

The Upward Look

The Special Service Congress

We wish that every reader of Farm and Dairy could have attended the wonderful meetings of the Social Service Congress, held at Ottawa recently. In the history of Canada there have never been such important meetings held before; important and significant because their purpose was to improve the social, economic, and ethical condition of our great land.

Never was there a more inspiring illustration of the brotherhood of man than the scene in the beautiful, brilliantly-lighted dining-room of the Chateau Laurier, where two luncheons were held. As one looked round, one saw guests, some in everyday tweed suits, others in dress suits, several in Salvation Army and policemen uniforms, and some in deaconess costumes. There were representatives from our Granges, churches, labor unions, Parliament, and social settlements.

Among the speakers were the Governor-General, R. L. Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Dr. Gordon (Ralph Connor), ministers, Prime Ministers, woman doctors, woman lawyers, labor representatives, judges, and social service workers.

Very earnest and rousing were the addresses of Charles Stelzle, Consult-

ing Socialist of New York, on behalf of the Socialists, with their high aims and lofty ideals. The Church must recognize the grand work they are doing.

In New York 300 of them, 52 Sundays in the year (though all of them are hard workers every other day) get up at five o'clock, and make the round of the streets to put their pamphlets in the newspapers or on the doorsteps. How many Christians would do that for the sake of their Church? He declared that if a man feels he can serve God and man better by living a Socialist, then the Church must take him in and welcome him. The Church must rouse herself to fight against the wrongs of the day.

Dr. Stelzle said he visited a tenement lately in the poorest section of New York. There he found a little child of four, coughing in a most distressing way, and picking basting threads out of a large pile of white clothes, almost ready to go to a large department store. When he went again, the mother told him the little one was gone, that when work-lax she had fallen over—dead.

As long as such dreadful need as that exists, no Christian should rest until he has done his very best and used every ounce of his strength to right such terrible conditions.

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." This was the keynote of the Congress.—I.H.N.

Marrying a Farmer

With the Household Editor

"Marry a farmer!" A short scornful laugh followed the suggestion.

"Not I. When one has lived in the country for all of her 22 years and has seen how farmers' wives work and slave in a never-ending routine of duties such as looking after the milk and milking utensils, churning, caring for the poultry, cooking and baking for one or more hired men, and much other heavy work, to say nothing about keeping her house in order, it is not likely that I would be anxious to marry a farmer and go through the same treadmill. Then, too, the farmer's wife has practically no social life and does not have a great many conveniences that her city sisters enjoy."

This strong expression of opinion from my friend differs greatly from the viewpoint of another young woman of whom we have just been reading in a contemporary journal, who says:

"I was born and reared on a farm. Was the only girl, and have two brothers, one two years older than I and one four years younger. These brothers enjoyed helping mother and me do the dishes, pare potatoes in the evening for breakfast, and they would often help us make pumpkin pies for the next day. Then, in return, on a nice day, we would go out in the afternoon and help them husk corn. Mother said that time was so short, that she wanted us all to be together

as much as possible, while we could. I believe where boys are trained to do little acts of kindness, they will regard womankind with more respect. From observation, you will find that where a boy is brought up to think the women must do all the work necessary to his comfort, he is not very sympathetic. I have been married nearly a year, and am proud and glad to say that my husband is from a family that helped mother and the sister. He helps me, and I help him, and I always expect to hold this co-operative spirit in him, as well as in all boys. It develops manliness and respect for the mothers, sisters and wives of our country."

So, after all, isn't it a matter of getting the right kind of a farmer? And not only the right kind of a farmer, but the right viewpoint ourselves. No matter under what circumstances we live we can always find disagreeable things if we look for them, and mol-hills will oftentimes grow to be mountains if we do not check their growth. But we can also find many things to make life pleasant, so why not think of the good things we enjoy. And even though we do have to work hard on the farm, isn't work a blessing when it is a work of love with the burdens borne cooperatively by two?

When buttons come off shoes and you sew them on again, run through all the other buttons with the same thread with which you replace the missing ones.



May be the dough had forgotten to rise.

Or had risen quickly overnight and fallen again—

To rise nevermore.

Twas weak flour, of course.

Meaning weak in gluten.

But FIVE ROSES is strong, unusually strong.

With that glutinous strength which compels it to rise to your surprised delight.

Stays risen too.

Being coherent, elastic.

And the dough feels springy under your hand.

Squeaks and cracks as you work it.

Feel the feel of a FIVE ROSES dough.

Note the wonderful smooth texture—soft, velvety.

Great is the bread born of such dough—

Your dough!

Try this good flour.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended