

to help her country by saving, and if need be still wear the old suit that has done good service, also last season's hat, regardless of criticism. But why should the women be asked to do all the skimping when we see so much good money spent daily in "smoke," and what is even more serious, in liquor. But we will look ahead when all evil shall be cast behind and new order be established.

Four Thousand Bushels of Corn

(Continued from page 14.)

In here to see how much confidence you have in yourself. Jimmie has an idea on corn raising that will take two hundred dollars to carry out. If he doesn't get the two hundred dollars, he will be out of the running for the prize. If he gets it, he may beat you. Will you lend it to him?"

"Why—why—what?" spluttered Mr. Hodgekins.

"You surely aren't afraid he'll beat you with it?" inquired the colonel.

Mr. Hodgekins gave him a look of withering contempt, and pulled out his check book. "I can afford to lose two hundred dollars for the sake of having some competition."

Jimmie flushed. "If that is the way you feel about it, you can put up your check book! I want this as a loan, not as a gift."

Mr. Hodgekins looked at Jimmie with new interest, and chuckled. "The young fellow has some spunk," he said, turning to Colonel Edwards. "Thank you, George, for being public spirited enough to help out our contest in this splendid way," said the colonel. "I won't forget it."

Mr. Hodgekins took Jimmie's note, handed him the check, and shook hands with him gravely. "I don't know what foolish idea you have in mind," he said, "but take the advice of a man who has grown old raising bumper crops of corn, and put your money in the bank, and raise your corn in the good old-fashioned way."

"Maybe he is right and the professor wrong," Jimmie said, a moment later, as the colonel handed him an order blank. "But it's going to be the best forty, win or lose."

He made out an order for four tons of potassium chloride, and mailed it to a Chicago firm. Then he went home to tell Mary and Aunt Jane the good news, and to pick out the best of his seed corn to plant on the best forty.

"Maybe it isn't such a piece of good luck, after all," Mary said, soberly, when she heard Jimmie's story. "Mr. Hodgekins will sit up nights, hoeing his corn, to keep you from winning first place."

"Then I'll have to sit up and hoe longer than he does," Jimmie answered.

He had put in a note by itself the corn that made the strongest showing in the germination box, the good corn in another, the weakest in another, and the dead ears in still another. There was enough of the strongest to plant the forty acres. Jimmie spent the rest of that day and all the evening sorting out the poorest formed ears.

"I'll venture to say that even Verna Wilson hasn't five bushels of better seed than that," he said to Mary, when he came downstairs. "It's almost show corn, and it will grow strong enough to push a hole through a brick."

"That's mighty rib-licking ground down on the best forty," spoke up Bill Ellis. "But why don't you burn the old stalks and trash? It bothers the plow awfully."

Jimmie shook his head. "The professor says the time is coming when it will be considered a crime to burn cornstalks. I'll have to take care over the ground ahead of you with the disk tomorrow and cut up the trash."

"Just as if there wasn't any work

to do except on that best forty!" grumbled Jake. "I won't dare go downtown at all any more if the boys hear that I've been dishing ahead of the plow."

Jimmie laughed. "It will be well worth while if we should get a good spell," he said. "That loose dirt turned under at the bottom of the furrow will help a great deal to keep the furrow slice from drying out."

Jake shook his head doubtfully, but the next morning he hitched up to the disk and went out to the best forty.

About the middle of the forenoon the preacher climbed over the fence into the field where Jimmie was plowing out furrows for early potatoes. "There are twenty-five entries in Colonel Edwards' corn contest," he announced. "There is almost as much excitement over it as there was over the last election."

"Verna Wilson is in, of course?"

"Yes. They say he entered one forty for himself and another one in his wife's name."

"Why didn't I think of that, and have Mary enter one of the upland

forties?" Jimmie asked, looking back at the house.

The preacher smiled. "I did the last best thing, and about ten o'clock last night entered that best forty of yours. I was so carried away by the excitement of the contest that I couldn't help it. Now I want you to rent me the forty."

Jimmie could not believe that the preacher was earnest in his wish to rent the forty acres. "Do you know that according to the rules you will have to direct the management of the forty and do all the cultivating yourself?" he asked.

"That's one reason I want it. I can't stand being shut up in the summer time. I can think up a better summer working out in the cornfield than I can sitting in my stuffy little room."

"What terms would suit you?"

"I don't want to make money on it, unless I am lucky enough to get the prize. Suppose you furnish everything, including team and cultivator, do all the work that I don't have time to do, and give me five per cent. of the net profit on the crop to pay for my

work?"

"That's a queer way to rent land, but it suits me if it does you. I'll need another man when it comes to cultivating, anyway."

The news that the preacher had rented forty acres of the McKeene farm and that he had become a competitor in Colonel Edwards' corn contest spread rapidly, and did much to add to the excitement of the competition. Mr. Hodgekins came to church the next Sunday for the first time in years. He seemed greatly interested in the sermon, and told Sam Walker after church that he hoped the preacher could not raise corn as well as he could preach.

(Continued next week.)

We live in troublesome times and it is small wonder, if, at times, our hearts fail us for fear. He who has read his Bible with an open mind, however, will know that all of these things must come to pass before we can experience the glorious peace of the millennium. Let us be of good courage.—A.R.P.

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