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### POCKET BOOK FOR TWO.

("Ladies' Home Journal.")

If I had been asked to take a hand in putting the marriage service together, I have a fairly good idea that one clause would read like this:

"With all my worldly goods and an allowance of so much a week" (amount stated in marriage certificate) "I thee endow."

I'm getting extremely weary of the way in which matrimonial finances are too often managed. I didn't know so much about it before I was a minister's wife. It was when I was still very new to the profession of a parsonage that I was chairman of a church supper committee. We were raising money for repairs on the church. We were planning the 'steenth church meal of the season. I looked at the tired, nervous, listless women, and thought of the tremendous and profitless task of planning, preparing, and serving another supper.

"Let's each give a dollar," I said. "Just a dollar. It will amount to more than we could make from the supper. We give far more than that in time and nerves, and even money, every time we have something at the church."

Many of them heartily favoured the idea. But others looked troubled, and argued in favour of the supper; and presently it was decided to have it.

It was a good mother in Israel who set me right. "You see, dear," she explained, "there's lots of women in our church—in all the churches—who haven't a cent they can call their own. And it wouldn't be any use to ask them for a dollar right out. We tried it once, and one of the richest women in the place just had to own up that her husband wouldn't let her have a dollar for the women's society, though he was willing she should

work at the church as hard as anyone else."

To me it's a constant amusement and amazement to see a skittish girl shy at the word "obey" in the marriage service, though she's fearlessly willing to promise to "love, honour, and cherish." As if to love, honour, and cherish might not be a thousand times more difficult than to obey! As if where one truly loved, honoured and cherished "obey" would not follow unnoticed, as a matter of course!

I think that the love-honour-and-cherish clause of the marriage service gets its first real jolt when the wife has to ask her husband for that share of the income which should have been hers without question. I do pity her so when she has to humble herself to ask for money!

Maybe they haven't kept a maid, and she's been cheerfully, carefully, patiently doing the work of the little household, and has thereby earned—or saved, whichever way you look at it—an amount, varying with the locality, of from twelve to twenty dollars a month and upward. He would have paid the girl's wages without question, though her work were not half so well done.

Why does the woman he loves, honours and cherishes, the woman he has endowed with all his worldly goods, have to beg for the money she has rightfully earned?

If his wife was one of the vast army of breadwinners before she was married, if she knew the satisfaction of earning her money and spending it as seemed best, can you not see how intolerable it is that she should have to come to him now and say: "I'm afraid I'll have to ask for a little money, dear. I need a few things?"

And he says, pleasantly enough, but in surprise: "Why, what have you done with the money I gave you last week?"

There it is! Wouldn't you like to see him ask the hired girl what she had done with the money he'd paid

her? Wouldn't he be at the unintelligence office very soon afterward?

But it is well understood that to get up at five-thirty six mornings in the week, to feed the hens, and get the breakfast, and bathe and dress the children, and clear the table, and wash the dishes, and sweep the floors, and make the beds, and dust the rooms, and wash, and iron, and cook, and sew, and mend, isn't really labour, to be paid for at so much per. It's only a married woman's way of spending her time.

Now, I know a woman who does all this, except the hens (they don't keep hens), and much more besides, for she is a great worker in the Missionary Society and the Sewing Circle. She is married to a good and upright man. She administers the affairs of her household—four children—as prudently as may be, and finds time—heaven only knows how!—for many little deeds of kindness among her friends and neighbours.

Before she was married she earned a small but regular salary, and knew the value of money. She put most of her savings into the furnishing of the new home. Then she asked her husband for a regular allowance, however small.

But he demurred. "Everything I have is yours. You have but to ask. I should feel as if my wife were a servant if I paid her an allowance."

And there the matter ended. For he was as set as Gibraltar. And besides, he held the pocket-book. She was proud, but she kept her face steadfastly toward the "love, honour and cherish" of her marriage vows, and learned to beg meekly for the dollars she needed.

He is proud of her thrifty ways, and when she tells him she needs money he smilingly gives her ten dollars with which to buy shoes for the boy (1 dollar 75 cents), and a hat for the little girl (trimmed at home, 3 dollars), and gloves for the big girl (1 dollar), and stockings for all of them