



The modern girl is a healthy, outdoor creature. She will help Nature and defy the weather by using

FAIRY SOAP

Made of pure vegetable oils and high grade materials—so clean, sweet and wholesome—it is agreeable to the tenderest skin and complexion. It is the kind of soap particular people use. The oval cake fits the hand naturally and always floats within easy reach. It cleanses to the last atom.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

Fairy is the best soap for washing dainty fabrics and laces.

Fairy Soap—the white oval cake of floating purity.



One man's experience

In 1884 Mr. M. Merner of New Hamburg took an Endowment Policy maturing in 29 years. The Company returned to him at maturity, \$170.25 for each \$100.00 paid to the Company. Throughout the term of the policy Mr. Merner was insured for its full amount.

The full story of this policy told upon request.

The London Life Insurance Co.

LONDON CANADA 60



12 and 16 Gauge Hammerless "Pump" Guns

The Safest Breech-Loading Gun Built!



The Marlin

Hammerless repeating gun is a fine up-to-date, reliable, and safe, without any of the outside humps or bumps, no holes on top, no flow out through or water to get in; can be used with rain, snow or sleet; its solid steel breech (not a shell of wood) permits a thousand times the use of any other gun without such danger of breakage or injury; it is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.

Hammerless with Solid Steel Breech (as well as out)—Solid Top—Side Ejection—Removes loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without need of any action—Double Extractors—Take-Down Feature—Trigger and Hammer Safety—Hammerless—Guaranteed in shooting ability; price standard Grade "A" 12-gauge gun, \$22.60; 16-gauge, \$24.00.

Send 2 stamps postage for big catalog describing all repeating shotguns (hammer and hammerless), all Marlin repeating rifles, etc. Don't miss it!

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
113 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

One who lives only for himself loses his life. When he dies his life on earth is over. But one who is always pouring his riches of strength, of thought, of time, money and service into the lives of others, goes on living in those other lives, and in generations yet unborn. Abraham and Moses, St. Paul and St. John, Luther and Wesley, are still inspiring and helping our race. Florence Nightingale is pouring out her life—"saving others"—in countless hospitals to-day, just because she "could not save herself" or live a comfortable, care-free life.

Love cannot save itself—else it would not be love. The mother and father must willingly spend and be spent for their children, and the children in their turn must gladly serve their parents and care for them. The scientist eagerly gives hours and years of hard study, and is sufficiently rewarded if his discoveries are a help to his own and succeeding generations. One works with his hands, another with his brains, another with the money committed to his trust. Only a miserable miser hoards his wealth and loses all its power by refusing to use it. If you cultivate your powers of mind and body for your own gratification only, you are failing in the great business of life—loving. Even holiness is not to be sought by a would-be saint for himself alone. "For their sakes I sanctify Myself," said our Example, "that they also might be sanctified."

Let us be ashamed of our inglorious self-pity when called into the glorious fellowship of cross-bearers. Do we want to slip in selfish ease through the battle of life, leaving all the burdens we can shirk to be carried by braver and nobler

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

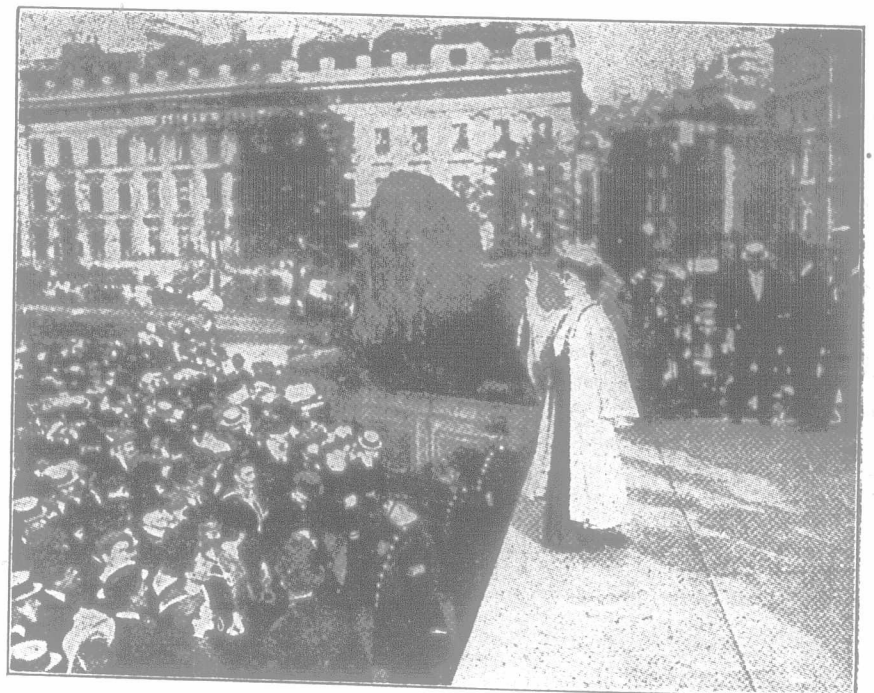
Mrs Pankhurst

(Continued.)

Last week we looked for a time at the reasons why women have felt that they needed the right to vote, regarding the Pankhursts as a product of the time rather than as the originators, as they are so often erroneously held to be, of the woman suffrage agitation.

I spoke, too, of Mrs. Pankhurst's tour through Canada, and of my having foolishly missed the opportunity to hear her speak. I remember, however, that at the time friends who did go came home enthusiastic and frankly astonished. They had expected to see a masculine, shrewish, although perhaps brilliant woman. Instead there came upon the platform a dainty little lady, with a little look of sadness upon her face, quiet of manner, earnest, eloquent, with a fire in her eyes that meant not "sex-antagonism"—that foolish imaginary thing so much talked about nowadays,—not personal ambition, for Mrs. Pankhurst is aware (and who more so?) of the ridicule that has been heaped upon her, but the fire of belief in a cause, that cause the raising, as she sees it, of over half of humanity.

Upon the whole the general description of her corresponded very closely to a



Mrs. Pankhurst Speaking in Trafalgar Square, London, England.

souls? We often sing: "In the Cross of Christ I glory"—don't let those brave words come only from the lips, when they might be enshrined in our hearts and lived out daily just where God has placed us.

"Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.
Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along the way."

DORA FARNCOMB.

One Who Wants to Help.

Just as I finished this "Quiet Hour" the postman dropped in the box a donation "for the poor and needy" from "one who wants to help"—two dollars from an anonymous reader of our corner. Here is another who cannot save herself, because she is bent on saving others. I will spend the money to-day on food for two poor families. My part is easy and delightful. Thank you!

HOPE.

charming little sketch of her, written by Miss Evelyn Sharp for Harper's, which I clipped out, and may now give you. "I remember," says she, "my first impression of Mrs. Pankhurst, when I saw her take the chair at the Caxton Hall on February 13th, 1907. I do not quite know what I had expected to see, but I know I had never pictured so small or so young-looking a woman as the one who walked on the platform and stood there waiting for the uproar of applause to cease. But the woman was greater when she spoke. Standing motionless and silent, she had the face of a woman who, though she retained her ultimate belief in human nature, could point to years behind her of sadness and effort, and perhaps disillusionment as well. Speaking, her head erect, her eyes afire, her strangely beautiful and magnetic voice easily filling every corner of the hall, she seemed to me that embodiment of the new woman who is looking forward to a great future, with a great hope in her heart. That was the day when the audience again formed itself into a deputation headed by Mrs. Despard, only to be met by mounted police who rode them down and prevented their entering the House, as a consequence of which 78 women were sent to prison."

As has been seen, the movement for