

## The Upward Look

### Joy

To-day I overheard the remark: "Is this not lovely weather? How long it has lasted!" "Yes," was the answer, "but we will have to make up for it."

Why do we so often have the feeling that it is not right to have too much happiness—that sooner or later we will have to suffer for it?

I do not think we can have too much of the purest sweetness, most natural kind of happiness and joy in our lives.

There are many more sunny days in the year than dark ones, more clear skies than cloudy ones, more grassy slopes than barren ones. If our loving Father has created such brightness in the material world, surely we may expect to find it in our lives.

Think of the joy we see in the everyday life around us, singing birds, playful kittens, merry children. One may say, "It's all very well for little ones to be gay and happy, but older ones do not frolic in the same fashion." No, they do not, but as you watch their faces, as they watch the fun and merriment, you see joy, although quieter and more subdued, also depicted there. Wordsworth thinks the very trees, leaves and trees experience gladness in being alive.

Many think childhood is the happiest time; many do not. How is it

with you? Their sorrows and disappointments loom up very large and seem very hopeless. They may be soon over, but while they last they are very real. Older people ought to be much happier, because they have received help in difficulties, comfort in sorrows, so many many times.

Do you know Pollyanna in the Glad book? If not she is well worth the knowing. Her father said there were eight hundred rejoicing texts in the Bible, like "Be glad in the Lord," or "Shout for joy."

It must not be thought that there will never be troubles and trials in our lives. What would our world be if there were no dreary, rainy days? What would our characters be if there were no sad, mournful days?

But let us all enjoy all the happiness that we can, and mar it not by thoughts of possible coming disappointment, suffering, sorrow.—L.H.N.

In sewing old goods try dropping your spool of thread in hot water for a few minutes, then dry, and your thread won't draw after washing material.

Our Women's Institute is doing good work. The members work harmoniously and I am sure it is proving of great benefit to those who prepare papers (and nearly all do) as it takes away that fear of hearing one's own voice, and also helps to put our ideas into intelligent form. The social part of our meetings are also much enjoyed.—Mrs. W. J. Johnston, Stormont Co., Ont.

### Helping the Women

The cream separator is one of the few things which specifically alleviate the drudgery of the woman whose lot has been cast on the farm. No better argument can be advanced for the increased sale and extended use of those machines. The man who places a separator on a farm has done something for humanity.

In the city, when a housewife has cooked the meals, washed the dishes, and otherwise cared for a little flat with running water, steam heat, and electric lights, her whole duty toward man is done. Whereas, in the country a woman's work is never finished. Give the average farmer's wife only the housework to do, and she would think she was on a vacation.

It is this inequality of labor which starts country girls citywards. It is a lamentable commentary on the lack of chivalry in men, but in every rural community in which the writer has visited, the average head of the house always has money to buy labor-saving machines for himself and sons. He is thoroughly up-to-date in that, but when the patent washer, the fireless cooker, the carpet sweeper, the fuel system, and the lighting plant are advocated by the junior partner, funds are always low. This condition is not so bad as it used to be—prosperity has opened the purse strings—but there are still opportunities for betterment.

The cream separator is one of them. It fills a need felt by every woman from Leah down to the 1911 college

woman, and even if it did not increase the farmer's dairy profit one iota, it is worth its weight in gold for the labor it saves the mothers, wives, and sisters on the farm.—Harvester World.

### To Our Women Folk

A Letter from the Circulation Manager of Farm and Dairy

Would you like a nice tea set in your home? They are wonderfully nice to have, when you are entertaining your friends. Because so many of the women readers of Farm and Dairy are interested in having their tea tables attractive, we have made it possible, for all who wish, to get one of these sets.

If you look on page 9 in this week's issue of Farm and Dairy you will see a photo of this tea service. It is semi-porcelain, decorated with roses in a new design. It consists of twelve plates, twelve cups and saucers, two cake plates, a cream jug, and a sugar bowl.

This set would be exceptional value at five dollars; but owing to the fact that we have placed a large order with a well-known china firm, we are able to offer it for four new subscriptions to Farm and Dairy.

Although the announcement first appeared in last week's issue, coming out on Thursday, we had one order and several inquiries on Monday.

Look up this announcement in last week's issue. You would do well to write us for further particulars, or send in four new subscriptions.



Come again, Pie Time, and often.  
For wholesome, digestible "eats"  
—give us PIE.

At its very best wrapped in a FIVE  
ROSES crust.

Upsets Pie Prejudice without upsetting the  
Eater's Inside—FIVE ROSES flour.

Great for Pie Crust—top and bottom.

And Puff Paste and Difficult Things.

Close-grained—melting—even textured.

Flaky, too, and crinkly—crisp yet tender.

Put into your bake things the rare nutlike  
sweetness of Manitoba wheat kernels.

All soppy with the rich red juice of the  
cherry—or lemon pie—or apple—or healthy  
custard—meat, may be, or mince—

Put the FIVE ROSES "crust end" about 'em.

See the hungry woggles fade behind busy milk teeth.

At Pie Time—

Use FIVE ROSES.

# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

MADE BY THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL