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for our welfare, but habit can do wonders, and it is quite possible to gain the lifelong habit of doing our work consciously for God and trusting Him always. Habits are formed by constantly-repeated acts, and what is done with difficulty at first, by a persistent effort of will, becomes second nature in time, and is almost as instinctive as breathing.

One who loses his life well—paying it out moment by moment to His King—will find, even this world, that he has gained it. His years will be rich and full and joyous, and every day will bring fresh surprises of how interesting the old,

humdrum duties can be. We are planting either weeds or flowers every day that we live, and it is very certain that what we sow we shall reap—to our joy or sorrow—even in this life. It is a very great mistake to think that one who chooses Christ for his Leader is saying good-bye to all earthly happiness. The opposite is far more often the way, for God has, in love, made the path of sin a very miserable one. Those who give freely of their very best will find that their gifts will be returned with splendid interest—good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over.

"Give love, and love to your life will flow,

A strength in your utmost need;

Have faith, and a score of hearts will show

Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,

And honor will honor meet,

And a smile that is sweet will surely find

A smile that is just as sweet."

HOPE.

The Ingle Nook.

Women Who Have Achieved.

When sitting here this afternoon, wondering what should be my text for the next Ingle-Nook talk, I happened to glance at an open copy of the Indianapolis Home Journal, and there, right before my eyes, lay an article entitled "Clever American Women." Of course the heading was "taking"—we all like to hear about clever people, even although as we read about clever women, we semi-unconsciously hope they are not bumptious and self-asserted and afflicted with the disease known as the "big head."

However, it is comforting to know that that stage of the clever woman is rapidly fading into the past. She has been emancipated, and is beginning to take things more as a matter of course now. On the contrary, the really clever woman, as well as the really clever man, is likely to be quite unassuming. No matter what the line in which she is finding success, before her things stretch out endlessly, often with unfathomable vagueness. She stands astounded before the vastness and mystery of it all, and forgets to be proud.

After all, this life, if it be one of progress, is very like walking towards a hill-top through a great mist. At first we plod on, feeling ourselves to be quite the center of things, knowing nothing of what is before. As we go on, one by one the landmarks crop up, here a rock, there a tree, here a spring or a stream or a flower; we are finding out things as we go. Then, further up the hill the mists grow thinner; we see more and grasp more of the relation of things, this small, that large, this worth while, that not. And so it goes on, until from the hill-top we look down upon the broad landscape below, with its glimpses of forests, and spires, and hill-tops, leading on and on, endlessly, into the "far away." Then, if we are wise, can we be other than humble?

Long ago a great philosopher represented himself as standing by the sea of knowledge, picking up just a few pebbles carried in by the tide from the great unknown. In such an attitude must the thoughtful, whether man or woman, feel, in any age, at any time.

"So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, such things to be."

Then, again, the "clever" woman—by which is meant, perhaps, merely the one who keeps stumbling steadily onward, instead of standing still or going backward, becomes so absorbed in her work in hand, whatever it may be, that she has no time to think how smart she is. She realizes, too, that her "talents" aren't the only kind of talents, and is willing to give credit to others where it is due.

To come back, however, to these especial American women—there are nine of them talked about in the article. "There's no such thing as a free lunch," you know, and yet a picture seems to be that of a "lucky" or queer woman, either. You know, there was a time when it was taken for granted that a clever woman must be either a bit of a recluse, or a personal appeal to her. To-day, however, it is women everywhere are proving the note



Miss Mary Proctor.

The nine women in hand (of whom we only give Miss Proctor's picture to-day) have all distinguished themselves in research. Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, the daughter and granddaughter of astronomers, not only takes observations, but writes the story of eclipses, etc., with all the ability of a man. Miss Frances Wieser has ferreted out many details of fossils, and makes drawings of them. Mrs. Sara Stevenson is an archaeologist of note. Miss Anna B. Comstock has received medals in Paris and elsewhere for wood carving, but finds her greatest work in the study of wild flowers. Miss Flora Patterson is one of the most famous mycologists (look that up in the dictionary, will you?) in the United States. Miss Evelyn Mitchell was the Cornell University entomologist sent to Louisiana to help study the yellow-fever mosquito and to make drawings of it. Dr. Eugenia Metzger is the present representative of the U. S. in the research work of the Zoological Station at Naples, Italy, while Miss Proctor, the daughter of an eminent English astronomer, lectures extensively on astronomy, and has had charge of several expeditions to view total eclipses of the sun.

And from these, one's mind roams on to many others more illustrious still, first of all, perhaps, to Madame Curie, who was mainly instrumental in the discovery of radium. In the past, women have become illustrious as artists, and writers, and musicians. Just now, it seems, are they stepping forth into the field of investigation and research.

Not all women, it goes without saying, no more than all men, can make a success in such fields. But there are fields and fields—as home-makers, as teachers, as nurses, as good cooks, as poultry women—all as necessary more necessary than those of art or research. The main thing is to go forward somehow, not to stand still, not to rust. And to know about those who have achieved in some way, is interesting, is it not? and instructive?

And now, Chatterers, we are going to try to have a series of "successful women" articles in the Ingle Nook, provided you will help me. First, we will have a series of talks on women whose names have already found their way into print as eminent in various ways. After that we shall have a series on successful home-makers, etc., and shall hope to mention some of whom the Chatterers would like to hear, and would be helped by, and so on. For the present, if you know of any woman in your society who has become noted as an artist, or a

scientist, author, teacher, etc., will you kindly send me her address, along with any interesting facts that you can think of in connection with her? Then I can write her and procure further data. Now, I am going to depend on you for help in this. I think the experiment should be intensely interesting, don't you? Of course, I don't mean to cut out your question-asking, etc. We can have that, too, but we want a little variety. Now, who will be first?

DAME DURDEN,
"Farmer's Advocate," London,
Ont.

A "Fair" Question.

Dear Dame Durden,—Many thanks for your trouble in getting the model for chicken-feeder. It is a success, as the hens cannot get in and scratch the feed about. I am sorry to have missed your request for ideas on the improvement of fairs, but one thing strikes me, that if the score-card were used by judges at our fairs, it would be more satisfactory. We send our best efforts, and do not know wherein we excelled or failed. But perhaps it was not on this line you asked for ideas. "Jack's Wife's" suggestion is good, but I think the place for the, young mother and little charge is not at the fairs. I am sorry there is no Women's Institute in your neighborhood, for they have the material for an excellent president in "Jack's Wife," and I feel sure in her hands it would not drift into trivialities. Do we all appreciate the chats as we should? If they were taken out of our literature, do you ever stop to think what we would miss? Go back with me for forty years, when every woman worked out her own ideas, when there were not so many helpful hints how to make life's burden easier. Thank you, Dame Durden, for your kind offer of the arm-chair. As we have a variety of recipes, here is one to make good housekeepers: Take an equal proportion of cleanliness, industry and strict attention, season them well with economy and good judgment, then add a large proportion of moderation and firmness; add a little scolding, if necessary. This was taken from a cookbook, but if you follow directions, you will find it very satisfactory.

"GRANDMA."

Hastings Co., Ont.

I am sure we will all say "Here! Here!" to Grandma's conclusion that Jack's Wife would make a good W-I president. If only the people of her neighborhood knew! And if I dared tell who she is, and where! But no, no—on a magazine staff one must keep so quiet, and never tattle even a little bit. But the temptation is often very great, I can assure you.

By the way, the Fair letters are still in order.

Will Someone Kindly Answer.

Dear Dame Durden,—For a long time I have been a silent reader of your Ingle Nook, and have at last ventured to ask a few questions. Have any of the Ingle-Nook friends ever made ice cream successfully without a freezer? We tried it once a few years ago, but were unsuccessful. We have a cream separator, and so think that the process of separating makes the cream unfit for this purpose. If any of the friends have separators, and have made ice cream successfully, I would be glad