

The Woman's Purse

By a Farmer's Wife.

I am really afraid to write anything about that hydra-headed monster, "The woman's pocketbook or allowance" on the farm. If there is any dormant indignation or kindred spirit lurking in me it is very quickly in evidence when that subject is mooted. I would that there was a way of making a true estimate of a man's and a woman's work. I am sure the scales would tip on the woman's side, but if the two pocketbooks were weighed the other side would be sure to go down.

Imagine if you can the prosperity of a farm with no woman on it. True a man may hire a housekeeper but he pays dearly for it; yet, far more than the average wife has for her own private use and added to that, in nine cases out of ten, more is wasted than would keep three such homes and more. Things are merely kept going. Yet very many women are cooks, laundresses, seamstresses, housekeepers, and hostesses, all for nothing, or merely nothing.

One wife says "it makes me wild" when I see Mrs. Smith shopping. She produces rolls of bills and she does not have to work a day, neither can she afford it as well as I. Her husband earns a good weekly wage which is divided on Saturday night. She has a big bank account and she saves it every week and likes to save as much as she can.

If I remember rightly the marriage vows reads "with thee I will worldly goods endow." Some women experience a great shock when they realize those words to be a mockery. When a suggestion for money was made they were startled with the question, what for? and on their return from shopping, the curtain falls on the last act, "where is the change?" Of course this happened away off in China. Such cases are rare, but too true.

Marriage is founded on love, but there is the business side of it also which is very evident to the bride. Illusion fades away and we meet the true realities of life. Many women resign good positions at time of marriage for love's sweet sake. But let me ask you how long love will last in a man's heart if the dinner is badly cooked, or if there is no purser at the door? Don't risk your life's dinner; it may mean the same thing. No woman can keep her self-respect who has to ask for money for everything needed.

On the farm it is pretty hard to set any fast rules how the allowance

or money should be given, but the one thing possible and necessary is for every good man to be sure his wife has not just what she needs, but to be sure she has plenty. A woman's home is her world, and even true woman's ambition is to make it homey and attractive. No true wife will spend more than she should. The new look, the new chair, or picture means so much happiness to a home maker, far more than the money in the bank, and if by practising little economies she can save from her own money, is not that worth while? It makes life more interesting.

There are kings of men. I know of one, who often takes a peep at his wife's pocketbook and if it is getting nearly empty slips a bill or two in and unawares he fills it with love also.

Temperaments and environments are so different—adjoining farms are very often so different. Where grain growing is the industry, there is not so much need, money and a good bank account, necessary for running expenses. Raising fowl may be followed by the women if there is more than one profit. They can take some, interesting and healthy, but it is sheer adversity if help is scarce in the home, though many women will do double work to make money for themselves.

It would be a good idea to put "A Woman's Allowance on the Farm" on the list of subjects on examination at our agricultural college and insist on 90 per cent. being made. But after all is said and done our relation to the pocketbook is just what we make it. We may not think it but we will get just what we expect and insist on if we so will it. What satisfies me perfectly would not fit another home. We each create our own world.

A dear little woman comes to my memory now who was herself her individuality—her husband is a monument of selfishness. She was a model farmer's wife. If her husband spoke a profane word, or uttered a butler or eggs come he was on the spot first and pocketed the money. She let him do it. I wouldn't, would you? It is even better than a man's fault to blame? A short quick battle at first and he would have been a more useful man and her life would have been happier.

Another dear old couple talk thus, "Shall we buy this? Let us save so much for this purpose, and so on. It was a share and share alike life. Let us all try to live even our business lives so that we may have a peaceful happy eventide."

My own problem has been a case of evolution. One thing is dairying. I look into the shining tin cans and I say to myself "The finished produce of our farm," all the labor, all the grain and produce of the farm is represented here. Our returns come once a month; so much is banked and regularly my husband gives me so much, no matter what, and says, "There is your share." I would dearly love to work with fowl. It is healthy and interesting. I tried hard to work up the idea of an incubator and fancy chicks, but my husband is a strict economist. He maintained that I could not do it without extra help and when the grain and all feed was counted, I would be very little in pocket so my cherished idea of incubator and wealth gradually dissolved. Instead, a neat little sum is deposited each year in bank to fill up the bank in pocketbook and to make up for my disappointment.

We keep a few fine fowl, just enough to supply our table with eggs, etc. If I could sell enough eggs to buy my groceries I have attained my ideal. This plan would not satisfy many, but I am happy and have a chance to save for many a little purchase I want to make.

The Upward Look

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: Math. 6. 14.

This is the Christmas season. Our hearts ought to be full of loving thoughts and kindly impulses, Christ visited this earth to bring peace and good will to men. Each year we celebrate his birth at Christmas time. Thus we show our gladness that He came among us and our appreciation of the perfect life He led.

In the midst of our family reunions and Christmas festivities, can we not find time to carry good cheer to the heart of some person who may not be so fortunate as we are? Possibly we ourselves may be far from home and friends. We may feel lonely and neglected in the midst of the good times around us. If so, we may feel sure that there are others if we will only look for them, who are even more desolate than we. Let us then find them, and let us take some pleasure to them. We can best show that we have the true Christ spirit by giving of ourselves and of our means freely that the lives of others may be enriched.

The Christmas season is a time, also, when we should examine our hearts with special care. Is there anything in our hearts that we are sure there if we want to be like Christ? Have we a feeling of resentment to anyone? Has any person said unkind and untrue things about us? Has any person, by means of sharp practice, enriched himself at our expense? Have people slighted or ignored us? Do we feel that we can never speak to them again? That we can never do them another favor? That we never want to have anything more to do with them? If we do we are committing one of the worst possible sins. No matter how greatly a person has wronged us we cannot afford to carry resentment in our hearts to them. If we do we are carrying it from Christ. He will not recognize us as one of His children until we have freed our hearts of that feeling. He has told us to again and again. He has said (Math. 6. 15.) "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." He has said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." (Math. 5. 44.) He has

taught us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Can we say that prayer if there is any person whom we hate or even only dislike?

Beyond all this our Lord has set us a great example. After He had been cast into prison unjustly, after He had been scourged, after He had been reviled, publicly, and while He was dying on the cross, He prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke 23. 34.) Although He had power to strike them dead, He prayed for them instead.

Is it not pitiful that in almost every farm community there are men, and even women, who are known to be in bitter enmity with some of their neighbors? Sometimes it is over a line fence, sometimes over a difficulty about the school. Alas, it may even be over some matter of the church. And yet our brothers and sisters, who sometimes are professing Christians, are allowing these matters to separate them from God. Oh! the pity and the misery of it.

Can we not, this Christmas, cast all feelings of hatred, or envy, or resentment, which we are spreading upon earth, and showing our love toward men? We will spend the happiest Christmas that we have ever known and, above all else, we will be pleasing our Father, who is in Heaven.—I. H. N.

E. C., Russell County, Ont., writes: "Do you like 'Upward Glance' as well as 'Upward' and 'The Farm'? I don't like 'Upward' as well as 'The Farm' and seems disreputable." Thanks, E. C., for your suggestion. The name of this department has been changed in accordance therewith.

C. W. R., Douglas, Ontario, writes: "I was glad to notice that you have not said a word about a new farm news. This is a sign in the right direction, and it will be appreciated by the agricultural class all over the country. This religious column will be a power for good because it is written in a clean and reliable farm paper. A column like this in a paper that prints all kinds of trashy news would not be apt to accomplish much good."

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