

Big Ben



Don't set your mind—set Big Ben

Don't bother your head about getting up. Leave it to Big Ben. He's a timekeeper; a good, all-purpose clock for every day and all day use and for years of service.

You ought to go to sleep at night with a clear brain—untroubled and free from getting up worries. You men, if you are up to date farmers, work with your brains as well as with your hands. Such a little thing as "deciding to get up at a certain time in the morning" and keeping it on your mind often spoils a needed night's rest and makes a bad "next day." Try Big Ben on your dresser for one week. He makes getting up so easy that the whole day is better.

Big Ben is not the usual alarm.

He stands seven inches tall. He wears a coat of triple-nickel plated steel. He rings with one long loud ring for 5 minutes straight, or for 10 minutes at intervals of 30 seconds unless you shut him off.

His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light, his large strong keys are easy to wind. His price, \$3.00, is easy to pay because his advantages are so easy to see. Big Ben is sold in St. John's by the following jewelers:

T. J. Duley & Co. John T. Lamb
A. McNamara R. H. Trapnell

Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER I.
THE BOY HERO.

Cynthia shook her head. But he still seemed to be waiting for a reply, and she faltered out, her eyes lowered, her face crimson.

"He—he wanted to kiss me."

"Did he really?" observed the young gentleman incredulously.

"Well, he must be a fool. I mean," hastily explaining, "fancy any one taking the trouble to try and kiss a girl when she didn't want him to! Well, I'm glad I came up. I'll be off now. I was going to ride to Dursley for some fishing tackle. But I suppose my face would be noticed, and I'd better go home again."

He stretched out his hands for the reins. But Cynthia did not relinquish them.

"Come down to the stream," she said, "and wash your face. You look—horrid, and your father would be frightened."

He laughed at this statement.

"Not he!" he said, with a jerk of

his head. "It's evident you don't know my governor. What's he got to be frightened at? But perhaps I'd better go and have a wash up. Come on."

They went down to the stream, and Darrel knelt down at the brink and bathed his battered face.

The water felt deliciously cool and reviving, and presently he looked up at Cynthia, who was standing beside him and regarding him with intense interest.

"How's that?" he demanded.

"It's off your face," she said, "but you've still got some on your neck."

She hitched the reins onto the railing of the bridge and took out her handkerchief.

"Let me," she said; "you won't find the place."

She knelt beside him, dipped her handkerchief in the water, and wiped away the offending stain. The boy endured her ministrations for an impatient moment or two, then he sprang up.



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"That'll do," he said. "I'm all right now."

He got the pony, but just as he was mounting he looked at her, with no great interest of curiosity, but as if he had remembered his manners and the claims of politeness.

"Oh, I say," he said: "I didn't thank you for holding the pony. It was very kind of you. And, I say, I think you've no end of pluck, especially for a girl. Might I ask your name?" he added, with an attempt at courtesy, which was quite comic.

"Cynthia Drayle," said Cynthia.

"Oh, thanks," he said, regarding her across the saddle. "You know mine. I live up the hill there, at the Court, you know. I only came back last night, and, of course, that's why I don't know you. For you live about here, I suppose?"

Cynthia jerked her head in the direction of the cottage.

"Up there," she said.

"Why, we're kind of neighbors," he remarked absently, for as he gazed at her it struck him that she was rather pretty, as girls go. And he began to have a glimmering of an idea why Sampson had wanted to kiss her.

"Oh, well," he said awkwardly, "I'll go now. I say, you won't tell anybody—I mean, I hate a fuss, don't you? But there! I suppose the other chap will go blubbing to his father and will blab it all over the place. Good-by."

He sprang onto the pony, put it through the water, and went up the hill at a canter. But presently he stopped, turned, and shouted down to her:

"Here, I say, you come along. I'll stop here till you get home. He might come back, though it's not very likely," with a grin. "But you can't be sure. He looked a sly kind of beast."

He held the fretting pony in hand until Cynthia, with downcast eyes had mounted the hill and reached the cottage.

It stood, prettily embowered by trees, on the edge of the moor that rose and stretched behind it.

There was a simple, charmingly simple, garden in front of the cottage, running over with ordinary flowers, which filled the air with their perfume. There was an orchard and a kitchen garden at the back. The house itself was old, with low, timbered ceilings, thick doors, and wide fireplaces. It was very comfortable and cozy.

Cynthia loved it.

She ran into the kitchen, tossed her hat on the settle, and hastened to get the tea, which she laid on the end of the long table which figures in every Devonshire kitchen.

Presently her father came in from the garden, in which he had been working.

Bradley Drayle was a small, neat, neatly made man with a keen face, calm but observant eyes, and a shrewd mouth, from which proceeded strange and unconventional opinions, expressed with the pleasant cynicism of the modern philosopher.

"Rather late, Cynthia, aren't you?" he observed. Then, as he glanced at her, he added, "Anything the matter?"

"Yes," said Cynthia at once. She never concealed anything from her father; and he had taught her to tell the truth about even the smallest trifles.

"I was kept in. Had to do an imposition—but Miss Angelica let me off half of it. I like Miss Angelica."

"What was the trouble?" asked her father.

"Put my tongue out at Lucy Grimes. She made a face at me."

"Strange how often our tongue gets us into trouble," mused Drayle. "Would you oblige me by putting your tongue out now, Cynthia?"

Cynthia, who was accustomed to her father's strange remarks, and always obeyed him implicitly, projected her pink tongue through the pink lips.

"No," said Drayle, after regarding her gravely and critically. "It is not an improvement to the human face divine. Put it back, Cynthia."

"There was something else, dad," she said. "As I was coming home that horrid boy, Sampson Burridge, stopped me at the bridge and wouldn't let me pass. He wanted to kiss me, and I ran away."

Drayle glanced at a whip hanging over the ancient fireplace.

"I shall have to speak to Master

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Sampson," he said, in a low voice.

"There's no need, father," said Cynthia, who had seen the glance. "He has had a thrashing already."

"From you? Did you use a stone in a sling, like David, or stab him with your sharp elbow, Cynthia?"

"No," she replied. "Young Darrel Payne came up on his pony just in time, and he and Sampson fought. It was a terrific battle, but Darrel Payne won, and Sampson went off. They were both covered with blood, and Darrel Payne's lip was cut, and he's got a black eye; but he says that he's going to put some steak on it, and that it will soon be all right. It was very kind of him, dad, wasn't it?"

"Very," responded Drayle.

He took a drink of tea, then sat gazing thoughtfully at the cup and rubbing his eyebrow, a habit so frequent with him that, encouraged by the friction, his right eyebrow was much more plentiful than its companion, and gave a peculiar appearance to the side of the face to which it belonged.

"Very kind, indeed," he said, after a pause, "and I am much obliged to him. He has saved me a considerable amount of trouble and an unpleasant task. For though I admit that many of one's acquaintances deserve to be whipped at the cart's tail I have no desire to be the executioner. I am very much obliged to Master Darrel Payne—but, all the same, I wish you could have chosen another avenger."

"Why?" asked Cynthia, with surprise, for, though Darrel's manner toward her had been anything but flattering, she thought him rather a nice boy than otherwise. "Don't you like him?"

"I don't dislike the lad," said Drayle. "But his father does not like me. I am sorry for it, for his sake—because dislike is such an unpleasant and wearing sentiment. It is bad for the digestion. Few things are worse. You see, Cynthia, every time you meet the man you dislike, you have an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of the stomach. The blood runs up to your head, and your nerves are switched off the straight line. It is worse than wicked to dislike a man, especially a neighbor. It is foolish."

"But why does he dislike you, dad? I notice that whenever you meet Sir Anson and bow to him he only just touches his hat, and always looks another way."



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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Ladies' Dressing or House Sack, with Long or Shorter Sleeve.

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