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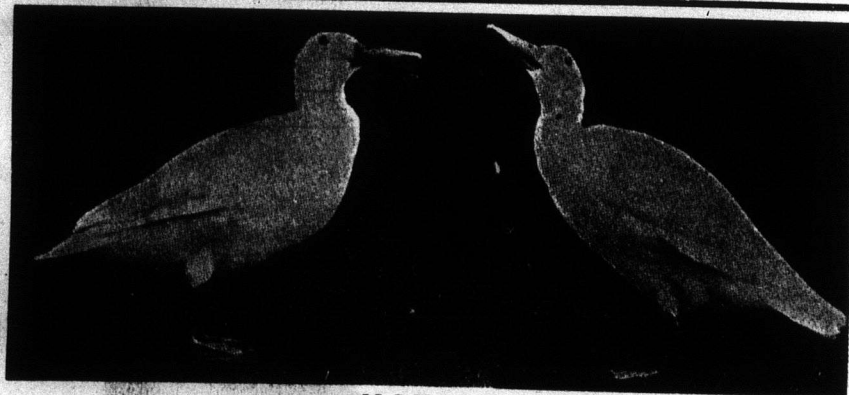
is made from selected spring wheat—a wheat that is rich in nutriment. It is the whitest and finest flour made; it makes fully one-third more bread to the pound than any soft wheat flour and is more dependable in every respect.

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with me. One who is willing to help make a home for both of us. I have a half section here, a good enough place to stay if one is not too hard to suit, but I want a home and can't make it all alone, so I am looking around, to find some good home-loving woman who wants what I want and is willing to help make such a place, and I will lend a hand in the work. I would not lay down any rule to go by nor would I ask her to go into the field to work. It's a home I want and any sensible woman knows what that means. A home is the most sacred spot on earth and when a man unhooks from his plow and the cares of the day he wants a home to go to where sunshine, happiness and contentment reign, where one can talk and laugh and sing. Thanking you in advance for a space in your valuable paper.

"Three Hills."

Easterners are Welcome.

Ontario, Oct. 20, 1909.

Editor.—Do you allow an Eastern Ontario lad to write in your columns along with the jolly crowd to the west of me? If so, I would like to join in with the Westerners now as I expect to be one of them this next fall. Your very excellent and interesting monthly has been coming to the house for several months now, and there is paper more looked forward for than it. I have read some of the letters found in its pages and I owe the pleasure of much spare time to the writers of these letters and to the kindness of the editor in publishing them.

"I don't know why, but I seemed to agree with 'California Cowboy Girl' in everything she wrote in her letter published in July number, but especially in that we should not try to give a description of ourselves as we never see ourselves as others see us. But as others describe themselves I will try and give you some idea of my own opinion of myself. I am the man of the hamlet (being the only person living here), I am my own boss and always will be (unless I get married). I am a young man (with an old head), know how to boil water and light a fire. Why do I want to get married? Oh, I can't give you a description of myself except that I have light hair parted at the back and pulled down in front; I have the cutest blue eyes, you ought to see them. I'm training them now, they catch nearly every sweet-faced girl's eye. I intend to go to your wild and woolly West this next fall and would like to correspond with some one about the country before I go.

"If any of you girls with a sweet smile and coaxing look would like to write to a professional tease, you can get my address from the editor. I will reply to any letters, postcards or photos with much pleasure. Who is it at mischievous little honey-bunch that said she'd like to pack her slippers in my trunk? Trusting that this letter will miss the waste basket, I will close, kindly asking you to forward the enclosed letter to 'California Cowboy Girl.'"

"A Fussier."

A Lonely Hooligan.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 4, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been taking the W.H.M. for the past 8 months I find it a very interesting magazine. There are a great many interesting stories to read and the correspondence column is one of the most interesting features. As I am a lonely bachelor I find it quite interesting in my spare moments on a long winter evening. I think it a fine way to get acquainted with other parts of Canada and that the young people write interesting letters. After I began to get the W.H.M. I got some of the back numbers from a friend and I saw some letters that were all right. "Dotty Dimples" for one and "Daisy Bell" from Beaver Lake for another. I would be pleased to correspond with a few young ladies. Please forward enclosed letter to "Tris" in July number. Wishing the W.H.M. every success; my address will be with the editor.

"Happy Hooligan."

Another Eastern Lassie.

Ontario, Oct. 12, 1909.

Editor.—Being a reader of your valuable magazine I thought I would write and ask permission to join the correspondence columns as I enjoy reading it very much. I must be in fashion so I will try and describe myself. I am 17 years of age, 5 feet 1 inch tall, fair with light hair and blue eyes. Now, if any of the young ladies or gentlemen care to correspond or exchange postcards with me I would be pleased to answer all letters or postcards. My address is with the editor. I would like to correspond with some nice young gentleman about my own age. "Pretty Little Indian Napanee."

From a Married Lady.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 18, 1909.

Editor.—I have long been an interested reader of your correspondence columns and think for a lonely person like myself that it is a good way to pass the time by corresponding and getting acquainted with those whom we are not likely to meet in an ordinary way. I don't know if it is the usual thing for a married woman to write, but I live in such a lonely spot I should think it a great favor to have a few of the boys and girls write to me. I would also exchange postcards with anyone as I am fond of collecting prettiness. I have been married quite a long while and am very happy. I came out from England four years ago and like this country rather well. I have one little boy four years old; he is great company when my husband is away from home all day. Now, girls, don't be too hard on the fellows if you get the right one. I am sure you will not object to him smoking and as long as he does not abuse the liquor, a little will not hurt once in awhile. I do not think a man who has any respect for himself or a woman would use profane language in front of a lady. Chewing tobacco is a very dirty habit, but not much worse than chewing gum. I am fond of music and dancing and can sing to amuse myself, and others too sometimes. I like all outdoor sports as I think they are healthy. I am medium height, fair complexion and blue eyes; not yet 30 years old but past 20. This being my first attempt at writing to your columns I hope it will escape the waste basket. If so, anyone who wishes to learn more about me will find my address with the editor.

"Not a Merry Widow."

Bright Alfretha Writes from the East.

Granton, Oct. 17, 1909.

I have been an interested reader of your delightful magazine for some time and especially enjoy the correspondence columns. I have been thinking of writing for some time but am very shy but am making a trial this evening.

As it is customary to give a description of one's self, here is mine. I am 5 feet 3 inches tall, blue eyes and brown hair and am in my teens. I live on a farm and like it very well but I think I will go to business college. I can milk, drive horses and ride them. I am very fond of outdoor sports. I can play the organ and piano and can also sing. I despise anyone who drinks and do not like tobacco chewers, but do not mind smokers. I think it would be nice corresponding with the Western boys and girls and would be glad to hear from any of them, especially "A Prairie Kid" in August number and "A Lone Star" in March number. My address is with the editor.

"Bright Alfretha."

Agrees with California Cowboy Girl.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 27, 1909.

Editor.—For the past two years I have greatly enjoyed reading the W.H.M. for which I subscribed some three months ago. By no means are the correspondence columns the only interesting part of your valuable paper and there is no part or it that is not well worth reading. Of course, the correspondence is lots of fun and some of the letters are very sensible and interesting. I think "Ivanhoe," "Rugby," and "Saskatoon Turnip," all of the July number, wrote fine letters. The girls are getting more sensible, too, and some of them write jolly letters. Say, boys, what's the matter with "California Cowboy Girl?" I'll bet she's aces, all right. What does it matter what color her eyes are, how short or tall she is, etc.? These are mere trifles. What is talent, beauty, wit or grace compared with purity, truth and love? These former little details may count for a while, but how long will they last? There are dozens of far more important things that most of us are very apt to entirely overlook. Perhaps I am mistaken, as my experience with the fair sex has been somewhat limited. Of course, we must not be too hard to please. Most of the girls are all right, and that's pretty good.

I am a bachelor, although I have only had one year's experience which is, in my estimation, quite sufficient. I am 23 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 140 pounds. Of course, my hair is curly, my eyes are blue. I never drink, smoke, swear or chew; in fact, I never do anything I don't have to do except sleep. I never would, never under any circumstances, speak an unkind word to a lady. I might also add that I was born in (what is now) Saskatchewan. Still I am not an Indian, or even a halfbreed. Now, I must close, hoping you will not think this too lengthy to publish, Mr. Editor. Best wishes to the W.H.M. and readers.

"Assiniboia."