

am not as old in years as experience. I pity some of the poor bachelors out in the West who are lonesome for I know what it is like, as I am almost a stranger here.

None of my relations are in this part, only a brother. I also have a sister in British Columbia who has married one of the lonesome ones. But I really think I see this starting a fire, so I had better stop.

If any one wishes to write to me I will answer their letters gladly. Wishing your column every success. I will close.

"An Ontario Widow".

Has a Travelling Education.

Manitoba, March 20, 1908.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your paper I have the privilege of reading it from a friend of mine and consider it a high class publication and find the correspondence department very interesting. I should like to write a good long letter to these columns but as this is my first I fear I should be intruding in taking up so much of your valuable space.

However, I suppose I may consider myself a bachelor along with the rest but not one of the old kind. I am young, considered good looking, blue eyes, fair wavy hair. I am 5 feet 11 inches tall and weigh 160 pounds. Have a good business, also a good travelling education. Any good young lady who would care to correspond with me will find my address with the editor. Wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself what they call me, "Sunshine."

Drunkard Don't Deserve a Wife.

Lemberg, Sask., March 10, 1908.

Editor.—Being an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time past, I thought I would like to have a few words with the readers of such a grand paper.

I quite agree with "Balcarres Rosebud." She writes a very sensible letter. I do not blame any girl for not having anything to do with a whisky drinker. Any man that goes and gets drunk don't deserve a wife.

Now a word about myself. I am 5 feet 9 inches tall, weight 160 pounds, do not drink anything stronger than water; and if it came to good looks, well, I guess I would pass in a good big crowd. Also have a good share of the world's goods, one-half section of land, horses, machinery and an up-to-date threshing machine.

"Black Sheep Bill."

No Girls Within Ten Miles.

Saskatchewan, March 30, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of the W. H. M. and think it an excellent magazine. I take great interest in the correspondence columns.

There certainly are some funny letters in the columns written by bachelors of the wild and woolly West. And here am I, one of the same click. I am trying my best to hold down a claim but it is a hard job, as it is pretty tame after what I had been accustomed to.

There are no girls within ten miles of me, so I am not bothered much by them, but there are plenty bachelors around here.

I was at a party twelve miles from here and there were only three young ladies present, but there were forty all told, including quite a number of married people and bachelors. So I think I shall seek some nice correspondents in the W. H. M., but I hope no one will get excited, as I am not on the market as yet. I think as some young lady, naming herself "A Yorkshire Lassie," said about marrying, not to jump into it with your eyes shut. Though corresponding is a good way to pass the long winter evenings by writing such an interesting club.

I am not going to describe myself fully as I could not do myself justice, but will say that I am dark, 20 years of age and 5 feet 8 inches. I don't drink anything stronger than strong tea, but plenty of that.

So drop me a line, ladies, and all will be answered. My address is in editor's care. Wishing this paper every success.

"Piker."

Scotch Bill Looking Eastward.

Calgary, March 14, 1908.

Editor.—I am a subscriber and reader of your splendid paper the W. H. M. In the January issue there is a letter from "The Lily of the East," in which she says she would like to exchange cards with anyone. Would you please send me her address, as I believe she has given you permission to do so, and I would like very much to correspond with her or at least to exchange a few pictorial cards as she wishes. Wishing your paper all success.

"Scotch Bill."

Two of a Kind Want a Wife.

Manitoba, March 10, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time and have been very interested in the correspondence columns. I think you are doing great work bringing the bachelors and girls together.

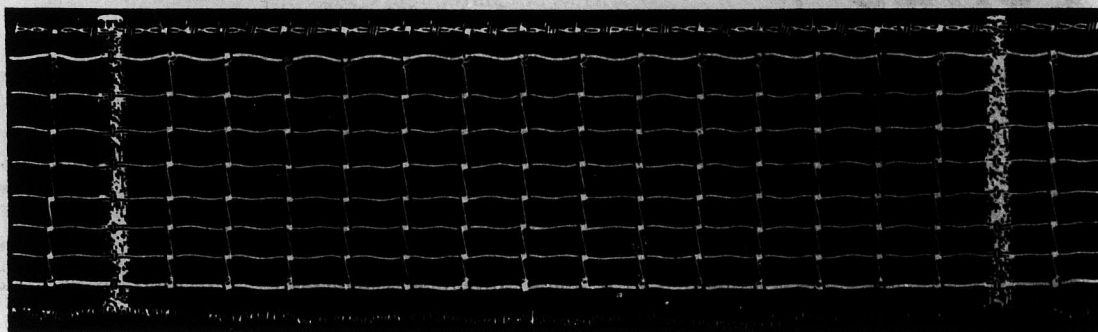
I am one of those so-called lonely bachelors of the northwest, but it is not so lonesome where I am as it is in one of the oldest settled parts and the best district for farming. It is a great place for sport such as picnics in the summer and there are games of nearly every kind.

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DEPT. H.M.

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have good water and close to the woods and near good market.

I would like to correspond with the other sex between 18 and 21, if they will write first. I am not as particular as most bachelors that don't want anything to do with school marm and dressmakers. Would like to hear from "Wild Plum" and "Impudent Lassie." A friend of mine who is in about the same circumstances would also like to hear from some fair lady who isn't over 25. I will close, hoping to see this in print and wishing your paper every success. We will sign ourselves, "Manitoba Farmers."

Couldn't Love a Smoker.

Oberon, Man., March 14, 1908.

Editor.—The W. H. M. has been a welcome visitor in our home for some years. And while I have been an interested reader it has taken me some time to decide to join the band of ladies fair who on deeds of charity intent are trying to make life more pleasant for the bachelors in the North West.

I am proud to say that this is my native land and I have met a good many of the so-called lonely fellow and for my part find them jolly fellows and can't see where they are in need of so much consideration as most of the letters would lead me to think.

Although I am a farmer's daughter I have some time at my disposal and would be glad if "Jolly Farmer" would write or in fact any of the boys who care to write to me will receive a prompt reply.

I am eighteen years old, have dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, can play and sing, so can amuse my husband in the evening after he has done a hard day's work while he is smoking the pipe "of peace." But then we are not going to have any rackets so it won't be necessary to have a pipe at all as I don't love the weed and couldn't love the one who used it.

"Oberon Girl No. 1."

Boys, What Do You Think of Her?

Brookdale, Man., March 10, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your paper for some years. The correspondence pages amuse me very much. I thought I would write a letter for amusement by this letter I may have the good luck to get a man.

I would like very much to correspond with any of the young bachelors that write to your paper trying to get wives. I am good looking, with fair hair and blue eyes. I am only nineteen. If I should get a man, I want one that neither smokes, chews, swears nor drinks. He must be a Christian. I am not particular what occupation my future husband has. Yours truly

"Sweet Rose Bud."

Bachelors Should Hustle Around.

Daysland, Alta., March 17, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber of your interesting magazine, we have the privilege of reading it and hope you will spare us a space in your magazine.

We live on farms in Alberta but are American girls. Say, the girls must be scarce where some of the bachelors live. We think if they would get out and hustle they would get a girl sooner than by advertising. We think some haven't sand enough to ask a girl, they think it is easier to write.

We would rather see the fellow and know something about him before writing anything on matrimonial subjects.

Before we finish we will describe ourselves. We are both light complected have dark hair and eyes, height 4 feet 4 inches, our weight 139. Our chief amusements are dancing and skating.

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