

## The Upward Look

### A Lesson From a Legend

Probably we may learn a lesson this week from the beautiful old flower legend. It is told that long ago when man's great loom had ceased its weaving and the flowers blossomed, each one was assigned by the Creator a place to live and grow. Bands of mercuies trooped in yellow waves over the meadows, the silent lily's pale cheek was pressed close to the bubbling breast of the water. Everywhere bright winged flowers took up their stations on the waiting earth—nowhere except on the lonely hills. One lily who named their places asked lightly "Who will be content to dwell in these barren spots?" A shy blue blossom answered, "Where Thou sendest me I will abide." Then said the Creator, "Thy race shall be forever blessed, because thou dwellest in a lowly place." And this day every springtime finds eager people searching the hillsides for the fragrant trailing ar-

but as the little mayflower beautifies the barren hillside, so is it possible for us while we may be living in the most discouraging and trying place in which we live. Too often, however, we are dissatisfied with our environment. We feel that if we were in some place else or had the op-

portunities that others have, we would do better. We forget that God is no respecter of persons, and as a writer has said: "He is busy with perfection and we are helping when we work a single harmony anywhere." No matter how insignificant our life may appear we should not forget that it is worth while.

"Thousands of years ago," says James Russell Lowell, "a leaf fell on the soft clay and seemed to be lost. Long years after a geologist in his ramblings, broke off a piece of rock with his hammer and there lay the image of the leaf with every line and every vein and all the delicate tracery preserved in the stone through those centuries. So the words we speak and the things we do may seem to be lost, but in the great final revealing the smallest of them will appear."

Shall we endeavor to keep before us then the thought that even though our sphere may be a humble one we may live useful and efficient lives.

Be good, my child, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, nor dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death and the vast forever  
One grand sweet song."—M.M.R.

Do something for somebody else to-day. Maybe you are real tired and fagged out, but you'll rest better and your dreams will seem sweeter after "if you sit down and write that long neglected letter, or drive over to see some friend during the evening."

### Home Planning and Planting

C. C. Eaton, Perth Co., Ont.

I believe that the most palatial residence in Toronto, if transported and set down in the centre of a ten acre field in Perth county, would lose all of its attractiveness because of its bare situation. One of our young neighbors is building a new home. It would hardly compare with some of the palatial homes in Toronto, but it is fine enough to have been the talk of the whole community for the last three or four months. As the new house is about completed, I took a walk down the road the other eight to have a look at it.

The house was everything that one could desire in convenience and beauty. The young man and his wife, however, had no choice as to where they should build it. He had taken one end of his father's farm that was practically treeless and there it stood bare and alone. True to their instincts for the beautiful this young couple were busy laying out plans for next year's planting when I happened along. They had made so many mistakes in their plans, which they immediately recognized when I called their attention to them, that I will mention a few of them for the benefit of other home planners who are readers of Farm and Dairy.

The first mistake that I noticed was that the large trees were planted in a row along the road and on both sides of the drive running in from one side of the buildings. There were no trees back of the house at all.

My idea of trees is as a background for the buildings and as a means whereby to shut off unsightly views. We rearranged those plans so that half a dozen elm trees would grow up behind the house, giving it a beautiful background from the road, and maples were arranged irregularly on both sides of the house. A few evergreens were scattered through the maples in order to give the house that cozy, warm appearance in winter that only spruce or pine can.

The heavy row of maples along the road in front of the house was removed. Country people don't see so much of each other that they can afford to shut off a view of the road. The trees along the lane were allowed to remain and also along the front end of the farm, except where they would interfere with the view of the highway in front of the house.

Smaller shrubs were arranged along the outskirts of the lawn but not in the lawn. A clear green swarth is much more beautiful than a lawn cut up with shrubs or trees.

These are the first principles of landscape gardening and I believe they should appeal to all as readily as they did to my young neighbors.

\*\*\*

A few drops of castor oil will be found most beneficial to drooping ferns. Drop the castor oil on the roots, and soak the ferns in a pail of water all night. In a week a marked improvement will be noticeable.



### Why don't some flours behave? Why don't they keep good?

Because they contain too much of the branny particles, too much of the inferior portions of the wheat—may be little pieces of the oily germ.

Which act on one another—that's why some flours "work" in the sack.

FIVE ROSES is the purest extract of Manitoba spring wheat berries.

Free from branny particles and such like.

It will keep sound, and sweet longer than necessary.

Keep it in a dry place, and when needed you find it even healthier, sounder, fresher, drier than the day you bought it.

Buy lots of FIVE ROSES.  
It keeps.

# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended