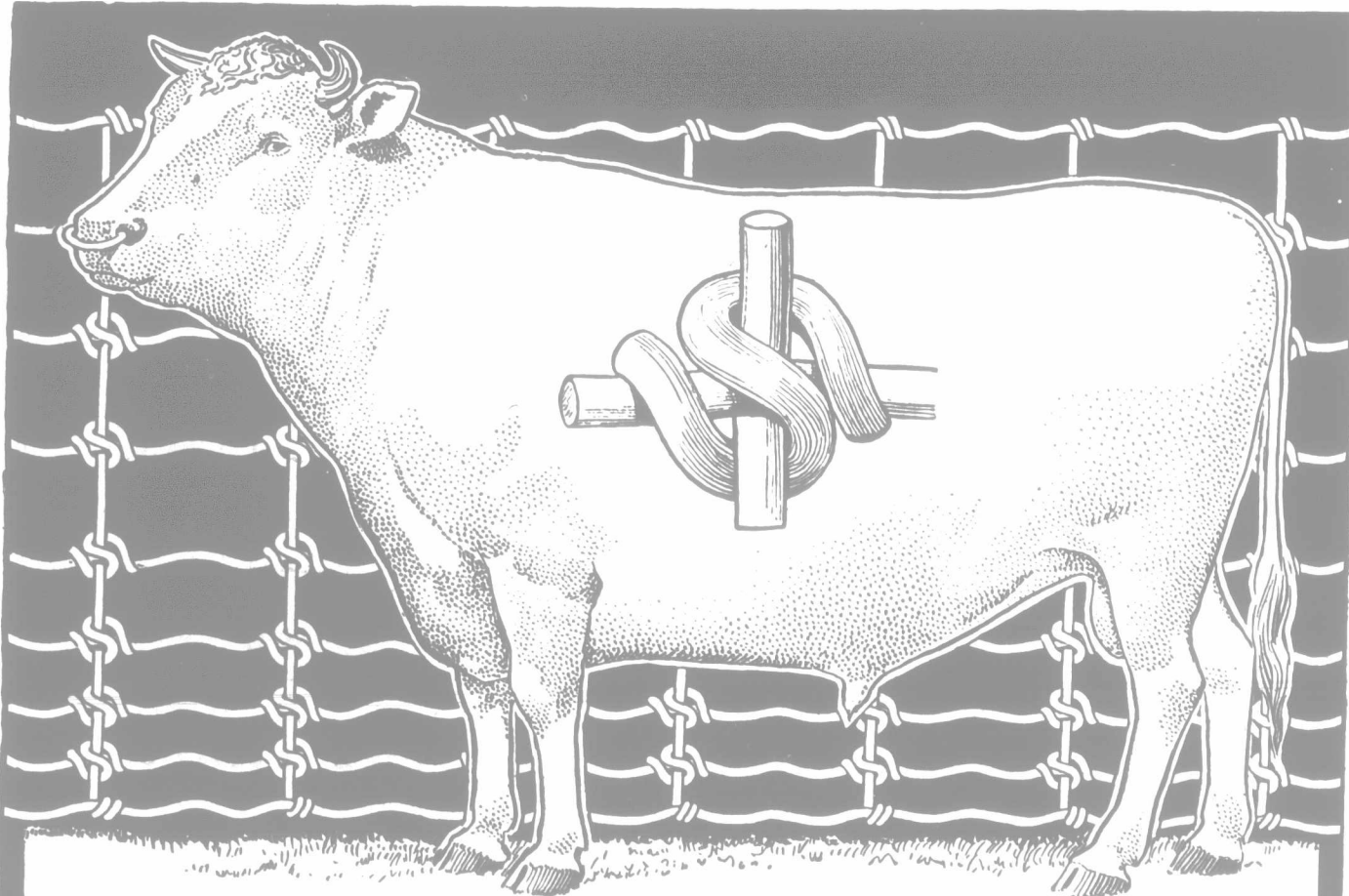




Is Anything On Your Farm Stronger Than A Bull ?

YES! If your fences are "IDEAL" Woven Wire, made of large gauge No. 9 HARD STEEL wire, heavily galvanized and with the verticals and horizontals clamped together with the Ideal Lock—that CANNOT SLIP. Bull-strong; hog-tight; horse high—a REAL fence.

NO! If you have wire fences of the ordinary kind—fairly good for a few years, but with no reserve strength to stand hard usage—because poorer wire makes them, and stretching them taut takes the utmost of their little strength to start with.

All Large Gauge Number 9 Hard Steel Galvanized Wire

From top to bottom Ideal Fence is all the same—large gauge No. 9 hard steel wire, heavily galvanized and therefore rust-proof. Note lock and its uniform smooth curve—no sharp turns to weaken the strength of the lock and yet a most positive grip—in FIVE different places. This is the fence that has ample springiness, immense strength, and the ONE LOCK THAT'S GOOD. Drop us a card and get our catalog telling all about the many styles and merits of IDEAL FENCE. Sample lock comes with it. Write us today.

McGREGOR BANWELL FENCE COMPANY, LIMITED, WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

KEEP THE EXTRA HUNDRED IN YOUR OWN POCKET

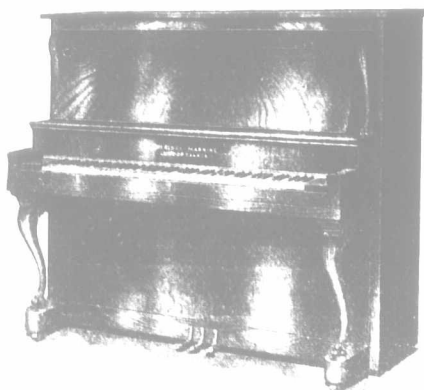
Clip out this advt., write your name and address on the margin, and mail it to us at once. Thus you will be just one hundred dollars to the good on your piano purchase. For the pianos in our Post-Holiday Special Sale are exactly identical with the superb instruments we regularly sell for \$100 more than the sale price. Every piano is perfect in tone, finish and workmanship. No piano made surpasses the Sherlock-Manning in real excellence. Therefore, this Special Sale is an event you can profit notably by.

Fully Guaranteed.

Unlike some piano "sales," the instruments now offered you at so big a reduction were not specially built (and cheapened) for the sale. Every instrument is fully guaranteed for ten years. Every one is taken from our regular stock—and justifies the Sherlock-Manning reputation.

Bona-fide Cut Price.

Have some of your musical friends test one of the splendid pianos in this cut-price sale. Hear for yourself its rich, sonorous, golden singing tone. Open the case and examine the construction—identical with that of the highest priced pianos.



OUR NEW STYLE \$0.

Clip out this advertisement and mail it today to

Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co., Ltd., London, Canada.

Not Many Left.

Since our recent announcement of this Hundred-Dollar-Off Sale many of your neighbors have jumped at the chance to get a really fine piano for so moderate a price. But your chance is vanishing—for there are not many of the number reserved for this sale left now. Act soon.

Clip the Ad. Now.

When these few remaining pianos are sold, back goes the price to the regular Sherlock-Manning figure—\$100 higher than the Special Sale price. So you need to hurry if you want to keep that extra hundred in your own pocket. Clip the ad and send it now. Please write plainly.

The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.

(By Mabel Osgood Wright.)

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Woman; you who have bought the bit of ground with trees on the cross-road, that your children may be born to country life, plant evergreens in the north for a wind-break, and on the south for a pleasure to the eye. Not the newfangled blue spruces, golden hemlocks, fit only to be confined to the lawn as breeze-excluding ornaments, or the stunted firs of florists' catalogues, but the sturdy old forest trees that rear their heads laughing in the gale and grow mightily, white pines and the Scotch fir of ruddy bark, white and black spruce of long or clustering cones, graceful hemlock spruce, and the dwarfier balsam fir of fragrant breath.

These are the things of the garden of winter that none may spare, and they also become welcome havens to the birds that are brave enough to bear us company.

I was quite soothed by the prospect before me, in combination with the warmth of Bluff's body, for he sat leaning against my knees, with his chin resting in my hands and eyes fixed on my face. A knock on the door broke the spell.

Enter Martha Corkle, neat, respectful, but evidently laboring under excitement.

"Mrs. Evan, what ham I? You having told me never to take kitchen complaints to Mr. Evan, I'm obliged to ask you, and no disrespect intended, what I ham."

For a moment I thought she had lost her mind, then I realized that Aunt Lot's visit to the kitchen had probably created some sort of storm, and that Martha's query was a bit of the wreckage, so I waited for further information.

"Ham I 'ousekeeper with haughty over the two maids, or only cook? and if but cook, does my word 'old in the kitchen?"

Shades of inherited service descending upon an overfree country, this was indeed a dilemma! I temporized from lack of ability to express in suitable words the entire liberty of the house servant. Perchance, if Martha understood, she would be reasonable, for I simply would not have domestic broils.

"You are Martha Corkle, Mr. Evan's old nurse, of whom he thought so much that when he left his home he brought you away with him. I knew that our ways are not yours, and I was afraid that you would be unhappy; but I did not want to disappoint the master by telling him so, and I thought that a familiar face might make it seem more homelike here to him. In this country, unless it is a great household of many men and maids, we do not put one in authority over the others, for the mistress is the housekeeper."

"You are the cook, and it is your place to be motherly and make the kitchen pleasant to the others who are younger and have not the advantage of your training; but if they make you discomfort that you cannot avoid, tell me, and I will speak to them. What was the trouble to-day?"

"Tea, Mrs. Evan, tea and pins on my pastry board. Not but what the allowance is liberal enough and to spare for the extra cup that it makes a body feel homelike to draw when they so likes, but the quality. I stand by English breakfast as the wholesomest and most tasty. Eliza and Delia prefers rank oolong, which I hold puckers the stomach and coppers it."

"This morning you wrote the order for the grocer for so much tea at so much a pound weight, without mention of the kind. I tells him breakfast, Delia says oolong. When I disputes her right, she says that two wants it, and over here the grocer says, and I want to know

PLEASE MENTION THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.