



Farming is Fun

—when you have as your aid a 1915

Indian Motorcycle

MADE IN CANADA

THERE often are occasions for getting to some place in a hurry. Perishable goods must be shipped quickly. Broken parts on farm machinery must be replaced without delay. The doctor must be summoned without loss of time.

Rain or shine, on good roads or bad, at any hour, the Indian is on the job. It rides with the ease of a touring car. It is economical to operate.

Then, too, it is *Indian-built*, which assures the utmost in value and service. Behind it is a company that takes great pride in fulfilling its every obligation and a personal interest in the proper performance of *your* Indian, a policy that has earned and held the confidence of hundreds of thousands of Indian riders and owners.

Nine Big Innovations

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Lightweight Model | New Indian Starter |
| Heavy Duty Clutch | Dual Clutch Control |
| Neutral Countershaft | New Magneto |
| Gear Shifting Lever | Vanadium Steel |
| Three-Speed Gear | Construction |

One, Two and Three Speed Models

Indian Holds World's Economy Record

H. Cameron, riding a 7 H. P. stock Indian Twin, covered 91.2 miles on half a gallon of gasoline on Feb. 17, at Sacramento, under F. A. M. sanction.

Beautiful 1915 Catalog on request

War tax will not raise price of Indian Motorcycles

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 7 Mercer St., Toronto
Main Office and Factory—Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.
(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

\$11.00 fits out a work team

This complete draught for heavy teaming includes clip or hook hames, hame straps, wide leather plow pads, belly bands and billets, and the Griffith Giant Rope Trace. (\$12.00 west of Fort William.)
Giant Rope Traces alone, complete with malleable ends and electric-weld heel chains at \$4 a set! Man, you couldn't repair an old set for that price. Leather traces would cost four times as much. (\$1.50 west of Fort William.)

Griffith's GIANT ROPE Trace

See them at your dealer's or write us. Mention this paper and we will send you an interesting booklet of harness specialties.



Gnomes (Singing)—

Click, clack, click.
Knick, knack, knick,
A double measure
For double treasure
We'll give Rosemary treasure.

King—Come, my Gnomes, we will go with the Nightingale to the borders of our domain, as is the usage of our hospitality. Aye, be merry, for this morn we bestow upon a mortal that power which perfect love alone may have. Be glad, my Gnomes.

Nightingals—

Spirits of earth, we bless you,
Our wings shall caress you,
Our care to regard you—
Call when you will
What to fulfill
We shall hear you,
And be near you,
Spirits of earth, to reward you.

(Exeunt King and Nightingale).

(Dance. Gnomes dance out after them).

(Curtain).

(ACT III.)

Dawn. A Meadow. Stream flowing under a clump of trees. Enter Meadow Lark, Robin and Wren.

Meadow Lark—The sun will soon be up. (To Wren). Are you sure she heard you?

Wren—Very sure. I saw her look out of the window towards the East. She was tender as dawn itself, her face fair as a lily opening to the dew.

Robin—I heard you call her, and left my nest to see if she would answer. I think she espied me, for she nodded and smiled. Ah, her smile is like a bit of sunlight through the boughs, dimpling the leaves.

Meadow Lark—Yes, a smile is a message from the heart.

Robin—Is all assured?

Meadow Lark—All. I saw the skylark this morning again. Nightingale went to the Gnomes, and all is well.

(Enter Cardinal, Blue Jay, Blackbird, Humming Bird, Oriole, Yellow-Hammer, Swallow, and Rooster).

Cardinal—She is coming. I flew over her as she came through the garden, her bare feet gleaming in the dew.

Meadow Lark—She is here. Hush, let us hide.

(Birds cluster to one side).

(Enter Rosemary, in soft white girdled robe, her hair bound loosely, her feet bare but in light sandals. Collie is with her).

Rosemary—Little Wren sang so loudly she woke me up almost before dawn, and I just had to come and try for the gold,—it's such a wonderful gold—grows and grows the more you use it to help others—so the legend, Grandfather told me, says, One must come at dawn, and when the sun first floods the meadow stream, dip one's two hands, like a cup, into the gleaming water. If the Gnomes think one worthy they will give the gold—and you can only tell by trying.

Collie (Aside)—If it could only be—what happiness in store for me.

Rosemary—The Gnomes have had the gold for ages and can bestow it only once on mortals. What a fancy. It's simply silly of me to think of coming, but, oh, there are so many people one could help if there really were such gold. (Looks eastward). There is the sun coming up now.

Collie (To birds, who are unusually quiet)—Why this strange silence?

Meadow Lark—Watch, and you will see what we have done.

Rosemary (Runs to stream and dips her two hands, cup-fashion, into the water, just as the first ray of sunlight falls on the water. The birds crowd behind her, peering eagerly. Rosemary draws out her hands heaped full of shining gold. The birds flutter their wings in wild delight, then straighten up and look at one another triumphantly and proudly).

Rosemary—Oh, can it be? It is real gold. And mine, mine. Just think what good it will do. Oh, the joy of it. And now, now poor Dame

LOOK HERE

MR. READER OF THE Farmer's Advocate

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He is a beautiful black, stands 16 hands 1 inch high and weighs 1240 lbs. He won the first prize and championship at the Horse Breeders' Show at Toronto in 1909. In 1910 he received first prize (\$250) from the Ontario Jockey Club for leaving the most living foals the previous season of any Thoroughbred in Canada. He is enrolled, inspected and approved for 1915. He has been inspected and has received the Government grant of \$200 every year since 1910. He has proved to be a noted sire of high-quality riding and driving horses—the horse to raise the army remounts now. Terms to suit purchaser. Write or better still, come and see him. Address: JAMES A. MYLES, R.R. No. 4, Fairmount, Ont.

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A BINGLE

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