. I do not agree with them on that subject. Any girl who spends all her time indoors is generally cross and will not take a joke. A girl who herds cattle or does outside work can usually give and take a joke good naturedly. It is well to mix the work on both sides. A man should also do his share of house work. To even things up a wife should be a helpmate for her husband and he a helpmate for her. I notice in several letters that the girls want to get right down to business at once and they expect to get a husband by return mail. Be careful, girls; the old saying is, "marry in haste and repent at leisure." Probably you will think I am an old maid, but not quite. My age is 20, height 5 feet 1 inch, weight 102 pounds, fair complexion and hazel eyes; not at all handsome. Some people say I am very good looking but I always say if I am prett, what do the homely ones look like. Perhaps you would like to know my disposition. Sometimes I am quiet, but if you tease just then I am like a hen on a hot griddle. I get rather out of sorts; and again at times you couldn't displease me no matter what you did. I am fond of dancing and music, but have no use for cards. I do not care about a man that smokes and always strives to keep it down. I get the name of being a charmer on drinking. That kind of a husband I will shun altogether. Perhaps I am taking too much of your valuable space. Enclosed is a letter which I wish you to forward to "Prairie Schooner." Thanking you in return. "Canterbury Bell."

Who Can Answer This Letter?

Manitoba, Feb. 17, 1909. Editor.—Please insert the following in the correspondence column of your popular magazine: A young Manitoba girl would like to exchange illustrated post cards, in envelopes, with young well bred gentlemen of all countries, Canada included, and particularly with those knowing other languages than English (I know French). I would also like them to give their opinions on the following questions: What is the chief cause of unhappy marriages? How long do you believe real happiness can last in marriage? What part of the husband's salary should go to the wife? "Fanny."

"Wolverine Bill" Heard From.

Lost River, Sask., Feb. 25, 1909. Editor.—Having been a constant and very much interested reader of your worthy magazine—not the least interesting and amusing of which is the correspondence page—for some time, and having a few dull hours to pass away, I have decided to fall into line and scribble a few words for these columns. I am a lonely homesteader, living in a little log shack near the banks of the Saskatchewan River. As the members of the gentler sex are a decidedly scarce article in this community, we have to turn to other sources for their company, though that company may be all contained in a sheet of parchment and thousands of miles separate us from the golden gleam of the fair writer's smile. But we can hope that it may not always be so. I am not what others would call an active candidate in the matrimonial contest, but there is no telling what the future might bring of a future better half, should I ever think any loving, even tempered, energetic miss would about fill the vacancy. I think "Dotty Dimple" of Prince Albert has about the correct idea of the qualifications we should possess, dancing, but not so with the "fire-hard on "Jugler," in November issue.

Now, "Strawberry," ease up a bit, as we may all be dear—at any price. As to a description of myself I will merely say that I am old enough to vote, though no more; of medium size and height and have never been treed, for my handsome features. I also use tobacco moderately. I would like to hear from "Dotty Dimples"—never mind the freckles, Dotty; sour milk will cover up their footprints—and also "A Wild Manitoba Rose," if they would condescend to drop me a line which will be answered promptly, as will those from any others who would care to correspond. Please forward enclosed letter to "Baby Bug," of Winnipeg. Hoping this poor effort does not suddenly end its existence in the furnace with the rest of the scrap paper, I will ring off. Being from the Wolverine state (Michigan) I will leave my footprint. "Wolverine Bill."

Could Spend Spare Time Playing Organ.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 24, 1909. Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for a number of years and think it is the cheapest and best in the West. I enjoy reading it, especially the correspondence columns; they are very amusing and interesting. But some of the bachelors, I am thinking, do not want a wife, but a slave, and they don't deserve to get married at all to my knowledge. I am not writing with matrimonial intentions, but I will answer with pleasure any and all letters written to me. I am a bachelor on a homestead 10 miles from town. Am very lonely. Do not drink or use tobacco. Girls, if I ever find the right one it will be "a go" if she will say yes, but I believe in getting acquainted first and know each other's faults and get thoroughly accustomed to each other. It will be for love, not money, that I marry for and I would not let a woman of mine feed pigs or calves and do outside work unless I was away and did not get home until late, and then would not expect them to do them for me. As long as a woman does the house work and the cooking I would not expect her to do anything else. Any spare time she had she could put it in at the organ or piano or driving, as I would have a good driver for her to drive. Some men who write say they expect a woman to milk cows, feed pigs and calves. I do not call such persons men at all; they are unworthy of that name. I hope I am not taking up too much space in your valuable paper. I will give a description of myself. I am no beauty; am 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh 165 pounds, dark brown hair and grey eyes. I would pass in a dark room. Well, I will close, hoping this letter does not find the waste basket. Any who wish to write will find my address with the editor. I wish your paper every success. "Rambler."

Something Good.

Benito, Feb. 23, 1909. Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your valuable and edifying paper, I have the pleasure of reading it from a friend who gets it and have found it very interesting, especially the correspondence page. I am a young man of 23 years of age, weight 150 pounds and am considered good looking. I am the owner of a choice quarter section of land. I would gladly correspond with any of the fair sex who wish for correspondents. My address is with the editor. Wishing the W. H. M. every success. "Something Good."

Would Correspond with "Moxie."

Princeton, B. C., Feb. 15, 1909. Editor.—This is my first appearance in correspondence column of which I take quite an interest, and as I am not looking for a husband I would like to correspond with "Moxie." I am 5 feet 8 inches tall, dark, and have two good understandings, so I beat Moxie; I am very fond of music, riding and skating. I don't drink tea nor chew gum. Hoping this will escape the waste paper basket. "One of Four."

A Good Chance for Lonely Woman.

Winnipeg, Feb. 15, 1909. Editor.—Being a constant reader of your valuable magazine since I am in Winnipeg, I am making bold to write you this note and I trust you will publish it. I would like to make the acquaintance of some of your lady readers for company's sake; if it will, let marriage come afterward. I would like one who is perhaps lonely and who has no gentleman friend. Thus we might be able to comfort one another. I am fairly tall, have brown eyes and auburn hair; am employed as a clerk. Thanking you and wishing your magazine every success. "Bunthorne."

Only Friend His Violin.

Viscount, Sask., Feb. 11, 1909. Editor.—As I am a subscriber to your most interesting magazine, I take interest in your correspondence department in which I read some very interesting letters from bachelors in the same position as myself. I think your correspondence department a great help to lots of the young people. Correspondence will bring one in touch with another, as otherwise half the young men and women are too bashful