



Your Local Tailor Couldn't Make a Profit if He Sold You a Suit Like This for \$25.00, but We'll Sell It to You for \$12.50, and Make a Profit, Too.

Learn one of the reasons why.

Your local tailor buys his goods in single suit lengths.

Four profits come out of the cloth before it reaches his hands. You pay these four profits when you buy from him,

You save these profits when you buy from us, because we buy all our suitings direct from the mill, and give you the benefit of our tremendous buying power.

Here's a Fair Offer: Send us your name and address, and we will mail you, absolutely free, 72 pattern pieces of the finest English suitings and overcoatings you ever saw.

With the patterns will come a booklet telling all about the successful Catesby "made to measure" tailoring system.

Read it, and you'll understand why hundreds of shrewd, well dressed Canadians buy their clothes direct from London, and save half of what they would otherwise have to pay their local tailor.

Don't put this matter off—you'll soon be needing a suit or an overcoat. Send now, while the thought is in your mind.

Remember, your suit or overcoat comes right to your door, five days after we receive your order in London, all carriage and duty charges paid by us; and that every suit and overcoat is guaranteed by us to give absolute satisfaction.

Address our nearest Canadian office.

CATESBYS

Ltd. 119 West Wellington Street - Toronto
Dept. Coronation Building - Montreal
"A" 160 Princess Street - Winnipeg

Or write direct to CATESBYS Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, London, England

HERE'S A GREAT TEST.—When you get patterns, take one to your local tailor. Ask him what he will charge you to make a suit of such an imported cloth. Then compare his price with that asked by Catesby.

\$12.50 buys this elegant MALVERN suit.

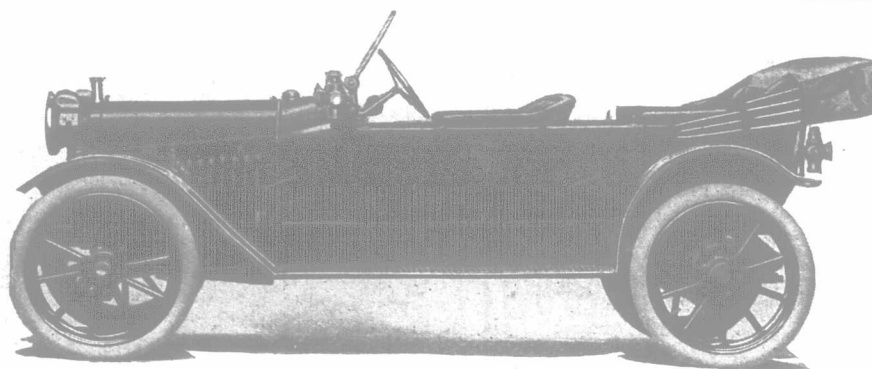
Made to your measure from materials you select. Samples and measurement chart promptly sent free from our Canadian address. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed

if it was from here to Milltown. Oh! do you think aunt Mirandy'll ever let me go to Milltown with Mr. Cobb? He's asked me again, you know; but one Saturday I had to pick strawberries, and another it rained, and I don't think she really approves of my going. It's twenty-nine minutes past four, aunt Jane, and Alice Robinson has been sitting under the currant bushes for a long time waiting for me. Can I go and play?"

"Yes, you may go, and you'd better run as far as you can out behind the barn, so't your noise won't distract your aunt Mirandy. I see Susan Simpson and the twins and Emma Jane Perkins hiding behind the fence."

Rebecca leaped off the porch, snatched Alice Robinson from under the currant bushes, and, what was much more difficult, succeeded, by means of a complicated system of signals, in getting Emma and Jane away from the Simpson party and giving them the slip altogether. They were much too small for certain pleasurable activities planned for that afternoon; but they were not to be despised, for they had the most fascinating dooryard in the village. In it, in bewildering confusion, were old sleighs, pumps, horse rakes, hogsheds, settees without backs, bedsteads without heads, in all stages of disability, and never the same on two consecutive days. Mrs. Simpson was seldom at home, and even when she was, had little concern as to what happened on the premises. A favorite diversion was to make the house into a fort, gallantly held by a handful of American soldiers against a besieging force. Great care was used in apportioning the parts, for there was no disposition to let anybody win but the Americans. Seesaw Simpson was usually made commander-in-chief of the opposing army, and a limp and uncertain one he was, capable, with his contradictory orders and his fondness for the extreme rear, of leading any regiment to an inglorious death. Sometimes the long-suffering house was a log hut, and the brave settlers defeated a band of hostile Indians, or occasionally were massacred by them; but in either case the Simpson house looked, to quote a Riverboro expression, "as if the devil had been having an auction in it."

Next to this uncommonly interesting playground, as a field of action, came, in the children's opinion, the "secret spot." There was a velvety stretch of ground in the Sawyer pasture which was full of fascinating hollows and hillocks, as well as verdant levels, on which to



Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, fully equipped, \$1150, F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-inch bore and 5 1/4-inch stroke; wheelbase 106 inches; 32 x 3 1/2-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimming, black and nickel.

"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped, \$850 f. o. b. Windsor

"32" Delivery, fully equipped, \$1125 f. o. b. Windsor

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, \$1150 f. o. b. Windsor

How this Self-Priming Device makes cold weather starting easy!

The Hupmobile gasoline system—shows many distinctive features of motoring convenience that are well worth your notice.

By the hot-air control and self-priming device, you are enabled to start your motor in cold weather almost as easily as you do in summer.

This device together with the direct fuel feed; the gasoline cleansing screen; the emergency supply; go to make a system as complete as engineering skill can accomplish.

We lay stress on it here because it is characteristic of the thoughtful and pains-taking skill in designing that is evident in every detail of Hupmobile construction.

It is but one of many instances we can show you to justify our belief that the Hupmobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CO.,

Desk N. Windsor, Ont.

Please Mention The Farmer's Advocate

How the Automatic Primer Operates

Gasoline motors need a heavy charge of gasoline to start them in cold weather.

Generally this is obtained by flooding the carburetor. Or, when still more gasoline is needed, by injecting it directly into the cylinders through the relief cocks.

We have done away with both of these troublesome methods by supplying the Hupmobile carburetor with an automatic primer.

The air supply to the carburetor is controlled by a shutter, operated by a handle conveniently placed on the dash.

By turning this handle the quantity and temperature of the air passing through the carburetor can be regulated.

For starting in cold weather the air shutter is nearly closed and a mixture very "rich" in gasoline is drawn into the cylinders.

This comes from the carburetor nozzle as a

very fine spray, making it easier for the spark to explode than in the car of ordinary priming with liquid gasoline.

All air passing into the carburetor at starting is drawn through the hot air collector and heated by the exhaust pipe, so that the engine gets under way almost as quickly and smoothly as under more favorable weather conditions.

Another advantage of the Hupmobile gasoline supply is the location of the tank under the dash board, so that gasoline is positively fed to the carburetor by gravity, whether on the level or hill.

On its way to the carburetor, the gasoline passes through a screen so fine that the water and dirt are separated from it.

Just below the screen is a valve, operated by the gasoline outlet handle, which can be set to keep one gallon of gasoline in reserve for an emergency.

build houses. A group of trees concealed it somewhat from view and flung a grateful shade over the dwellings erected there. It had been hard though sweet labor to take armfuls of "stickins" and "cutrounds" from the mill to this secluded spot, and that it had been done mostly after supper in the dusk of the evenings gave it a still greater flavor. Here in soap boxes hidden among the trees were stored all their treasures: wee baskets and plates and cups made of burdock balls, bits of broken china for parties, dolls, soon to be outgrown, but serving well as characters in all sorts of romances enacted there,—deaths, funerals, weddings, christenings. A tall, square house of stickins was to be built round Rebecca this afternoon, and she was to be Charlotte Corday leaning against the bars of her prison.

It was a wonderful experience standing inside the building with Emma Jane's apron wound about her hair; wonderful to feel that when she leaned her head against the bars they seemed to turn to cold iron; that her eyes were no longer Rebecca Randall's but mirrored something of Charlotte Corday's hapless woe.

"Ain't it lovely?" sighed the humble twain, who had done most of the labor, but who generously admired the result.

"I hate to have to take it down," said Alice, "it's been such a sight of work."

"If you think you could move up some stones and just take off the top rows, I could step out over," suggested Charlotte Corday. "Then leave the stones, and you can step down into the prison to-morrow and be the two little princes in the Tower, and I can murder you."

"What princes? What tower?" asked Alice and Emma Jane in one breath.

"Tell us about them."

"Not now, it's my supper time."

(Rebecca was a somewhat firm disciplinarian.)

"It would be elegant being murdered by you," said Emma Jane loyally, "though you are awful real when you murder; or we could have Elijah and Elisha for the princes."

"They'd yell when they were murdered," objected Alice; "you know how silly they are at plays, all except Clara Belle. Besides if we once show them this secret place, they'll play in it all the time, and perhaps they'd steal things, like their father."

"They needn't steal just because their father does," argued Rebecca; "and don't you ever talk about it before them if you want to be my secret, particular friends. My mother tells me never to say hard things about people's own folks to their face. She says nobody can bear it, and it's wicked to shame them for what isn't their fault. Remember Minnie Smellie!"

Well, they had no difficulty in recalling that dramatic episode, for it had occurred only a few days before; and a version of it that would have melted the stoniest heart had been presented to every girl in the village by Minnie Smellie herself, who, though it was Rebecca and not she who came off victorious in the bloody battle of words, nursed her resentment and intended to have revenge.

(To be continued.)

GOSSIP.

In their new advertisement in this issue, Hickman & Scruby, Court Lodge, Kent, England, exporters of pedigree live stock of all breeds, draft horses being a specialty, intimate that their Mr. Hickman will be at the Stock-yards Hotel, Chicago, during the week of the International Exhibition there, and will be pleased to meet persons interested in the importation of stock, and the best methods of finding and shipping.

Attention is called to the advertisement of John McKay, Kingston, Ont., makers of men's and women's fur coats, and who have been in the business for more than half a century. Men's coon coats and women's muffs are specialties, and now is the time to make selections, before the rush begins. Their catalogue, which is mailed free, gives styles and prices, and goods will be sent to express office, prepaid, for free examination.