

eyes? That would be to refuse the great work entirely, for it is a glorious thing to know that God Himself is daily planning out our duty.

You do not know how the kindness which can always be depended on is steadily drawing all who know you nearer to Christ, or how peevishness, irritability and selfishness injure the cause of Him we profess to serve. God can find the great leaders who are needed in the "big world"—they are comparatively few, after all—but millions of sunshiny Christians are needed to reflect His Love in ordinary homes. The grass is just as necessary as the trees, though millions of grass-blades live out their humble lives in uneventful sameness—and God Himself clothes each blade of grass with beauty.

"I am glad to think  
I am not bound to make the world go  
right:  
But only to discover and to do,  
With cheerful heart, the work that God  
appoints."

DORA FARNCOMB.

## The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents 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 If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published.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.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—Just a budget of odds and ends to-day. In the first place I am glad to see, by Part II. of the Women's Institute Report, recently issued, that the work of that fine society is still progressing. The total membership in Ontario, as you may know, is now over 20,000. During June and July the speakers who set out on their itinerary in May will continue the work, addressing in all over 700 meetings, covering practically all the counties of the Province, and taking up subjects touching almost every phase of the home life. Home Nursing, Laundry, Household Sanitation, Education of Children, Beauty in the Home, Consumption and Its Prevention, Household Conveniences, Books, Food Values, Needlework, Poultry, Buttermaking, Hygiene, Cooking of Various Articles, Diet in Its Relation to Health,—these are a few of the topics; comprehensive enough, are they not?

If you, reader, are not a member of the Institute, and have never been at any of the meetings, make a point of hearing the lady lecturers when they come to your county. If you gain from them even one new hint or thought, the half-day will not have been wasted.

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I have just been reading (May 18th) an account of the death of Miss Hewitt, of Mitchell, who was fatally burned in her own house through having her apron catch fire at the kitchen stove. Such a simple accident, yet what a terrible tragedy! If you read the daily papers, week in, week out, and were required to keep the news somewhat in mind from year to year, as I must do in connection with my work, you would know that this is a thing that happens with shocking frequency. Not a year passes without the loss of lives, somewhere, from just such simple causes. Surely we should learn to be very watchful when working about a stove. Cotton summer dresses, and especially articles of clothing made of flannelette, are very inflammable. See that the children do not run out beside the stove in their little nighties—a simple spark might bring one of them her death,—and be vigilantly watchful of fluttering aprons.

In case of accident, seize a thick coat or coat, and wrap tightly about the one whose clothing is on fire, that is, of course, unless pails of water should happen to be on hand. When no water is handy, the first consideration is to smother out the flame. Act quickly, above all things; there is no time to lose.

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Now to a more pleasant subject. I wonder how many of you have seen the wonderful "Durbar" kinemacolor pictures, which have been traversing Canada for

the past weeks? What a wonderful, wonderful age we live in! Just to think of sitting comfortably in a theater in Ontario looking with one's own eyes at moving scenes in India, at events, too, that happened months ago. First, you saw the arrival of the native princes through the great gate at Delhi, each riding in his carriage and accompanied by his own bodyguard on horseback, all, too, in the very colors, true to life,—the gorgeous uniforms, the rich drapings of the elephants—a very blaze of color. Do you remember the beautiful coal-black horse that shied, cutting a caper that displayed, somewhat, the skill of his rider? That was a bit of by-play that was not arranged for, but how strikingly realistic it made the scene!

Then the arrival of the reporters and kinemacolor men at their quarters, trudging by pack on back, and the moving photo of "Tommy Atkins at Home,"—did you ever see anything so exactly like "the real thing" in your life?—the merry bows of the newspaper men, straight to you, as it seemed; the self-conscious looks of the Tommy Atkins boys as they posed, their sly nudges of one another, the very movements of their lips as they spoke! Truly wonderful!

And then the more spectacular part of the Durbar,—the arrival of King George and Queen Mary, their ascension to the throne in the pavilion on the great field, the homage paid to them by the rich princes of India who arrived in all the glory of silks and jewels, stepped forward, stiffly, often, because of the weight of their gold embroideries, then backed more stiffly away from the royal presence, sometimes taking furtive glimpses

Much has been said about the harm done by moving-picture shows. Upon one or two occasions I dropped into a "ten-cent theater" just to see what they were like. Perhaps I was unfortunate in my time of going, for, although I did not see anything "harmful" in any part of the programme, the greater part was just silly, stuff that could neither inspire nor instruct, I failed to see how it could even amuse. To spend even ten cents to see such ridiculous nonsense was clear waste of money, and much worse waste of time. But that such stuff is put on is clearly the fault of the public. If people utterly refused to go to moving-picture shows unless something worth while were presented, there would soon be a change. Instead of silly twaddle, we should then have placed before us scenes from every part of the world—surely an endless source of such picture-getting; scenes of great events that shall pass into history; representations of famous people, not features only, but the very movements of the body and changing expressions of the face; representations of the building of great edifices, of the manufacture of various articles,—really, there seems no limitation to the instructive pictures which the moving-picture apparatus might bring before us.

Let us clamor for these things and we shall have them. The moving-picture men are out for money, and they will give us just what we are willing to pay for.

Incidentally, moving-picture apparatus, for distinctly educative purposes, have been installed in several of the schools in the United States. There seems no reason why each of our larger schools in Canada should not make use of this



A Summer Dining-room, York Co., Ont.

over their shoulders as they neared the steps, in order that they should not fall,—how hard it was to realize that one was not really in India instead of in Ontario!

How much harder, perhaps, when one looked into the stockade where the huge elephants were kept, and saw them placidly eating, while the cattle near munched away at the cud just as our cattle do, flicking the flies away from time to time with their tails. And how the elephants did enjoy that bath—great cumbersome things that they are—lying down in the water until, perhaps, but one eye was visible, the great sides, meanwhile, heaving up like so many hillocks, while over them ran naked natives, who scrubbed away at the beasts' brown hides with a right good will, for clean must be the elephants permitted to take part in the Durbar processions. When the huge animals finally left the water, you could see the sunshine—the very sunshine of India—glistening on their wet flanks, while the water in the pond showed that it had become distinctly muddy.

Then the horse-races; the eager faces of the Indian onlookers; and last of all the review of 50,000 troops on the plain,—barrages, royal horse artillery, native troops, ordinary soldiers of the king, Sikh soldiers, Kaniskillen dragoons, all marching by on that Indian field, with the most rigid discipline in their feet, while you sat, calmly, back of an Ontario theater, and had a good good time. People talk of a good deal about the "good old times," and that times of day are very interesting, after all, for one, and very glad that I did not live one hundred years ago.

method of illustration. It pays to bring in every agency by which the children may be given greater interest in, and be more greatly impressed by, the things that make for their education.

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Have you a dictionary in your home? If not, why not? You really cannot afford to be without one.—Just by way of illustration, here is a story that has been going the rounds of the magazines, which originated, I believe, in Judge's Library:

"Pa, what's an acolyte?"  
"Something that grows on the roof of a cave and hangs down like an icicle. Now run out and play. I'm busy figuring up the batting averages of the home team."

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Have you ever thought of it,—the real beauty of red hair? Sometimes I wonder why there seems to exist any prejudice whatever against this particular shade of our "crown of glory." There is at least one species of it—the kind rippling with gloss and glints of gold—that must assuredly be considered positively beautiful, were it not for a quite unreasonable notion that red hair is not to be desired. You know, when we are told things from childhood, we think them, as a rule; indeed, there are very few of us who are independent and original enough to fight out from all such teachings as may happen to be prejudiced, or narrow, or erroneous, and form opinions on our own ground.

To come back to our subject, don't you honestly think this glinty, sunshiny red-gold hair pretty? And can you think

of any reason why all red hair should not be of this especial quality?

True, red hair, if neglected, may be anything but attractive. It usually grows in heavy masses, and if left unwashed so that it becomes limp and sticky, and dead, so that it will coil up only in tight rolls, it cannot show to advantage. Give it a shampoo, however, once in two weeks, roll it over kid curlers occasionally, if it is very straight, to give it a little wave, fluff it out softly about the face, and presto!—what a change!

Another point, why will red-haired people insist on wearing blue?—blue, the very color that will bring out and emphasize the least trace of "carrots" if it be present!

White, soft shades of green, golden browns,—these are the colors that the red-haired blonde should hold to for dear life; these are the colors that may transform her from positive plainness to positive prettiness. If she should get so tired of them that she simply must have a change, she may venture carefully on some shades of gray and fawn,—but on blue, pink, seal brown, or red in any form, never!

Not long ago, on a train, I saw a red-haired girl. Her face was fairly pretty, but her hair looked as though it had not seen water for six months. It was smoothed back and twisted as tightly as though it had to answer for ship's cable, and she wore a dress of almost royal blue.—Hence this screed. JUNIA.

## KEEPING OUT THE FLIES—SIMPLIFYING WORK.

Dear Junia and Sister Readers,—Some time ago Maimie wrote her grievances about their cook-house. Now, I will give you our experience, and perhaps it may help you.

Our cook-house had so large an entrance that we couldn't get a screen-door to fit, so we temporarily boarded it up to the regular size, then got an old, discarded door, and patched the holes with pieces of old screening, sewing it on with snare wire. Then we made leather hinges. We keep the door closed by means of a weight on a heavy cord, which passes through a pig ring (some new kind) and over a large spool that has free action on a nail. We treat what flies come in in spite of this as follows: Buy some resin and raw oil at the hardware store, put it in a kipped herring-can. I don't know the proportions, but the way I test it is to try it on a piece of paper, and if it hardens put more oil, and if too soft add resin. It should harden when you touch it. One sure plan is to catch a fly, and if it holds it, then it is right. When ready, spread on some real good paper. We use some old magazine, and set fresh paper every day after dinner. It only takes a few minutes to spread it on when heated. Later, when the flies won't come down to the table, have a piece of fence-wire, with a hook bent on one end; apply the stickum and hang on a nail. When full, or if it has hung long enough to be dried, burn. We have used this method for some years, and find it both good and cheap. Do not make more than you want to use, as the oil soon soaks into paper.

Well, Carlotta, I will give you a few of my summer ideas for saving tired feet and weary bones.

Ironing is my hardest job, so with that in view I try to make the washings light. Get a canvas bag and make an apron out of it to put on in the mornings when doing the rough work. Under this wear linen aprons. They don't require starch, and you can boil them with the towels, only don't hang them in the sun to bleach. Then there is the bake apron which is made of a flour bag. This hangs with the bake-board, and if only used when baking, will stay clean a long time. Then I use a heavy linen salt bag for an oven towel, and it never sees an iron when washed.

When the hot weather comes I never iron the pillow-covers I use on the men's beds. If they are hung nice and straight on the line they look all right, and save that much work. I always put them back on the pillows as soon as they are dry.

I never buy new oil cloth for the pantry. I always use the best parts from the worn-out pieces that come from other parts of the house. I fasten them

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