



BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to fifty different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered; also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order and will last a life-time. Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of dress forms with prices. Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. S. 72-74 Pearl St. Toronto, Canada.

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Sunday Reading.

Insight.

On the river of life as I float along,
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nauseous weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.

For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changeless law of kindness.

The commonest error that truth can make
Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
And sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.

And love, the fairest of all fair things
That ever to man descended,
Grows rank with nettles and pois'nous stings
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world in the way it began,
And though some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan.

And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I tell you it all will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.

The Timely Rest.

There would not be so many worn-out, fagged-looking women if we learned early the value of that ounce of prevention. So much of the misery of life is preventable that it is pitiful how

rarely the effort is made. We lose our looks, break down before our time, and either are snuffed out altogether, or hang on creaking hinges when we should be in the full flush of living.

Most women act as if they were fatalists—what must be, must be. Then they groan when the inevitable occurs instead of living up to the true fatalist spirit of stoicism.

Perhaps you are one of the persons who never take any rest. Have you the foolish idea that to stop a minute and read the papers or to dip into a famous book is stealing time that should be devoted to husband or children? Are you charitable to everyone but yourself, and look upon a rest in the course of your mad race as shirking? Are you one of those misguided beings who think monotonous plodding is duty, and crush out young longings for an occasional concert or social outing lest you fail in some chimerical duty?

If so, readjust things. Learn to look on these things as "that ounce of prevention" without which smash-ups are inevitable. It is continual plodding that not only makes life stale, but brings wrinkles and narrow minds. It does us all good to run away from duty once in a while. Variety is not to be measured by the ounce in its preventive value. Do you ever stop to think what a breakdown means? How many of the coveted pleasures or longed-for rests could have been had for the doctor's hire? Occasional flights from the grind are better than skilled specialists to keep one well, which is the sensible modern woman's reading of "that ounce of prevention."—London Chronicle.

"He Leadeth Me."

Oft times through byways dim;
Not always by the beaten path
Of sacrament and hymn;
Not always through the gates of prayer

Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rite, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm;
Perchance through faith intense;
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense.

Thou knowest not, nor I;
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high.
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendor, night its calm,
To give thy way surcease!

Proverbs for the Week.

SUNDAY.—Love was given, encouraged, and sanctified, chiefly for this end; that self might be annulled.

MONDAY.—You have not fulfilled the most important of your duties unless you have fulfilled the duty of being pleasant.

TUESDAY.—Love never thinks of its sacrifices.

WEDNESDAY.—Many a man who is "A Good Fellow" is good for nothing else.

THURSDAY.—The easiest way to dignity is by humility.

FRIDAY.—It is a pretty safe rule to give only that which you would be willing to take.

SATURDAY.—Frugality is fair fortune, and habits of industry a good estate.

God gives us power to bear all the sorrows of His making; but He does not give us power to bear the sorrows of our own making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—A. Maclaren.

Secret Inspiration.

The power of spiritual vision marks man out from every other creature, and the quality and range of it are the keystones of his greatness. As long as some high goal beckons "above the howling senses" ebb and flow, almost everything is possible. Mere intellect alone will not suffice for the accomplishment of arduous tasks unless supported by a resolute purpose that fills the whole house of life. However much the kings of men differ in the type of their special aims or the way they seek to reach them, they are enabled because of secret hopes to maintain the struggle against opposing forces, and to show a reserve of strength that will not be dismayed. The joy towards which they aspire is no immediate or tangible gratification. It is harbored in the soul in spite of appearances that seem to render its advent impossible, and its sublime idealism throws over the hard road of duty a flood of fadeless light.

"We are near awakening," says Novalis, "when we dream that we dream;" and we are fully awake when all that is best in our dreams remains with us. Every one dreams good dreams now and then, at least. But with some the dreams are allowed to

"Die away,
And fade into the light of common day,"

while with others they are gradually wrought into the tissue of experience. It is seldom that any career turns out just as was anticipated. No foresight can possibly provide against all the things that may be encountered between the starting-point and the goal. But the certainties of life far outweigh its uncertainties. Though we have no assured information with regard to every coming event, we may know that, whatever happens, the same eternal principles govern both yesterdays and to-morrows, that right is never changed into wrong, nor good into evil. The pathetic chasm which so often yawns between dream and reality is not the fault of accident, but of personal failure to illustrate the deepest convictions of the



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