

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.

Some Quickly-made and Very Acceptable Christmas Gifts.



6808 Girl's Kimono with Yoke, 8 to 12 years.

7614 Kimono with Set-In Sleeves, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.



7608 House Jacket with Fitted Back, 34 to 44 bust.

7632 Semi-Fitting Under or House Jacket, 36 to 44 bust.



7626 Fancy Work Aprons, One Size.

7612 Corset Cover with Straight Upper Edge, 34 to 42 bust.



7621 Combination Corset Cover and Four Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

7607 Kimono with Set-In Sleeves for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Order by number, giving age or measurement, as required, and allowing at

least ten days to receive pattern. Price ten cents PER NUMBER. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, twenty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

The Mending Basket

Some Patches.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate" Home Magazine:

Having noticed work to be done in the "Mending Basket," I am tempted to come and try, in my own way, to mend one or two of the tears.

Speaking from personal observation, I am sorry to say that Sherard McLeay's description of the work of farmers' wives, is, in many cases, too true, and that to those wives life is often a weary grind from sun to sun.

Such an unnatural condition should not be, and in seeking for its cause I would lay the greatest stress on the wrong view taken of the object of living; also on a wrong attitude towards our work, as well as wrong methods employed and entertained by men and women alike.

If asked "What is the real object of living?" I would answer, as I understand, "The making of character, developing the moral as well as the spiritual man."

Such an outlook on life includes reverence to God, kindness to friend and neighbor, a wholesome love of work and pleasure, desire to progress and learn in our special line of work and possess a moderate degree of this world's goods, as well as the daily practice of virtue in thought, word, and deed.

Now, in the making of character, one of the biggest aids is the taking of the days, one by one.

"Every morn is a fresh beginning,
Every day is the world made new,"

so, therefore, shut out the failures of the past and the fears of the future and live but to-day. Take a reasonable view of life by rectifying what is in your power, and what is not, do the best you can of it. Examine your worries, and see that perhaps you would not want to be without the object of them. If you have disagreeable people to contend with, learn from them patience and forbearance. The man or woman who has learned to do the disagreeable pleasantly, has mastered an art, or, in other words, learned to love work.

One of the greatest blessings of life is health, and all people owe it to themselves to understand their own bodies, and not form the nerve-destroying habit of over-doing. Many go through life as if under a lash. They rush from one thing to another, with no time for relaxation. Learn, ye tired farmers' wives, to relax, if only for one minute. Form the habit of dropping into a chair, folding the hands quietly, and relaxing every nerve and muscle. Soon the habit will grow, and you will be improved in mind and body. Take the old grandmother's advice of letting your head save your heels. Do not think that you are so busy doing the same old thing in the same old way that you have no time to think. Consider how to have a place for everything and everything in its place, and use common sense in discerning between the essential and unessential. Keep on thinking and planning until your work is simplified and you have some time at your disposal.

As to the preparation of meals, simplify here also. See that your food is wholesome and strength-building, and let rich pastry and too many pickles go. A double boiler will cook your cereal the evening before, and by having your table set the night before, the breakfast can be prepared in a few minutes.

As to all those poultry that Sherard McLeay speaks of, cut out all but the one, or perhaps two kinds, at the most, that suits your special circumstances. If hens are your hobby, understand them by gaining all the information available, and learning from experience.

Occasion may justify the feeding of the pigs, at times, but it is not a

woman's work. However, every home is a law unto itself, and where love and thoughtfulness exist between the members, there is no need to dictate what is each one's work.

Many men, I think, are more thoughtful than unkind, and if they were quick to notice what they could do with their strength and leisure moments for their tired wives, many a home might be happier. Love and sympathy mean so much, and where they are lacking the home-life is to be pitied.

Youthful training counts on the boy and girl, and many a poor wife is today suffering for a mother's neglect in training her boy.

Do not make the fatal mistake of letting love blind your eyes to the faults of your own children. They have faults which can be corrected by training and example. Teach them goodness of manners and heart at home with gentleness and consideration for others, and you will reap a golden harvest in future happy homes.

In conclusion, let us not forget our own weakness, even in our best resolves. Let us, with simple, childlike trust, bring our cares and worries to our Heavenly Father, who will only do to us what is best.

Bruce Co., Ont.

"ACTURIA."

don't put matches on the tablecloth. They just simply don't, and that is all about it. And the wife doesn't run out to feed pigs and calves while two or three men eat and smoke. No, sir.

There is only one cure for all these discords. If a man loves his wife, he will try to make things easy for her. If he does not love her, let her set to work to win his affections. In nine cases out of ten it can be done, and then how rich is her reward! There is no use in quoting isolated cases. It is not a question of the work that is thrown on a woman—it is a question of dwarfed, starved, smothered love. You can't grow figs from thistles, or grapes from thorns, and a withered, selfish heart, does not blossom with courteous, unselfish actions. Sherard McLeay makes me think of Kipling's poem on "Pagett, M. P.," for I think he has formed his conclusions over-hastily from a fortnight's visit to some rural section. Or perhaps Sherard is a school-teacher! Now, I must close, for I am afraid I'm like the inevitable chairman at the Christmas concert, who begins by declaring that he has nothing to say, and yet takes half an hour to say it! Good luck to you all.

AVAN ZBBER.

Wentworth Co., Ont.

WOMEN AND FINANCES ON THE FARM.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate" Home Magazine:

I have read with interest the discussion on "Man's Duty Around the Home," but did not venture until now, any remarks on the subject. Lillian's letter suggesting "Woman's Finances on the Farm," however, interests me deeply, and I beg here to have my say.

I never could understand how it is when a farmer and his wife start with nothing, and each does his or her share toward making a home, that when they buy the farm the deed is drawn in the husband's name alone, so that it is his sole property to dispose of as he likes. Of course, he cannot sell unless the wife "signs off," neither can he turn her out of doors without good and sufficient reason, but can he not make it so unpleasant for her that she would much rather face the cold world empty-handed than endure his abusive, if not brutal, treatment?

But even if they live in perfect harmony, if death claim the wife first, in nine cases out of ten the husband marries again, nearly every time a younger woman. Then, when he dies, and his will is read, the first wife's children so often find themselves almost entirely dispossessed, and the second wife has everything, yet, in reality, it was as much their mother's as their father's property.

I think that women should be joint owners of the farm property. It might involve some difficulties, but, I think, no greater than exist under the present system.

I would like to hear from others on this subject, and hope you will be so good as to give it space in your valuable paper. Yours very truly,
Elgin Co., Ont. MRS. E. C. M.

SHE BLAMES THE "WOMEN."

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate" Home Magazine:

I have been much entertained with the various views on "Man's Duty Around the Home," and Woman's Work, etc. I expected someone to take up the cudgels against Sherard McLeay, for his position is rather faulty. I know the sort of woman who races out to feed pigs, chickens, etc. She is a most intolerable nuisance, for she must have a finger in every pie. What business has she with the pigs? None whatever. The men would be very glad if she would stay in the house and pour their tea for them. But she runs around after the chicks in the wet, does she? Well, Mr. Sherard McLeay, wee chicks and turkeys don't amount to much if they get into the wet grass, so tell your Mrs. Farmer to coop them up till the sun gets out, and keep them just back of the house, and it will be handier and healthier. But such a woman as that—you can't do anything with her. She has no system. In the house of a brisk, systematic housekeeper, the men

All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.

All quiet along the Potomac, they say, Except here and there a stray picket Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro

By a rifleman hid in the thicket. 'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then

Will not count in the news of the battle;

Not an officer lost, only one of the men Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night. Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;

Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon

Or the light of the camp-fires gleaming. A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night wind Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,

While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,

Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread

As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed

Far away in the cot on the mountain. His musket falls slack, and his face dark and grim

Grows gentle with memories tender, As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;

For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then—

That night when the love yet unspoken Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows

Were pledged, to be ever unbroken, Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,

He dashes off tears that are welling, And gathers his gun close up to its place,

As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;

The footsteps are lagging and weary; Yet onward they go, through the broad belt of light.

Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the nightwind rustled the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing? It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good-bye,"

And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, No sound save the rush of the river, Whilst soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—

The picket's off duty forever!

Lamar Fontaine.

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