

Yes, Sir!

You take no chances when you
USE HOMESTEAD FERTILIZERS

YOUR SOIL may be well cultivated, weather conditions may be perfect, you make sure of the seed; why take any chances with the Fertilizers? In selecting Fertilizer you cannot be any too careful. You should make sure that the goods are manufactured by a reliable firm, so that you may depend upon getting full percentage of plant food of the highest agricultural value, and in first-class mechanical condition. The best are none too good for you.

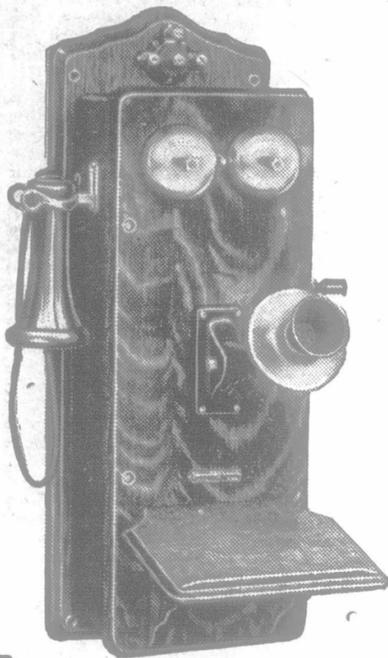
Our policy is to always lead in manufacturing Fertilizers and to furnish the best goods at the lowest price.

If all the farmers knew the merits of Homestead Fertilizers as they ought to know them, we could not make enough to supply the demand. Let us have your order this fall. If we have no agent near you, we will sell direct, bag, ton or carload, and will tell you all about our agency proposition under our consignment contract. Send postal card to-day and tell your friends to do the same.

The American Agricultural Chemical Co.
Dept. E. Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, Mich.



It's a Pleasure to Use These Telephones



THEY are the clearest talking and loudest ringing bridging telephones on the market. They are guaranteed to be superior in design, material and workmanship. They have several exclusive features that add to their efficiency. Made in wall phones, as illustrated, and desk or table styles. If you are operating a telephone line and not using our telephones and equipment, write for our Free Trial Offer. If there is no telephone line in your locality, write us, and we will tell you how to organize an independent municipal or local company. Ask for our No. 3 Bulletin—containing the latest information about building telephone lines. Also No. 4, describing our magneto telephones—is free on request.

SEND FOR A COPY.

**Canadian Independent
Telephone Company, Limited**
20 Duncan St. TORONTO

Also manufacturing agents for the Magnaphone Co. under
Mr. George R. Webb's Canadian Patents,
No. 123363, No. 124537, No. 131145.

low side down. The openings between the walls are filled with clay.

In fact there is little that these people cannot do, and it is marvellous how clever they are. Mrs. McDonald was a very capable woman, too, and at one time had carded her own wool, spun and woven it, and then made their clothes. She was very anxious to teach me how to make men's clothing, saying that I never knew when the knowledge might come in handy and knowledge was easily learned, but not desiring to be a tailress I did not learn much of the art. In the harvest field she was as good as a man, and had it not been for her, the farm would not have been what it became. Her boys were brought up to work too. They were splendid little workers, especially the younger of the two, and no matter how hard he had worked during the day he never once complained, but was always ready to play base-ball in the evening after the work was done, or play games when the lamp was lighted. They always got me to make their balls for them, and we four used to have some very nice games. There was little that that boy could not do,—he always wanted to try everything and kept at it until he succeeded. He was so eager to have apples that he planted a seed in an old tin can, and had it growing in the house beside another can of corn; both were about a foot and a half high when I last saw them. His chief delight was to go on the raft, and in the quiet summer evenings we could hear him singing the songs he learned at school, and as the sound came floating across the water it sounded so nice, for he was too shy to sing at school, and apologized for not trying on the plea that he would frighten us all if he tried.

He was a most interesting child. Occasionally his mother would buy a small bag of apples and this is how he got the seeds to sow his tree, which plant he had in the east window.

Henry's eyes fairly danced with mischief, and he never could tell a lie without laughing. He heard me say one day that one thing I disliked about mice was the feel of them, whereupon the young rogue captured a mouse and rubbed it across my hand as I was writing. I knew at once what it was, but, of course, he denied the charge laid against him for some time. But as a former teacher told me, you get a brotherly kindness feeling for mice and "such-like" creatures who are your constant companions and room-mates. (At times one looked as though he had small-pox, so bitten would he be from the insects abounding—black flies being the worst.) It being a sandy country, fleas were abundant.

Henry's greatest wish was to be a sailor, so that he could travel to all parts of the world to see how people in other countries lived.

(To be continued.)

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—I am going to interrupt our educational series, which is nearly completed, once more, to make way for the following—part of a most delightful letter which I received recently from a friend who has been visiting in Victoria, B. C. All the time that I was reading the letter I kept saying to myself, "How my 'paper people' would enjoy this!" and so you may imagine how pleased I have been that permission has been given me to use as much as I like of it.

In another part of this issue you will read something of what the girl and women "honyockers" are doing in parts of the United States. It may interest you still more to know that a farming project for educated women, who have been thrown on their own resources, is even now in process of being carried out in the Okanagan Valley, B. C.—Will it not seem strange if to women, after all, will come the honor of helping, per-

haps, more than any other agency to remove from this old world forever the sort of stigma which has, for all too long, hung over manual labor? If women, and educated women at that, find honor and pleasure in doing manual (plus mental, of course) work, why should men shrink from it? Will it not be grand if their efforts should result in making people everywhere realize that the kind of work one does does not matter in the least,—that what we ourselves are is the only thing worth thinking about?

Really, it seems to me sometimes that women are like the Chinese: Both have hibernated, more or less, since the beginning of time, but now that they are thoroughly awake, there is no knowing where they will end.

—Now, don't think of the "militants" right off!—That spasm doesn't count. It is a symptom, maybe, but a passing one; just a fever spot that will fade away when women are recognized, as they will be some day, as human beings rather than as "only women."

But I know you are anxious to get to the letter, so good-bye for this time.

JUNIA.

Victoria, B. C., July 10, 1913.

My Dear,—It is to be hoped that you will not "take a fit" at the sight of my writing, and the heading to this letter. I have been in Victoria for a month now, and every day I stay I love it more than the last.

I came with Mrs. J. We have a cottage out on the Gorge, which is an inlet running in from the sea for about five miles, and beautifully wooded on both sides after the city limits. We come out from the city either by motor boat or electric cars, and have a lovely park almost at our door. After Calgary you can understand how much that means to me. The prairie has a beauty all its own, I admit, but give me the wooded country every time. To-day all my thoughts were with you and Miss P. I wished you could both be with me, as I knew you would both be very much interested in what I saw.

An English woman journalist, whom I met in Calgary, hunted me up here and asked me to come out and see her at a farming school for girls, which a woman has started about seven miles from the city. Of course, I was only too glad to go, as I knew the drive was sure to be lovely (all drives around here are) and I thought I might find something that would interest you. How I wish you could have been with me! I know you would have enjoyed every minute of it.

I left town at ten o'clock, and, as it looked rather cloudy, had the whole motor-stage to myself except the driver, who was rather a quaint old sort, who kept his eye steadily on the road ahead of him, and made comments on life in general and Victoria and its surroundings in particular.

Every bit of the road is beautiful, running first through lovely suburban residences, each surrounded by gardens filled with roses and all kinds of dear old-fashioned flowers, which took me back to old home days. After the residences came fruit and vegetable farms, and then we went through the heart of a beautiful wood. I had begun to wonder where it would all end, when we suddenly rounded a corner, and, on one side, lay lovely Cordova Bay, dim and grey in the mist which lay over it; on the other, a thickly wooded hill. I had been told to ask the driver to let me off at the Haliburton trail, and in a few minutes he stopped and said, "Here you are, lady, just follow the trail up that hill; keep on climbing until you get to a house."

There before me, lay a narrow trail up a steep hill so thickly wooded that it would have been impassable except for the trail. I shall never forget the climb alone in the silence of the deep woods. Every step brought something beautiful to view, wild flowers thick at your feet, trailing vines, towering trees and beautiful (almost tropical) growth all around you. The bracken grows thick in all the woods around here and as high as a tall man, and the scent from it is lovely.

Here and there were fallen trees stretching from one high point of the hill to another on the opposite side of the trail, and covered with thick, green moss. They formed a natural bridge,