

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Mrs M'Gifferty's Gas Bill.

If a conservative critic were asked what kind of a woman Mrs M'Gifferty is, he would not describe her as a blonde or a brunette, or as being tall and willowy, or short and thick-set; he would simply reply by describing her as an uneclipsed champion of domestic economy.

The other day she decided to indulge in the long-dreamed-of luxury of a gas stove, the price of which was three pounds.

"It's an outrageous price," she said to her husband, "but I'll economise and save the price of the stove in two months. We'll only eat things that

can be fried in a couple of minutes, and I'll save gas at every point, if I have to resort to the half-crown oil stove to do it, and then we'll have the beautiful gas range for next to nothing."

Mr M'Gifferty, realising that there are two kinds of economy, said nothing in reply, but did some high grade long distance thinking.

That afternoon Mrs M'Gifferty went to the office of the gas company to buy the range. When she had made her selection, the clerk obligingly said:

"We can put this in for you this afternoon if you wish."

"I don't want it put in until the day after to-morrow," replied Mrs M'Gifferty.

This declaration astonished the clerk: "If you put it in to-day," continued Mrs M'Gifferty, in an explanatory tone, "you'll send me the bill the day after to-morrow; but if you put it in the day after to-morrow, you cannot send the bill until the end of the quarter."

And the champion economist smiled all over in her wild ineffable glee.

The range was finally put in and tested and explained at great length, that they might know how to manage it. And the battle of economy began in real earnest. The cheap oil stove was brought out, and several pounds of candles were purchased.

"It is warm enough to sit in the porch," said Mrs M'Gifferty, "and that

will save the candles and make them go further. Subtract the cost of this way of lighting and cooking from the amount of the average gas bill, and you'll see how soon we'll save the price of the stove, and be able to buy hats and gowns. I tell you I'm a manager," said Mrs M'Gifferty, with great swelling pride.

"I suppose we shall be toasting bread over the lamp chimney and frying eggs over the candles before long," said Mr M'Gifferty.

"And won't that be right, if we can cut down the gas bill by so doing? We shall have a three-pound bill for the range next quarter, and if we go on burning gas all the time it will be five more."



The Pompadour Period.