

shirt in the house for them to wear in the city, because "that pesky engine forgot to turn the washing machine for her," adding, merely as a disclaimer, that "it was kind of uncertain just when she would wash."

One evening, barely two weeks after the little red engine arrived at the farm, Father smoked a sociable pipe with a neighbor who had dropped in for a chat. In the course of the conversation he declared, "A gasoline engine, Cyrus, is liable to cost you more money than you figure on when you buy it. But, if you get me, you will probably find out, same as I did, that it can do a good deal more of the hard work than you figured on, too."

It was then that Mother deliberately laid down the April number of "The Housewife's Friend," wherein she had been re-reading a graphic and interesting article concerning the grievances of "John Bull's Militant laundresses." Over the rim of her spectacles she peered straight into the faces of Father and the boys, and winked derisively.

As a rule, the folds of tablecloths are ironed very hard, and this, of course, will quickly wear out the cloth. There seems no sense in having the dresses so very prominent, since the life of the cloth is lessened thereby. Few women need to be told that the position of the folds should be changed from time to time when ironing.

The Upward Look

What Is Progress

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Matt. vii. 12.

An inspiring lecture, the first of a series, given lately by the famous Edward Howard Griggs, of New York, would not but make one think, the needs of our age were brought so vividly before the audience.

What is this progress, which is the keynote of this age? It is not wealth, which adds not to our highest happiness and well-being. It is not in the wonderful inventions of our modern life; where in many respects there has been a great gain, there has also been a terrible loss. Men are becoming themselves mere machines.

A widow had to support herself and children by working in a box factory. At the end of the first week someone asked her how she liked her fellow-workers. Her answer was, "I do not know how I like them because I cannot make boxes and talk."

At the end of the second month someone asked her, what her impression was of those around her. That time she answered, "I cannot tell, because I cannot make boxes and think." We must see to it that in the everyday life-struggle and work, that the drudgery and monotony does not stifle all the higher, nobler thoughts.

What true progress is, is trying to put ourselves in the place of others, striving to see their view-point, endeavoring to realize their difficulties. Very, very often men do not know the wrongs under which the multitudes are suffering, because they will not think.

Edward Howard Griggs gave another homely, forcible illustration. In shelter behind a tree two children were keenly enjoying themselves, stretching a cord across the way of pedestrians, just where it would take off their hats. Suddenly, they heard a well-known step, that of their beloved grandfather. Instantly they drew in the cord, because they did not want to cause him trouble and annoyance. The cord was not put back. If it had been they would have been bad children. As it was they had been thoughtless, because they had not realized the discomfort they were causing.

True progress is the understanding the great principle of the Golden Rule and putting it into daily practice with everyone with whom we have to do.—I.H.N.

Never was there a greater fallacy than the old saying that opportunity comes but once for opportunities keep coming to the hustling, wide-awake people who are ready to grasp them.

Before eating an orange, soak it in hot water for half an hour. The skin will loosen and come off easily, and the orange will be as sweet as if freshly picked.

OUR HOME CLUB

Why I Wish to Vote

I have read the few letters that have appeared in the Home Club on the suffrage question with much interest, and I for one would like to see a good lively discussion on the question. I am not a rampant suffragette with a heart full of unlovely desire to burn property and murder rulers. I am just an everyday, hard-working farmer's wife with sense enough to run a home and govern the expenditure on a large farm, and, strange to say, possessed of the idea that I am capable of casting an intelligent vote and have the right to do it. Usually my disposition is equitable. My friends will testify to this; but really it is hard to sit on one's temper on election day and see the hired men going off to vote while I must stay at home.

I suppose that controversial subjects of a political nature are barred from the Home Club, but, if I may, I will use the last Ontario provincial election to illustrate the point I wish to make. Ours is one of the many rural sections that is cursed by the open bars of a nearby town. We had an opportunity to do away with those bars from which I as well as many other women in this section have suffered. When election day came, we who would have done our best to get rid of the curse had to stay at home, while the hired men, absolutely



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