

This is an
**EMPIRE
WATER
SUPPLY
SYSTEM**

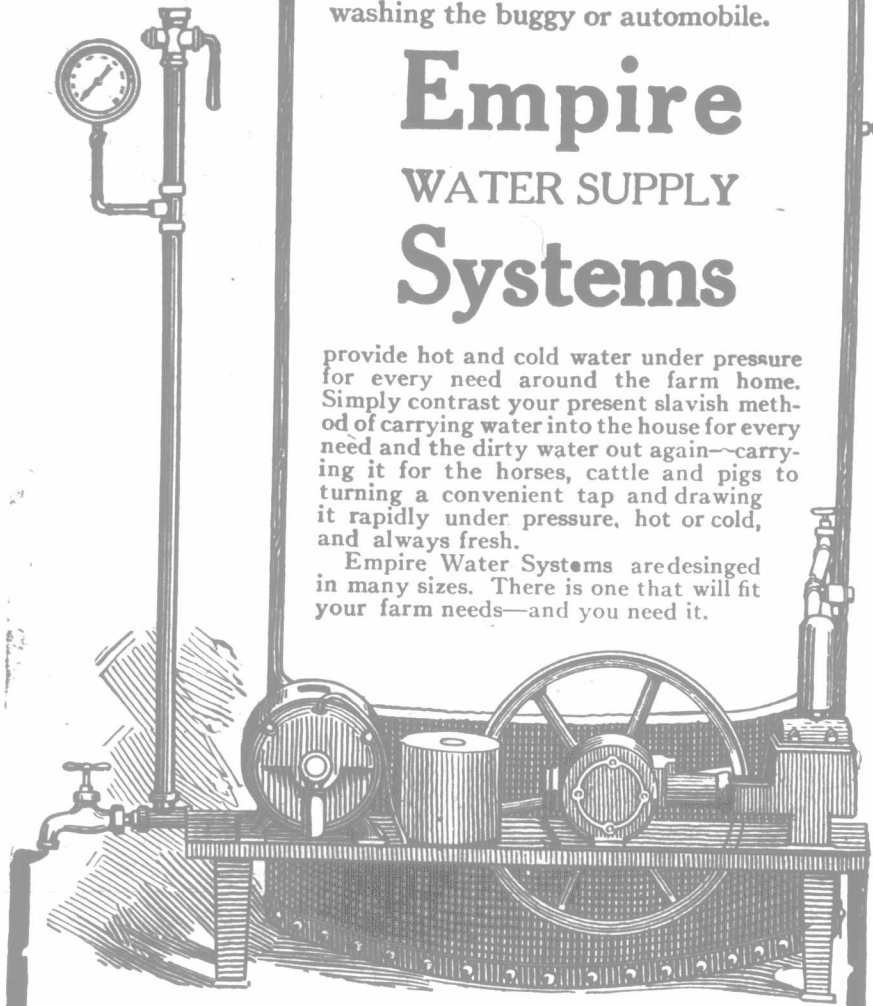
**Put City Conveniences
In Your Home**

RUNNING hot and cold water is a necessity on the farm—in the house hot and cold water is needed every hour of the day for cooking, drinking, washing dishes, clothes or bathing the kiddies. It is required for the stock in the barns and for washing the buggy or automobile.

**Empire
WATER SUPPLY
Systems**

provide hot and cold water under pressure for every need around the farm home. Simply contrast your present slavish method of carrying water into the house for every need and the dirty water out again—carrying it for the horses, cattle and pigs to turning a convenient tap and drawing it rapidly under pressure, hot or cold, and always fresh.

Empire Water Systems are designed in many sizes. There is one that will fit your farm needs—and you need it.



A FREE BOOKLET ON FARM WATER SUPPLY

Send for this illustrated descriptive booklet and Information Blank, fill out the latter and we will furnish you with full particulars and cost of an Empire System suited to your own home—with out obligation. Send a post card to-day

EMPIRE MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED

Head Office and Factory, London, Ontario.

Branch Office and Warehouse,

110 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Sixty-one Years' Unexcelled Reputation.

**McCormick's
Jersey Cream Sodas**

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.

Factory at LONDON, Canada.

Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

Our School Department.

How we Learned to Know Weeds at School.

(FROM THE NATURAL SCIENCE READER, BY S. B. MCCREADY.)

I did not need to go to school to learn about weeds. I knew a lot about them before I started to school. Mother tells me that I began to "help" her weed in our garden when I was about three years old. Perhaps I did pull up a few carrots and some of her asters! Somebody has to pay for a boy's education! Also I could tell what o'clock it was with a dandelion time-o'-day if somebody would count for me while I puffed and puffed. And I remember having thistles picked out of my sore feet after helping to bring the cows from the pasture—and perhaps I cried a bit because it hurt so. And burrs! It was always a question whether Collie or I could gather the most burrs about the farm. It was easier to get them off my clothes, though, than it was to tug them from the dog's matted hair. I didn't need a school teacher to introduce me to "cheeses" either. The knowledge of those mallow cart wheels was early handed down in the family.

For a long time after I did start to school I continued my practical acquaintance, and not altogether to my liking. Part of my work was to look after our garden. There always seemed to be weeds to destroy. Hoeing and pulling, hoeing and pulling! Day and night they grew. They were bold. They tried to choke the growth of everything we planted. I'm afraid mother had a hard time keeping me at my job. I didn't like it at any time, and I hated it sometimes. To have to stay at home and weed onions when one's chums are playing ball is nothing less than a slave's life. Weeding onions is hard enough at any time without that.

If mother had not been so fond of her garden and anxious to have everything looking well-kept, I think I would have run away sometimes and never come back. But a fellow wouldn't run away very far or stay away very long from a mother like mine. So I stuck to it and weeded and weeded and weeded. When mother praised me after I had done a good job, it took a lot of the soreness away. When there was a special treat of my favorite pancakes, I forgot my grievances entirely. And when mother would take some of our neighbors into the garden to show them how well everything was looking and gather some of our early lettuce or green beans for them, I was proud. I didn't like weeding any more for these reasons, but I hated it less.

I didn't know that weeds had anything to do with school or that learning had anything to do with weeds until last year. When school opened in September, we had Miss Allin for our teacher. One day she asked us to write down the names of all the weeds we knew. I found that although I knew many plants to be weeds I could name only about eight. And I knew more than most of the boys and girls. Hugh Speers and Elsie Graham knew only five. This little test made every one of us—I knew it did me—feel that we were ignorant about one of the commonest things in the world.

The next day Miss Allin suggested that we go out on a weed-discovering expedition. She thought the school yard should be the first territory to be explored. We were to take twenty-five minutes to search for weeds. Each one of the older pupils was to take one of the little pupils as a helper. The couples were to spread out and not to help one another. A list was to be made by each group of all the weeds that were known, and if any unknown weeds were found, samples of these were to be brought back when she rang the bell. Little Harry Scott worked with me. We soon realized that our school yard was an old curiosity shop for weeds. I didn't know the names of one-half of those we found. Harry knew the names of hardly any, but he could spy out new ones more quickly than I could. We had a busy time. The bell rang before we had finished our search along the fence at the back.

When we gathered in the school and announced our figures, we found that some were evidently better explorers than others. Alice Short and Janet Colville had found eight that they thought they knew and seventeen unknown weeds. Harry and I reported nine known and fifteen unknown. Chester Matthews and Tommy Chase had found only six that they knew and eight that were unknown. Miss Allin put down on the blackboard the figures given by each of the twelve couples. There was an average of about six and one-half weeds known—at least we thought we knew them—and twelve unknown for the whole class.

The next thing was to hold them up and name those that we knew. In this there were a number of mistakes made. Jamie Orr thought catnip was peppermint. Chester Matthews called a dock, a burdock. Alice Short did not know that black medick was not a clover. We also found that there was need of distinguishing names for different plants called thistles. And there were two kinds of chickweed. After we had gone over all the weeds brought in, we could count only eight of which Miss Allin said we had the right names. These were dandelion, Canada thistle, wild mustard, burdock, milkweed, ox-eye daisy, catnip and black medick. There were twenty other weeds the names of which we did not know. Who would have thought there were twenty-eight different kinds of weeds in one school yard?

(To be continued).



Every School Child Likes Animals and Should be Allowed to Care for Them.

Ma

penetra
makes
vegeta
rancid.
crackin
traces p
a rich,
makes l



Boy

THE V