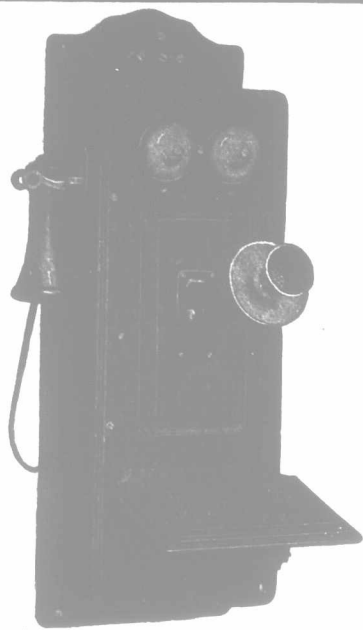




Independent Telephones.

Have made a record for quality. Why? Because all that was up-to-date and the best experience and ability was utilized to full advantage when we undertook to make telephones for the Canadian Independent Telephone Companies and Associations. We started with up-to-date ideals, established a high standard of quality, and have maintained that standard.

The Result.

The result is that we have now hundreds of companies, associations and municipalities using our telephones, and we are daily securing as new customers those who had been using other makes of telephones. They are changing, not on account of our price, for we maintain our price, because it is essential to quality. They are changing because they have either made a trial of our telephones on their own lines, or have heard the good opinions of others who were using our telephones. It is quality that is winning the business for us.

The Question.

The question for you to decide is whether you are getting the best value in the telephone you are purchasing. You may get a telephone that will cost a dollar or two less, but has not got the standing qualities. It very soon becomes a source of constant expense and trouble to keep it in repair. The question should be decided when you are purchasing, whether you are getting first-class quality in your telephone. It will pay you to make sure of this. This being the fact, we would ask you to write us if you are putting new telephones on your lines, or if you are starting in the business and likely to purchase. We shall be only too glad to discuss the matter with you and submit prices.

Construction Material.

If you are extending your lines, or if you are organizing a company and starting into the business, it will pay you to let us quote you on construction material. We carry a large stock constantly on hand, and make a specialty of prompt shipments. We send out nothing but first-class materials.

Free of Cost.

We shall be pleased to send you a copy of our No. 2 Bulletin if you are about to build a line. It gives you full instructions in regard to construction work. We also will be pleased to send you a copy of our latest book, entitled, "Canada and the Telephone," which contains thirty-two illustrations of the value of the telephone in the rural home. These will be sent free of charge at request. PROMPT SHIPMENTS AND GEAR. ANTEED SATISFACTION. ARE MAKING OUR SUCCESS.

Canadian Independent Telephone Company, Ltd.,
18-20 Duncan St., Toronto.

Could you tell me how cress is made up, and what is the most popular way of using it; also salsify?

Say, Dame, do you think Canadian women should vote? I do. I think that women have as good heads as men. I know that when I went to school the girls did better work (and far neater, too) than the boys.

I think I had better close, for surely the time's up long ago.

LOUISA MAY.

Huron Co., Ont.

Cress is usually served alone, with salt.

I think the very nicest salsify dish is made as follows: Scrape the roots and slice thin. Put on the stove in a granite kettle with a very little water and boil until tender, adding a few shreds of dried codfish. When tender, drain off the water and cover with the amount of milk required. Let heat, season, and serve in soup-plates, with a rolled cracker on top of each plateful.

Personally, I am not anxious to vote, yet I think women should be permitted to, if they want to, in any country that professes to be "free." It often seems to me that even the men who are voting to-day need, as a rule, a good deal more education on the subject of government than they possess. An English lady, speaking as a suffragist, said: "My coachman has a vote, I have none. Yet the other day when I asked him if he were going to exercise the franchise, he wanted to know if that was the name of the new horse." Such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely.

"I Will."

Men are standing upon the glittering summits of achievement all about us.

Was it easy for them to climb to the top?

No.

Our great lawyers, physicians, educators, authors, statesmen, ministers, and merchants, went up by a road that was both steep and rough. By years of toil and many sacrifices and utter consecration to the supreme aim of this life, they have lifted themselves out of obscurity and mediocrity. Even those who have reached places of average influence in life have had to pay the price. Circumstances have favored some more than they have favored others. But it was the resolute "I will" which nerve every one of them for the climb.

The young fellow who cannot say "I will" is a predestined failure. There are many such. They greatly covet success. And they have many admirable qualities which would surely aid them in achieving the ambitions of their hearts. But they are irresolute. They lack moral nerve. They shrink from self-denials. A long, steep, rough pathway they will not travel. The price is too great. They will not pay it. Hence they will never rise. Five, ten, twenty years from now you will find them where they are to-day—looking enviously toward the heights where stand the men who resolutely exclaimed, "I will!"—Young People's Weekly.

Contentment.

Give me a lawn that cools my feet,
Close-grown and fresh and soft and clean.

A clump of trees to check the heat,
A flush of roses on the green.

An ancient stream that flows thereby,
With all its thousand smiles displayed,
A hammock swinging not too high,
Well hung within a magic shade;

Three little maids with hair of gold,
Whose laughter scarce disturbs my dream;

A jug of cider icy cold,
A dish of strawberries and cream;

And for a guardian of our ground,
Well tried through many changing years
A fond and faithful little hound,
With bandy legs and spreading ears

And let the world go ringing past,
Let others range from shore to shore;
These simple pleasures bind me fast,
Give me but these, I ask no more.

—R. C. Lehmann.

The "Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6258 Misses' Semi-Princesse Dress.

Size 14 to 16 years.

To be made of linen, cotton poplin, chambray, gingham, foulard, pongee, cashmere or serge. Yoke of tucked muslin.



6620 One-Piece Night Gown,
14, 16 and 18 years.

For misses and small women.



6549 Misses' Pattern—Give age when ordering.
Price ten cents per pattern. Address: Fashion Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Misses' Patterns—Give age when ordering. Price ten cents per pattern. Address: Fashion Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But she loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel their bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—E. A. Poe.

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex our own
With looks and tone
We might never take back again
For though in the quiet evening
You might give the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
From harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smile for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with the look of scorn,
Twere a cruel fate
Were the right too late
To undo the work of morn.

—Margaret Sangster.

Talking of jokes, one of the best which has come out of the late British election is that reported from the Holmfrith Division of Yorkshire. Here was a three-cornered fight, and the Labor candidate was a peppery and vinegary gentleman named Pickles. "Up jumps Pickles at a meeting. 'We can do without whiskey, men,' he cried, 'we can do without tobacco, and at a pinch we can even do without beer.'" "Yes," retorted the inimitable voters, "and at another pinch we can do without Pickles."