

No Woman Can Make Good Bread

however skillful a cook she may be, unless she uses a good flour. **Five Roses Flour** is of such superior quality and uniformity that any cook can obtain better results with it than with ordinary brands, if she uses it the proper way.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, Limited.

Canada's Greatest School of Business.
Chatham, Ont.

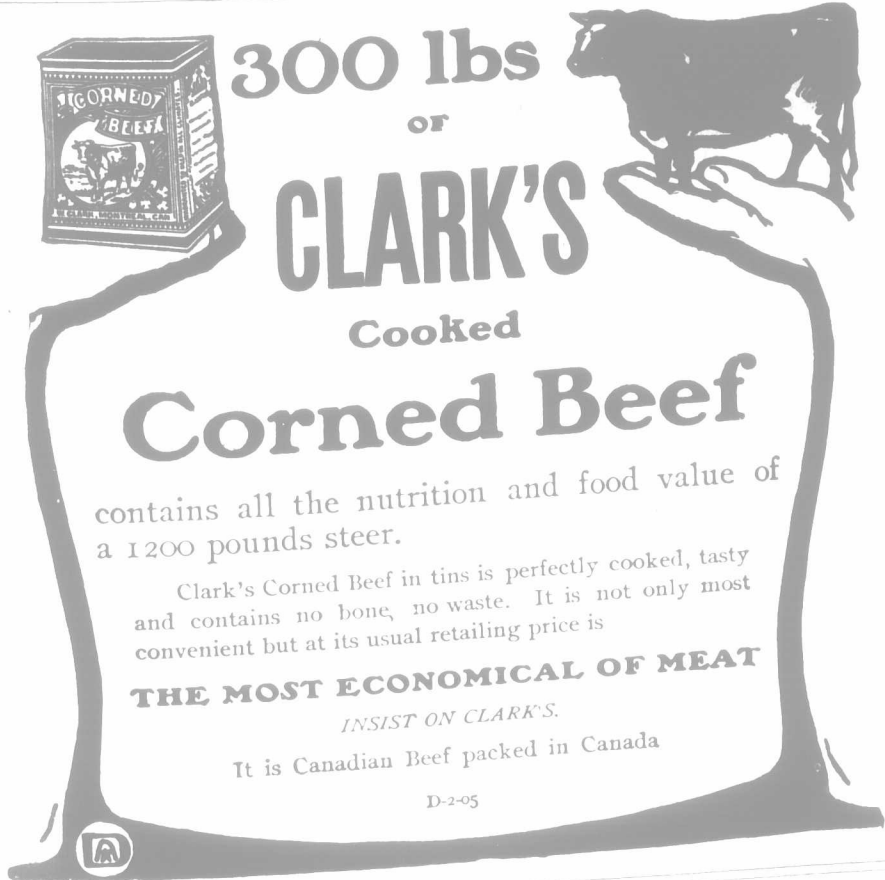
Will Reopen for the New Year, Tuesday, Jan'y 2, 1906

Our New College Building.

Our Handsome Catalogue.

We Pay Your Railway Fare in Coming. Catalogue gives particulars. Good board for gentlemen, \$2.75 per week; ladies, \$2.50. **370 Students** secured good positions last year. We can send you the list.

We Can Give You Home Training in Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Penmanship. Catalogue E gives particulars and terms of home courses. Catalogue F is for those who wish to attend at Chatham. Write for the one you want. Address: **D. McLACHLAN & CO., Canada Business College, Chatham, Ont.**



300 lbs or CLARK'S Cooked Corned Beef

contains all the nutrition and food value of a 1200 pounds steer.

Clark's Corned Beef in tins is perfectly cooked, tasty and contains no bone, no waste. It is not only most convenient but at its usual retailing price is

THE MOST ECONOMICAL OF MEAT

INSIST ON CLARK'S.

It is Canadian Beef packed in Canada

D-2-05

Advertise in the Farmer's Advocate.

better chance than we had ourselves.

It is impossible to give in detail the valuable information along institute lines presented by the especially-appointed delegates. They spoke of the value and kindness of the press. Officers must not only have ability, but be popular; the secretary must be capable; the greatest incentive to good work and large membership was friendly rivalry. A printed programme, outlining the year's proposed work, kept up the general interest in the meetings. Cooking demonstrations

in newly formed institutes brought out the ladies, but were not to play an important part in well-established districts. By ingenious methods get each member to give active assistance. It is the best way to keep them in the Institute. Love of work, plus interest in others, plus continued effort and knowledge of work, will effect without fail increase in membership, which means more power for good.

The convention closed with the feeling that it had been the biggest and best ever.



A Happy New Year.

Be not therefore anxious for the morrow.—S. Matt. vi. : 34 (R. V.). Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you.—1 S. Pet. v. : 7 (R. V.).

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year.

Child of the Master, faithful and dear. Choose not the cross for the coming week.

For that is more than He bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load—

Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God.

Daily only He saith to thee, "Take up thy cross, and follow Me."

I wish you all a Happy New Year! What an easy wish to express, is it not? And what a splendid gift a happy year would be—a gift that king or emperor might long for in vain. We all want to be happy, and yet how strangely determined we are to heap up all the troubles that can be found lying about and stagger along under the burden, when nothing is to be gained by such a want of common sense. We call ourselves disciples of Christ, and hardly realize that anxiety is a sin against our Master, being deliberate disobedience to His command. He wants us to be as happy and care-free as little children, who expect every want—or, at least, every need—to be supplied by a wise and kind father. He commands us to be happy, and shows us how to win this great blessing, therefore it must be our own fault if we are anxious and worried, continually fretting about rocks ahead, which may never interfere with our course at all.

When does the New Year begin, and of what does it consist? Surely it begins every day, and is made up of days; so the way to have a happy year is to make each day happy as it comes. There is an old saying about the year's troubles being like a bundle of sticks, far too large for us to lift. But God does not ask us to lift the whole at once. He unties the bundle, and gives us one at a time. We can easily carry that, but if we choose to make our burden heavier by carrying yesterday's load over again today, and piling to-morrow's possible weight of trouble on top, no wonder happiness seems a long way off.

We, who are in earnest in the service of Christ, have all tested the peace He can give to those who cast all their anxiety on Him. We know it is worth having, and can be had any moment of every day—and, yet, how often we walk over the rough roads without sandals of peace—to our own pain and discomfort. If only we could always trust our God, and leave everything really in His hand, our happiness would be assured, not only for this year, but for every year. As Miss Havergal says, sometimes a slope seems so hard to climb that we are forced to throw the burden of anxiety on our Guide, and then we spring on joyfully for a little way, wondering at the sudden relief from pressure. But it doesn't last; we hold our hands again for the burden of ever-pressing care, so that we "will not leave with Him" of course we have to bear. If we cannot always stay on the Mount of Transfiguration, exultantly conscious that the Master is

close beside us, smiling down on us until we are thrilled through and through with gladness, at least we can come down from the mount with shining face and keep that brightness for a time. When the gladness fades, and the present cares—not to speak of the future ones—cloud the face and make the voice sound sharp and irritable, try the plan of lifting the soul for a moment to the foot of the Throne. It can be done while you are peeling potatoes or scrubbing a floor, and it is like a breath of sweet country air in a hot New York slum. You simply can't speak crossly when you drop back to earth again.

This "nervous prostration," which is so common in these days of rush and worry, would stand a poor chance for its existence if everyone lived in the higher atmosphere of life, floating above anxiety. It is very seldom indeed, that life proves unbearable—the hour we are living in can generally be endured, and the next is in God's hands, if we were only content to leave it there. We have no need to be anxious about it, for "God cares," and He can make everything go right. That does not mean that we are to expect Him to do everything for us when He gives us the power to help ourselves. Not to be "anxious" about the future certainly does not mean to leave the future unprovided for—or the present either. Though plenty of people would be healthier than they are if they did not injure their nervous systems by sinful and foolish worry, yet it is a very good thing for the country that our laws punish a person who leaves the sick to die of neglect, calling it "Christian Science." Faith cure—I don't mean what is commonly called "faith cure"—really is to do the best we can in any case, using all the means at our command, and then leave results to God. Body, mind and spirit are so completely one that a sin of one always affects the other. Worry is a sin of the spirit, and it injures the body always. It keeps us from restful, child-like sleep, spoils the appetite and the digestion, takes the color from the cheeks, and brings troubled lines into the face—and what possible good does it do? It is a grand thing to ruin the harmony and comfort of a home. The woman (it is, I fear, generally a woman) who is constantly complaining that this or that little thing is not exactly as it should be, can make herself very uncomfortable, and make all her family uncomfortable too. If she could only get outside herself sometimes, and get a good look at her own worried, unhappy face, and listen to the whining, complaining tones of her own voice, she would be apt to make a real effort to be persistently sunny. Everybody has something to bear, but nothing is gained by complaining that we have had a bad night or feel headachy, or that the oven won't heat, or that we are sure the rain will spoil to-morrow's drive.

"Worryland's a wilderness
Where no tree nor flower will grow,
Where no sunbeam's sweet caress
Cheers the desert place below.

"Worryfolk are sure to frown,
Be the weather what it may—
Keep in sight of Sunny Town,
And you cannot lose the way.

"Hill paths are the best, you'll find,
Sunshine falls on every hand;
So, beware of paths that wind
Down the vale to Worryland."

We carry our happiness in our own