

### The Leaven of Love

Did you ever try love as a mortgage lifter? A bigger crop of good cheer would lift and liven farm life all along the line. The scientific sharps at the agricultural stations assert that cattle fatten faster, and do better, if kind words and gentle treatment are mixed with their feed. Did you ever try that on the loved ones at home? The most useless man in any community—country or city—is the man who loves no one, and hates himself. To increase the crops, to create more enjoyable conditions on the farm, I entreat the farmer to love somebody.

Why should any farmer feel more kindly for his stock than he does for his wife? Why have a tank heater for the stock tank and no hot water in the farm house kitchen? Why let your wife freeze her hands, and break her back, thawing out a frozen pump, to get a little water to heat on the back of the dinky kitchen stove, in an old fish pan that she bought with her own butter and egg money three years ago? Don't you think that you could install suitable conveniences for her without making yourself liable to a fatal attack of enlargement of the heart?

In this I allow you all just credits and set-offs for your only excuse. I admit that you can sell the cattle for real money. But none of the professors from the state agricultural college ever gave a truer tip than the one that follows: "Farming will

never be what it ought to be until there is proportionately as much improved labor-saving machinery in the farm house kitchen as there is in the fields." And when the women get it they will not let it lie around exposed to the weather, as we men do.

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### Cultivate a Sweet Voice

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is dead and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and while at play, to keep a voice that will speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. You often hear boys and girls say things at play with a quick, sharp voice, as if it were the snap of a whip.

If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that will sound as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and tins up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet else-

where, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for their guests and all their sour food for their own board. We would say to all boys and girls, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It it to the heart what light is to the eye.—S.R.

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### "Girl Wanted"

By Ninety-nine Thousand Young Men.

Wanted—Girl. Just plain girl. Should not be addicted to the harem skirt habit; rats and puffs not required. She need know nothing about bridge whist or social scandal. Inability to decipher a French bill of fare will not count against her. Need not have done and be done by foreign countries. If she can sing and play a bit, sew and cook a trifle, so much the better. It is desirable that she have a little kindness of heart—for people, young, middle-aged, and old, and for animals. Need not be versed in church creed, but should believe in decency. In a word we want just a wholesome, lovable, old-fashioned girl. No need to apply. Come after you.—Judge.

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About the best thing to have around the house is a kind, sympathetic husband.

### The City Man

The city man said he was stuck Upon the rural life,  
No longer wished to run amuck In noise and dust and strife.

Said he: "I'd like to husk the eggs And dig the new mown hay,  
And monkey with the husking pegs, And milk the cows for whey.

"I'd like to pick the cream and cheese And dig the apple crop,  
And drive a team of pure white geese, And feed the chickens slop.

"I would be fun to groom the pigs, And carry off the cows,  
And hitch the roosters into rigs, And work the thrashing ploughs.

"I would be a treat to shell the oats, And pick the buckwheat flour,  
And gather whiskers from the goats And sort them by the hour.

"I'd like to cultivate the bees, And pump the pale blue milk,  
And pick the pumpkins from the trees And do things of that ilk.

"I'd like to pick the little lambs And shear the gentle hens,  
And gather in the fresh smoked hams And put the wasps in pens.

"In fact, I think the country life Would be the thing for me;  
I do not care for work and strife, I need the rest, you see."



"What's flour *gluten*, Bud?"  
"It's what makes your dough *rise*,  
*Rose*."

"Yes"—she encouraged.

Added Bud very sagely:

"Makes it *rise* in the mixer and *expand*  
"in the oven. It's the *elastic* part of  
"flour—*absorbs* all the water and milk  
"—and things."

Rose grew interested.

"FIVE ROSES, said Bud, is exceedingly *rich*  
"in *gluten*. I s'pose because it's *all* made  
"from *Manitoba* wheat. Takes up a lot  
"*more* water—makes those *fat* loaves—  
"*lasts longer* too."

"Saves money, doesn't it?" asked Rose.

Bud in a big voice:

"The fat loaf makes the fat pocketbook."

Use FIVE ROSES always.

And Rose said YES.

# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended