

The Upward Look

How Shall We Pray?

"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11:1.

Lately a mother told this little incident about her small son: Upon being asked to add to his nightly prayer one for his country, he answered: "But, mother, you see the Germans are praying for their country, too, and God won't know which ones to answer."

This little lad had a slight idea of one of the startling aspects of this terrible war. It is one among Christian nations, each one praying and beseeching that his side will be victorious. We read of stirring, heroic acts of our chaplains, doing their duty at points of greatest danger; we read of the Kaiser's proclamation, that he is God's appointed. We read of the Icon being carried at the head of the Russian troops. Thus, as the disciples came to Jesus, so must we humbly ask: "Lord, teach us to pray."

We must pray that all those in command may be guided to act rationally and sanely. We must pray for the sorrowful ones at home, waiting, waiting anxiously for news. We must pray for the thousands every day that are passing into the presence of their Creator. May that passing be with fearless trustful hearts.

May His presence be a source of strength and comfort to those count-

less ones, maimed, wounded and suffering, on the battlefields, in the hospitals, wherever they may be. We must pray for those waiting on and caring for them, so much do they also need patience and fortitude, whether they are working under the red cross or under the white cross.

"Give us this day our daily bread," is a petition, more realistic now, perhaps, than ever before in the world's history.

Then we must not forget those on the opposite side, in these petitions. We need pray from the depths of our being that the spirit of hatred and revenge does not take possession of our hearts. The spirit of rejoicing over our enemies' sufferings will do our nation unfold harm.

We pray for peace, but in regard to that it must be: "Thy will be done," for we know with utmost certainty that God will bring that to pass when the accomplishment of His purpose in this war, has been fulfilled.—I.H.N.

The Cost of Saving

With the Household Editor

It is strange what queer ideas of economy some women have. Few of us put a true value on our time and strength when we are doing our work; in fact the way that some of us work almost seems to prove that our time and energy are valued as nil. Here are some instances to prove our contentment:

Some women will use an old washing machine that has become utterly worn out, leaking and coming apart

in various places every time it is used because they think they cannot afford to invest in a new one. Is this not *fake economy*? Much time is lost every wash day in trying to do the work with an unsatisfactory machine as well as taxing the strength and temper to the utmost. Would not a new machine soon pay for itself in the saving of time, labor and nerve strain?

Another instance of wasted economy is that of the woman who does all the sewing for the family, most of it in the evenings by lamp light. She strains her eyes as well as overworks her body, which has already done sufficient work during the day. Would it not be much more advisable to buy a great deal of this clothing ready-made? The ready-made clothing departments in the stores are meant for just such women, so why not take advantage of them?

Then there is the woman who is always making old things do, such as an old stub of a broom that takes her twice as long to sweep as would a new one, the old tea kettle lid which has lost the knob and causes her to risk scalding her fingers every time she removes it, and the old coal scuttle, the bottom of which is badly worn out and allows the coal dust to sift out on to the clean kitchen floor.

We women too often forget that the first cost of any household appliance is not sufficient to gauge its worth. The wise woman will always keep before her, when seeking to economize, the thought of just how much it may cost her to save in that particular line.

OUR HOME CLUB

The Community Beautiful

I wonder how many Home Club members have had experience like mine. The city is my home by birth. I always had a liking for the country and my friends were not at all surprised when I married a farmer. I know now that I had always seen the country as a sort of beautiful dreamland just fresh from the hand of God. I still believe it beautiful and fresh from the hand of God, where man has not interfered to mar the picture. Let me take you on a drive from our nearest station to our farm home.

The country village that surrounds the station consists of one main street, a couple of rude, unpainted stores, a dozen or more uncarved for and unpainted homes and three or four really attractive places. The majority of the homes are not unattractive because of the poverty of their owners. It surprised me to get inside these homes and find how well furnished and well kept they are. But no attention is given to exterior appearance. Ours is the fourth farm from the end of the village. The three places between have houses that match those in the village. The barns, rough and unpainted, are a blot on the landscape. There is no attempt to keep nice appearing lawns or to plant flowers, vines, shrubs and



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