

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

result was logical, though sad; only two of the nine children lived to grow up, and those two were sickly and not able to earn a good living. The Jewish father whom Miss Addams cites was a truer economist, when he said that he could not afford to save any money, but must put all he earned into feeding his children as wholesomely and well as possible, and thus prepare them to support the household later on on a more prosperous scale.

Economy, indeed, is not the dismal science of miserliness; it is a systematic plan of campaign, whereby money is spent to the best possible advantage. It includes saving, usually because it looks to the future as well as the present, as all good generalship must do. But saving is only one of the proportionate parts of the harmonious whole. The economist must spend less and get more than the spendthrift, in order to deserve the title. The emphasis should not be laid on going without things, but on gaining better things—not on self-denial, but on wider opportunity. To go without desserts and wear cobbled shoes in order to pay monthly installments on a new house is not a deprivation, but a hope. When our income grows so large that we can get things without planing and economizing, one great source of real pleasure goes out of life.

As for extravagance, the word is pleasant in our ears, even while we loudly condemn it. But it really means a vagary, a wandering out of the way, an irregularity, an absurdity. When extravagance is wise, it is because it is economy, unrecognized, but genuine. To buy first-rate material, which is necessarily expensive, may seem extravagant and yet prove itself economical in the long run. "A cheap dress," said a woman of small income but large experience to a hesitating novice, "will wear with great care two years, and look shabby after the first month's wear. A good dress will wear two years without looking shabby, and then made over, will wear two years more. So there is a difference of one-third more in the price, it is still cheaper to buy the more expensive one." Of course, beyond a certain price, nothing is gained but extra richness of finish. But up to this limit the "best is the cheapest," if it can possibly be afforded. So with the household food—it is not extravagance, but economy, to buy the best and purest, and cheap canned goods are more than offset by patent medicines and doctors' bills in the long run. Bargains in food are not usually household economy.

Economy marks out the road to the best possible things within the limits of one's income. Extravagance strays out of the path, and misses the way, even if it does not end in the Dismal Swamp of debt. Life lived in just proportion is always pleasing, though the scale be small; and things out of proportion are always grotesque, like a diamond in a frayed shirt-front or a French hat with worn out shoes. An elderly woman who was lately left a widow, with some fifteen hundred a year, selected a thousand dollar flat for herself, with the plea "I am so economical that I can easily live within my income there." Could a person with such a lack of proportion be economical, in any true sense of the word? Any charity visitor knows that a rent exceeding one-fourth of the income is a disproportionate expense; but those who, like this lady, are above the friendly visitor's advice, need it none the less.

The poor—that is, the destitute—are often censured as extravagant, but probably they are no more so than most of us. The destitute family who, on receiving five dollars, went off and had their photographs taken,

having longed to do it for years, but never having had the sum in hand, are not so different after all, from the household of a little higher grade that lets the grocer's bill run, and buys subscription books or a piano on the installment plan. We have the poor on the hip, so to speak. We can reckon up their income, or lack of it, and rebuke them impressively; but, in their places, our economy might not be any wiser. Most of us indulge at times in luxuries when we ought to be laying by for necessities instead. Before we shut our hearts and purses against the poor family that has a melodeon and lace curtains, we might examine our own parlors and see if there is no useless expenditure there that we now regret. The feather in a shop-girl's hat, though flamboyant and expensive, is as necessary to keep up her social standing from her point of view, as the afternoon tea that we gave, perhaps, last week, and could as ill afford in proportion. For it all comes back to that—the adjustment to a right proportion; and the majority of us, whether poor, rich, or anywhere between, can only learn the laws of true and satisfactory economy by the patient study and experiment of years.—The Interior.

Their Strange Guest.

Jimmie was only six, but he knew what wolves were. He had loved to hear stories read about the wolves of the forest, and other stories in his books about Mr. Wolf and Mrs. Wolf, and there were pictures of Mr. Wolf in a cap and coat.

When, one morning, he heard his father say that Mr. Wolf was coming to dinner, Jimmie went away by himself and sat down to think it over. It seemed strange that one of these people right out of a story-book was coming to see papa and mamma. He began to grow afraid. It seemed as if he could not meet this dreadful Mr. Wolf. When it was time for dinner, and the guest had arrived, Jimmie was nowhere to be seen. A thorough search was begun, and at last he was found hiding in a closet.

"Come out, Jimmie!" said his father. "What's the matter?"

"I'm a-fraid of Mr. Wolf!" wailed Jimmie.

"Mr. Wolf won't hurt you. Come out!" and Jimmie was gently pulled into the room.

"See, here is Mr. Wolf! He's a good man, and likes little boys."

"Is that Mr. Wolf?" queried Jimmie, in great surprise.

"Yes, that is Mr. Wolf. What is there so strange about him?"

Jimmie pulled down his father's head and whispered in his ear, "Why, I didn't know he had a people's face!"—Youth's Companion.

"Royal Muskoka."

"The Royal Muskoka" Hotel is the largest and most magnificent summer hotel in Canada. Location unsurpassed, in the centre of the famous Muskoka Lakes District, Highlands of Ontario, (1,000 feet above sea level), about six hours journey north of Toronto.

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WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Baby's Own Tablets. At the age of two months my baby was dreadfully constipated. He could not digest his food and screamed incessantly. I was almost in despair, but since giving him the Tablets he has been well and is growing splendidly." Such is the testimony of Mrs. S. Craig, 329 Bathurst Street, Toronto, and thousands of other mothers speak in a similar strain.

Summer is here and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest: colic, diarrhoea and summer complaints can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Keep a box in the house—they will save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or may be had by mail, at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

FOR DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

Harry's Thorns.

BY HELEN STIRLING.

"I do wish I had some fresh sweet flowers," said Mother Nelson one beautiful summer morning. "Do you think you could gather some for me, Harry?"

"Oh, mother, just when I wanted to begin my kite. Can't Kitty get them?"

"I am sure Kitty will if she can, but her little fingers are not quite strong enough to break some of the stems."

"Yes, I can, Mother," said little Kitty, who was always happy when she was helping some one.

Away skipped Kitty, and taking her little wheelbarrow ran down the garden path. "Come," she said, "and we'll play we're flower sellers."

This seemed to promise fun for Harry and he soon ran round with the big wheelbarrow.

They gathered many beautiful flowers. When they came to the rosebush poor Kitty got her little arms badly scratched in pulling the lovely roses, so Harry said he would cut them with his knife.

"I'll take all the thorns off too, so they can't scratch mother. Father always does when he gives mother a rose," said Harry.

As he puts them in his barrow wee Marjorie came toddling out.

"Oh, here's the lady to buy our flowers" said Kitty, and Marjorie laughed as she stood looking at Harry's load, saying "sweet pretty flowers, such pretty flowers, Hally."

"Here they are, mother" said Harry as he wheeled them up to his mother.

"And Harry tooked all the thorns off. He does not want you to be hurt, Harry always takes all the thorns off for you, mother."

"Always Harry? Grumbles are thorns I think and hurt."

We admire the "practical man," the "self-made man." The world is debtor to men who have never shared the blessings of the schools. But many self-made men are graduates of literary institutions and some of the most practical men to be found anywhere hold diplomas from colleges or universities. When the world counts its obligations to humanity the larger debt will be to the men of collegiate training.

The school that the world will yet recognize as its most helpful friend is the school where the religion of Jesus Christ is taught.