

The Upward Look

Development of Character

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—Proverbs xvi., 32.

How often with heads and hearts and in great discouragement we feel as if there are in our life, certain conditions and distressing causes, that prevent us from being what we would like to be. But as far as real worth and character are concerned, nothing whatever can arrest its finest, noblest development.

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

—Julius Caesar.

One very small boy the other day asked another if he was going to be a lawyer or a doctor. "A lawyer of course," was the prompt answer, "because he makes the most money." On the pity of it, that this spirit of money getting so absorbs our age! The question, "What a man has?" is asked so often instead of "What a man is?" Material possessions add very very little to, instead they often detract from, the highest, purest happiness in life.

A young man with scholastic ambitions is suddenly told that what was

considered a slight ere trouble will prevent his studying any more. Thus seemingly are crushed the aspirations he has been cherishing ever since he was old enough to have any. But in

his life is bound to be a "success" in the very best sense of that word, no matter how different from what he would have planned.

In the distance, which have been the cause of much regret, because they have been a bluish in a beautiful landscape. Recently at a cloudy sunset, the rest of the country was in shadow, but the rays of the sinking sun shone full on that great pile, lighting up the rows of windows until the whole became a radiant, glorified vision.

Thus these trials, discouragements, disappointments may be what God has sent into our lives to make character strong, helpful and beautiful.—I. H. N.

Make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity,—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts.—Ruskin.

The book which makes a man think the most is the book which strikes the deepest root in his memory and understanding.

OUR HOME CLUB

Defects in Country Life

Why do the young people of to-day insist on leaving the old farm for the great white ways of our cities? This has been the subject of innumerable addresses. I recently heard Prof. Reynolds of the Ontario Agricultural College speak on "The Rural Problem." The subject might just as well have been rural depopulation. One sentence of his address struck me very strongly. It was something I had heard often before, but never appreciated so fully. It was, "The greatest advantages of the city are not peculiar to the city, or inseparable from the city." I would not like to see country life made an imitation of city life. To transfer the moving picture show, for instance, to a rural district, would be a thing to be deplored. The farm home can have, however, running water, a modern bath, up-to-date heating system, and numerous other conveniences without which the country is at a disadvantage.

But these things cost money. I hear someone remark. Prof. Reynolds evidently anticipated that objection. Here is a further remark of his: "People in the city have these conveniences whose incomes are not as great as the income of the average

farmer. They have them, and they pay for them. Why can't we do likewise?"

I don't believe that the question of rural depopulation is to be solved entirely by installing modern conveniences in the home. They would go a long way, however, to make country life more enjoyable to those of us who stay in the country. And the idea keeps ringing through my head that if poor city people can pay for these conveniences, why can't we farmers?—"Nephew Jack."

Dirty Politics

Now that elections are in the air I thought that I would drop in for a little chat and express some of the indignation that is still burning within me because of a conversation that I had with one of my neighbors just yesterday. "Our government is rotten and politicians are all rogues," said he. Then he launched into his favorite diversion of blackguarding everybody in political life. According to his conclusions every ordinary man was miles ahead of the average politician from the moral viewpoint. When I asked him what he was going to do about it he replied that so far as he could see he could do nothing. In fact that politics had gotten so rotten that he did not know whether he would even go to the polls and vote.

My friend's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, I believe that the average politician is just what the av-



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