



Conducted by "ISOBEL"

## The Mighty Dollar

And How Woman Makes It

It is usual for the country woman who feels the need "to make a dollar all her very own," to fall back upon her truck patch, the poultry pen, the butter-crock or the egg basket, in rare instances a pet calf secured at the psychological moment through promise from her men folk, fills the little purse, and the story goes too that at some time, some place, unknown of course, even a baby doll was ceded by promise to an amiable woman by an immensely liberal man and the proceeds in that case filled two little purses. But, the popular avenues of finance and trade are bounded by the areas first mentioned as far as farmer women are concerned.

Of course the budget schemes of "Ladies'Aids," etc., are conducted upon very different lines; here the various members meet weekly at each others' homes, where bazaar goods are made, a la wholesale, the problem being serving tea (AND) with rigid and pre-limited parsimony for ladies are nothing if not consistent and it would ill accord with frugality and self-abnegation "to eat out" the hostess weekly when that expense would be better saved for the "mission."

A favorite scheme with many "Aids" is to do quilting for some friend whose liberality takes the tangible form of piecing her quilt and furnishing all the necessities including even the spoons; and curiously enough the spoons gauge the value of the work done; a dollar a spoon is the specified and accredited price and great indeed is the solicitude evinced by those super-sensitively "homest" souls that a single needleful of the spoon should be diverted to any work other than the quilt—even the knots are made small, and the last little inch of thread behind the needle's eye is made to sew its last stitch, the needle being pushed into the cloth first and threaded afterward and thus is Bible measure given to the employer which is obligatory especially in "Mission" work. Occasionally one more adventurous than her peers, branches out into the fairy realm of homemade fancy candies and cakes, the exultant exhibit of well blistered fingers seeming to compensate for the rigor of this difficult labor, blistered fingers being undoubtedly a certain test of unequalled zeal. When the city dame undertakes "a mission" of course both the butter-crock and the poultry-pen are impossible as also the calf and the colt, rare as they are, couldn't be undertaken as a regular source of revenue but the ubiquitous dame is not without ideals, nor ingenuity to accomplish her ends for all that.

On hand at present in the city of Winnipeg there is a gigantic plan afoot to reap a rich harvest from a very curious field not of weeds or wheat or potatoes but of violets.

### Hospitals from Violets

Two years ago a philanthropist in this city, saw a terrible need for a children's hospital and conceived the idea of making violets out of tissue paper and putting them all on sale on a certain day and the total proceeds were devoted to the hospital cause. Last year twenty thousand were made and all sold out before 11 a.m. the sale day—at 10 cents per small "button-hole," so that this year the organization is about to surpass itself and is making 30,000 violets to be put on sale on the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday. The city is to be divided into districts, a married woman and a number of girls, not too young, are to be appointed in each district to sell the flowers. They will sell from house to house and also to anyone on the streets and a charge of not more than 10 cents to be put upon any "button-hole." Meantime the fury of uncompleted pre-

parations is engaging the attention of all friends of the cause that has a moment to devote to this most worthy movement. Their procedure is quite similar to that governing the conduct of the Ladies'Aids, above mentioned. To illustrate fully let us assume that fifty women in united convulse, each volunteered and pledged herself to bring, ready for sale, 1,000 violets. To the uninitiated this may seem a trifling undertaking, for one lone woman, but those who actually engage in it consider it a very monotonous and wearisome occupation, lacking in the exhilaration that working in groups produces; hence it became a popular scheme to create the little purple money-makers through the medium of small parties assembled on the bridge-whist plan. Say fifteen ladies arrived by appointment at the home of a violet-enthused and one skilled artist cut the little paper sections ready for the folding, while the folders at a given signal worked with might and main in the liveliest competition, for it must not be forgotten



The First of the Season

that a prize was held up for the most successful florist, the sole and unconsidered test apparently having been the number made and not the accuracy of finish, and here is where the "difference of opinion," that inevitable consequence of all feminine deliberations, (or so say the gossips) arose. Finally at the appointed hour the polls closed, so to speak and everybody ceased work instantly and the "toting up" began.

### Counting Up

"Ninety-eight," triumphantly announced one worker, lightly waving her bunch above her head. Every eye in the room followed the swaying violets and many sceptical glances fell back again into every lap as the counting proceeded. "Give in your tale," inexorably insisted the impromptu clerk. "Fifty-nine," "seventy-two," "eighty-one," etc., came the reluctant returns as one by one hopes were dashed when the counts still left the first call easily in the lead.

"Let's count your bunch," cautiously suggested a still sceptical one.

"Yes, let's," was chorused on all sides.

With the precision and accuracy based upon a determination to discover a shortage, the counting went on, surrounded by three circles one inside the other of interested spectators, breathlessly awaiting results. But the most careful checking failed to find a shortage and "ninety-eight" took the lead.

"But these aren't violets at all!" protested one—"they are—are"—still carefully considering an appropriate name, "cabbages," interjected a voice, "or

cauliflower," added another, "or peas," "or beans," "or thistles," shouted other voices, "or just common spuds!" quietly submitted the owner of the unfortunate botanical specimens that seemed to have no prototype in nature.

One unforgiving pragmatist doubtless of spudder stock or perhaps of cucumber strain favoured "imposing the penalty of confiscating the whole nondescript production, both as a suitable punishment to the "ninety-eight" or, for permitting quantity rather than quality to govern her in the prize competition and as a sound warning and deterrent to the slayers of the week's work." "No, such capers will stand here," severely counseled the righteous one. As there was no telling where the axe might fall in a future match, it seemed the part of wisdom for some, knowing their own propensities perhaps, to recommend less drastic measures. Needless to say both ideas had adherents who stoutly stood by their own interpretation of justice. When matters had assumed a rather grave attitude and the violet trade seemed in a fair way to decline and go into involuntary, a caveat so to speak, arrived (also an inevitable sequence of feminist divisions, though the groups never meet it) in the guise of the cutter who had worked with the accelerating speed of the March hare to keep ahead of the eager competitors, wholly unmindful of the fact, that no prize was possible to her, though she labored never so hard, for obviously a cutter and a folder could not compete and equally obviously why should a folder be rewarded and a cutter be unrewarded? With that natural instinct for generosity that is woman's chief characteristic and universal charm, one and all in blisful harmony acquiesced in making sale of the prize and the proceeds to fall into the violet fund, nor will the violet business languish for fervent votaries though the gift factor be eliminated. Zeal for the cause pure and simple now animates the manufacturers of these dainty purple elves, who will doubtless redeem all their pledges and be able to put on sale the Saturday preceding Easter those jaunty little flowerets the sale of which, it is fervently hoped, will relieve many an ache and pain from many weary little suffering patient bodies now waiting to be treated when this anticipated fund makes their treatment possible.

### VALLEY RIVER RULES MADE CLEAR

Dear Editor Fireside.—You ask in a recent issue for the rules of the Valley River Ladies' Society on the question of admitting children.

In the official minutes of the first meeting held on February 10, 1910, I find the following rule, viz.: That the younger ladies of Valley River be invited to join the society and attend the meetings. It was suggested that in cases where mother and daughter could not both attend the preference should be given to the older lady.

The question of bringing little children is left, naturally, to the mothers themselves, but as no meeting has yet been held at which children and quite little babies have not been present, it is clear that there can be no rule excluding them.

Trusting that this will make things clear to your correspondent, Mrs. Terrell.

M. E. TAYLOR.

Sec'y V. R. L. M. B. S.

### BROKEN VOWS

Editor, Guide.—An explosion from "Dynamite" with no serious results!

With reference to an article in Guide of 22nd ult., where someone is evidently keeping in the dark, calling herself "Dynamite," she was making strenuous efforts to blow to atoms the candid opinion of Oliver King, who spoke to my mind very much to the point regarding women's rights, also downer law. In fact he put the gilt edge on the situation. Now, Dynamite is curious to know what Mr. King's theory is on the matter. Well, I would vouch that he did not mean for "Women to wear the breeks." However, he blazed the line in the right place when he spoke to the effect that the downer law was precisely for women with drunken rascals of husbands.

Now, Dynamite, you speak of a law to protect women from such husbands. Allow me to turn the search light on yourself. How would you like, if it be that you have daughters of your own, to see them have to bring their husbands under penalty of the law to make them support them? Also you "thank God that local option won't come about

through the weak sentiment of women." You ought to reverse the matter, for that is the very way God has ordained to bring about all moral reforms generally. He will make the "lion lie down with the lamb," and the weak-devised things of the earth confound the mighty every time and will bring them about although all the big-guns of "Dynamite" and all the explosive powers on earth were combined against him.

You also speak of the idea of women having equal rights. You seem to think the little Thomases would take all your attention. I will say to you as Ananias of old "thou foolish woman," Mr. King was making an effort to look after those Thomases by removing the bar before they some day in the near future become doubting Thomases, and the bread which you have cast on the water would return to you after many days and bring you a bitter spirit of remorse. "What you sow that shall you also reap." You ought, if you were a Christian, to thank God for Mr. King and the broad-minded, clear-visioned men that are standing up with a whole arm against the wiles of the devil.

Now, I am a nurse of a wide experience, have lived in three provinces and my profession calls me into many homes where the drink habit prevails, and I find the husbands of those homes come far short of the vow they took at the altar to be faithful in sickness and in health. Now a word in conclusion to all those women who were born so lucky with a silver spoon in their mouths and where the lines have fallen so conducive to contentment, who think equal rights not necessary. They have another think coming. If they're Christian women they "will bear one another's burdens" and thus fulfil the law of God.

MRS. J. MCINTOSH

Covington, Sask., March 6, 1911.

### PHYSICS AND FOOTBALL

(Dorcas Jenks)

The rain was over, and Donald's spirits rose fifty per cent. as he pecked out a dry spot in the back yard and poked his ball. One, two, three, he tossed the ball, and gave it a mighty kick. There was a sharp rattat-tat on a window-pane. The sash was thrown open, and Aunt Susie screamed. Too late! The ball had struck Uncle Henry full in the back, and he toppled over, striking both hands into the springy grass.

"O Donald," moaned Aunt Susie, from the window.

Donald stood petrified, watching Uncle Henry struggle to his feet, and stank silently, loftily, into the house.

Donald went for the ball, and slipped into the barn to think things over. He was pretty sure he would not get to the Saturday ball practice, now. Uncle Henry was the last man in the world one could knock over, without consequences. Perhaps if Uncle Henry had boys of his own it might be different, but he certainly had no desire to encourage Aunt Susie's nephew in the delights of ball-playing. It was as much as Uncle Henry could do to let Don stay in school the required time.

"O Donald, Donald!" Aunt Susie stepped up behind the three-legged stool. "I suppose you saw your uncle, stood. 'I'll have to apologize, but I suppose I'll make a mess of it,'" said Donald, hurrying upstairs. He gave himself an extra washing and brushing, and really looked very shining and penitent when he stepped into the dining-room.

"Uncle Henry," he said, "I'm sorry I hit you." Then he gasped—this was not at all what he had meant to say.

"Huh!" ejaculated Uncle Henry. "I never drove a ball into a man when I was your age. Never had your chance to learn good manners, either."

Encouraged by Aunt Susie's smile, Donald crept to his chair, trying to make himself as small as possible.

"Did you get Tingley's order out, Henry?" asked Aunt Susie, in her tenderest tones.

"No, I didn't," answered Uncle Henry. "That dunce of a Dick pulled out the screw drawer to stand on, and then dumped Tingley's whole order of nails and tacks on top of the screws. The worst mess you ever saw, and all four of us have been picking them out all afternoon. Look at my fingers!" Uncle Henry thrust out his great palms wrathfully.

"Oh!" cried Aunt Susie, "they're all sore and bleeding. Why, Henry, I'm very sorry. I'll do them up in liniment after supper. I guess Don would better



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