Pump Your Farm Water Supply With Oil.

By that we do not mean elbow-grease, but kerosene or gasoline. Where is there a farm that can not use a small engine, burning gasoline or kerosene for pumping water? Even on farms that have windmills for pumping there is a place for an engine, for the wind does not always blow when power is needed for pumping.

On a stock farm, where water for the stock must be pumped by the use of elbow-grease, pumping takes from thirty minutes to an hour a day. Figuring labor at the rate of thirty cents an hour, one man's time amounts to $109.50 a year—enough to pay for an engine. While not busy pumping the engine can be doing other work around the farm—running the washing-machine, churn, feed grinder, etc.

Small engines suitable for pumping can be mounted on skids or trucks. This makes it easy to move an engine from one job to another, if used for different jobs. On some large farms there is enough pumping to keep one engine busy all the time—pumping for the stock, for the irrigation system in the garden and for the storage supply tank.

An engine for pumping does not require any attention from the time it is started until it is to be stopped. A common practice is to start the engine before beginning to chore in the morning. It can be stopped before going to the field to work. In the evening it can be started when watering the horses and allowed to run until the chores are done. If the pumping requires more time, the engine can be kept running during the noon hour. In some cases it is kept running during the forenoon or afternoon.

When used for pumping out-of-doors a cover should be provided for the engine.

Do You Suffer From Tinkeritis?

This story has to do with a peculiar malady. I have seen it work in many localities and in all walks of life. Its victim seldom knows that he is afflicted. It is a habit more than a disease, and more of a disease than many people suspect. It is called tinkeritis.

I have in mind a young fellow of my own community who is badly affected. This young man is well posted on things pertaining to agriculture, rents a fine farm of 140 acres, has the privilege of remaining on it for five years longer, and has already farmed it for three years. It is well fenced, has good buildings, two silos, and all of this for a price that the average renter would jump at. But this man has just about broken even, and will be lucky if he continues to do so. Cause: Tinkeritis.

He bought a tractor. The tractor was needed. It is a standard make, tried and tested by years of service, and it worked well for a while. But the owner must adjust this and that and the other thing, and his hired hand plowed more land, put in more crops, and cultivated them, with three horses, than could the owner with the tractor. Result: The tractor got a black eye in our community; the owner failed to get his crops out in time and lost money.

You say such practice is foolishness. Granted; but it happens in various ways in almost every community. This young fellow spends enough time going from one job to another to aggregate an enormous number of hours, even days, in the course of a year. To illustrate, I will say that I have seen him unhitch from the plow in an unfinished field, harrow a few rounds in another, leave that and hitch to the manure spreader—all in the course of a day.

I saw him—and this is by no means an uncommon occurrence—keep a threshing crew, and all the farmers who were helping to operate it, waiting for nearly two hours while he prepared a place to thresh his oats. Those oats had been sown in April, and he had known ever since that the day must come for them to be threshed. He tried dairy cows and made some money at it; but old tinkeritis bothered him as usual. I remember that he bought a car with which to deliver milk, and the machine suffered the same fate as the tractor. Fortunately, the automobile was an institution and its reputation beyond hurt.

I know another man, not so young now, who has farmed all of his life. He is not a success. He has made no money to speak of, his family works hard and has no permanent prosperity. He is continually starting in. This man's tendency runs to the specialty crops, the truly whoppers that hold out alluring prospects. He has tried them all.

The only time he ever made any money in his life was once when he got into debt rather heavily and he was literally forced to keep on the jump by his creditors. They made him hustle, and he admitted afterward that he made the most money in the shortest time he ever had in his life, and was going to stick to that plan.

He vowed that he had learned something, and his wife and children brightened perceptibly. But presently he was back in the same old rut. The hold of tinkeritis was too strong.

How many unnecessary trips have you made from the house to the barn in the last few days when work pressed? How many hours are you going to lose next month that might be saved by careful planning now? —W. C. S.

Little Boy's Wild Friends.

Once there was a little Boy who loved all the wild things; the birds, the spiders, the caterpillars, the butterflies, the tadpoles, and even the little green snakes.

He knew where the meadow lark made her nest in the grass; he was the first to find the tree where the baby robins were being fed; he sat for hours watching the queer looking spiders weaving their webs in the bushes, and once brought home a big gray spider in a box, which he kept for a long time hoping it would show him what kind of a web it could weave. When it wouldn't weave he said the spider was homesick and he put it out on the vines around the porch.

He gathered the little brown houses the caterpillars make when they get tired of being caterpillars and want to be butterflies, and watched them crawl out of their houses and unfold their pretty wings to fly away.

When Little Boy's mother was sweeping one morning, she found a lot of brown and yellow fuzzy things crawling round on the carpet, on the couch, and on the lace curtains. She said:

"Little Boy, where did all these caterpillars come from?"

"Oh, mamma," said Little Boy, "I was so sorry for the little caterpillars last night when they crawled round trying to find a warm place to sleep that I brought them in and put them in the big vase; please don't throw them out, mamma."

Little Boy brought home tiny minnows and tadpoles from the pond; he put them in a great glass jar, and took much delight in feeding them. One day he told a boy at school that tadpoles grew to be frogs, and this boy said, "Aw, I don't believe that, frogs don't have tails," so Little Boy took his friend home with him to see the tads grow, until he was convinced that little tads grew into big frogs.

One cold morning in winter Little Boy ran to his mother crying, "Oh, mamma, all my fish are froze!"

Sure enough Jack Frost had iced the water so that the fish could not swim and Little Boy thought they were all dead. But mother put the glass jar near the stove and while he watched the warm air melted the ice and they soon began to wiggle as lively as ever.

One day Little Boy came home from a walk in the woods with a green snake in his pocket. He scared little sister by making snake open his mouth and wiggle his tongue at her, for he wasn't afraid of snakes and didn't see why she should be; he thought it was just funny to see the little tongue wiggle. When Little Boy's papa said something about killing the green snake, Little Boy ran out into the bushes and when he came back he said:

"I told snake to run along home to his mamma, she might be worried about him if he stayed any longer."

Reviving Arbor Day.

Tree-planting is something of a lost art in Canada. For many years the health-giving and wholesome custom of having children spend one day in the year in planting trees and flowers, has been neglected, but fortunately, there is now a widespread movement to revive the practice. It is being urged that tree-planting is a fitting manner in which to commemorate the service of Canadians who have died in battle. The idea has much to commend it and will doubtless receive hearty support in many quarters. But if, in addition to the establishment of memorial tree plantations, interest could be renewed in the old-time Arbor day, the benefits would be more than doubled. What school-boy of a generation or more ago, who shared in the annual celebration of Arbor day, but has an especial interest even yet in a tree, or a group of trees, which he helped to plant and care for near the old school building. Both children and grown-ups are the better for associating with trees and flowers. Arbor day is an annual that merits transformation into a hardy perennial.

The crying need of the moment is an organization of the middle classes to withstand the rapacity of the manual workers and the profiteers.—Kennedy Jones.

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INTERNATIONAL LESSON JUNE 8.

Lesson X. Obedience—Gen. 12:1-4; Matt. 7:16-29; John 14:21-24. Golden Text, John 15: 14.

Matt. 7: 16-20. By Their Fruits. This is said of prophets, of men who would be heard as teachers of their fellows, who would speak with authority as having a message from God.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," just as certainly as a tree is known by what it bears. The prophet's life must be a good life, and so also it will be found that where there is genuine goodness of life there will not be false teaching. In this present day religious and social and political prophets abound, and in the confusion of tongues and strife of ideas it is hard to distinguish the true from the false. We must look for the fruits. What of the life and conduct of those who would be the builders of a new world, the leaders of a new democracy. Are they like Christ in word and deed? Or are they atheists, mockers of goodness, haters of all who are not of their own class or creed, destroyers of homes, murderers, thieves, ignorant and unclean? Or, again, are they the loud-mouthed preachers of a narrow and selfish nationalism, or of an equally narrow and selfish religion, both of which fail to recognize the obligations of our common humanity, and deny the universal Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of men? We have these false prophets in our midst, and they sometimes come to us "in sheep's clothing." Beware of them!

21-23. Not Every One. Christ speaks here of those who make devout profession of faith. Their words are good and their speech is pleasant. They preach and make boast of healing and other wonderful works. The final test of their genuineness is not in these outward appearances, however fine or plausible they may be, but simply in their obedience to the will and to the laws of God. Their faith, if it be true faith, expresses itself in obedience, faith working by love.

24-29. A Wise Man. True wisdom lies in doing the will of God. First one must seek to know His will, and here the Bible, more than any other book or teacher, meets the seeker's need. At the same time, however, he will look for evidences of God's will concerning him in his own dispositions and talents, in opportunities of service which are opened to him, in social and national duties, in the ministries of the church, and in those inward voices by which God speaks to the soul.

The wise man will build wisely, on a foundation well and truly laid. Jesus says that he who both hears and does in such a man. He builds upon a rock and his building stands the shock of storm and flood. Not so the foolish man who builds on the shifting and uncertain sands. His house will not stand.

In John 14:21-24 Jesus describes the man who truly loves Him. "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." He promises that to one who is thus obedient He will manifest Himself. In answer to a disciple who asked how that could be, Jesus declared that God would love such a man and that both God and Christ would come and well in him. If we try to put this great truth in simple words will it not be that the man who hears and obeys becomes like Christ. He is changed by love into the likeness of Christ, and so the Spirit of God, which is the Spirit of Christ, dwells in him, and speaks and acts through him. To him God in Christ is a present fact, a living reality, a vitalizing force, a saving grace, wisdom, power, sanctification and redemption.

Four large manufacturing firms have taken the Canadian Trade Commission's folder, "The Why in Trade Balance," to distribute among their employees.

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Address all correspondence for this department to Mrs. Helen Law, 235 Woodbine Ave., Toronto.

Ontario Girl asks for suggestions for an appropriate entertainment in honor of the return of a wounded soldier. We are all interested in our returned "blesses," as the French call their wounded heroes, and I know it will seem as if we could not fete them enough when we get them back. May I tell you of a bit of advice given me by a doctor at one of the camp hospitals?

"Don't ask the wounded men about their experiences," he said. "They may want to talk about them but don't let them."

And as a word to the wise is sufficient we will assume that our Ontario girl won't let her guests remind their guest of honor of anything he has been through.

I would make a party for a returned soldier as suggestive of pre-war days as I could. I would have nothing to remind him of war and all that is associated with it. Perhaps a big flag prominently displayed would not be inappropriate, but for the rest I should have just flowers and the conventional decorations we used to have before we thought everything must be decked with insignia and Red Cross colors.

Could you have a progressive dinner served from six to eight small tables according to the number of guests? The guest of honor stays in one place and the others progress to him. You would need only two or three courses if you could not prepare an elaborate menu and then you would have the evening for informal card games and guessing contests. Then as a souvenir for the soldier you are honoring, have some artistic one among you make up a little booklet in the leaves of which you could all inscribe your names and he could keep this as a memento of this event.

Doubtful:—I agree with you that every girl does want a home of her own and it is hard when parents do not like their daughters to receive company. The only thing I can suggest is that you have a heart-to-heart talk with your parents and tell them you cannot bear the idea of becoming an old maid, particularly as there is a young man whom you know cares for you in the right way. But be sure he does care for you in the right way and that your parents' objections are not based on something else besides prejudice against matrimony.

Mother:—My daughter has great taste for millinery but I want her to be a farm girl. Her father cannot seem to decide for either one of us. What shall we do?

After all is said and done, the girl has some right to think for herself, has she not? If she is determined to spoil a fairly good farm girl and you cross her path, perhaps you will be spoiling a better milliner!

Bride's Sister:—Whether or not a veil should be worn is a matter for the bride to decide for herself if the wedding is an informal home affair. If she is planning an elaborate church wedding, then a veil is in place and also long gloves of kid or silk. White stockings and slippers or pumps of white kid or satin complete the costume. The veil may be a simple one of tulle, shirred into a cap that fits the head, the veil falling in soft folds at the side and back. The tulle comes three yards wide and this veil required two yards and one-half. Even with the ankle-length skirts the veil should be long enough to form a slight train. Arrange it on the head with invisible hairpins, tucking in a spray of orange blossoms on one side. Of course the groom provides the bride's bouquet. Should the happy pair be even beyond parcel-post delivery of flowers, they may be gathered from woods or garden. Arrange them in a bouquet and tie with wide white ribbon or bands of tulle, allowing the ends to hang almost to the bottom of the skirt. Sprays of ferns knotted into the ends give a pretty effect. Next in importance to the bride's dress comes the dress for the bride's mother. Unless you very much prefer black, select white or grey for the color and crepe, satin, silk, poplin or a fine quality of cotton voile for the material.

Young Mother:—Diet for a 17½-months old baby who suffers from constipation: 7.30 to 8 a.m.—Cornmeal, oatmeal, hominy, wheatena, rice (cooked four hours the day before), served with butter or milk and a little sugar; bacon, minced chicken, soft-boiled, scrambled or poached egg; drink of milk; bread (brown).

12 o'clock—Scraped steak, minced chop, rare roast beef (finely cut), minced chicken, baked or mashed potato, spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots.

Desserts—Stewed apple, stewed prunes, baked apple, rice, bread or tapioca pudding; breadstuffs. No milk at this meal.

Rest 1½ to 2 hours after this meal.

4 p.m.—Scraped raw apple or pear.

6 p.m.—Farina or cream of wheat (cooked two hours), or one of above cereals served in the same way; custard, cornstarch, junket; drink of milk; bread (brown) or wheaten biscuit.

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