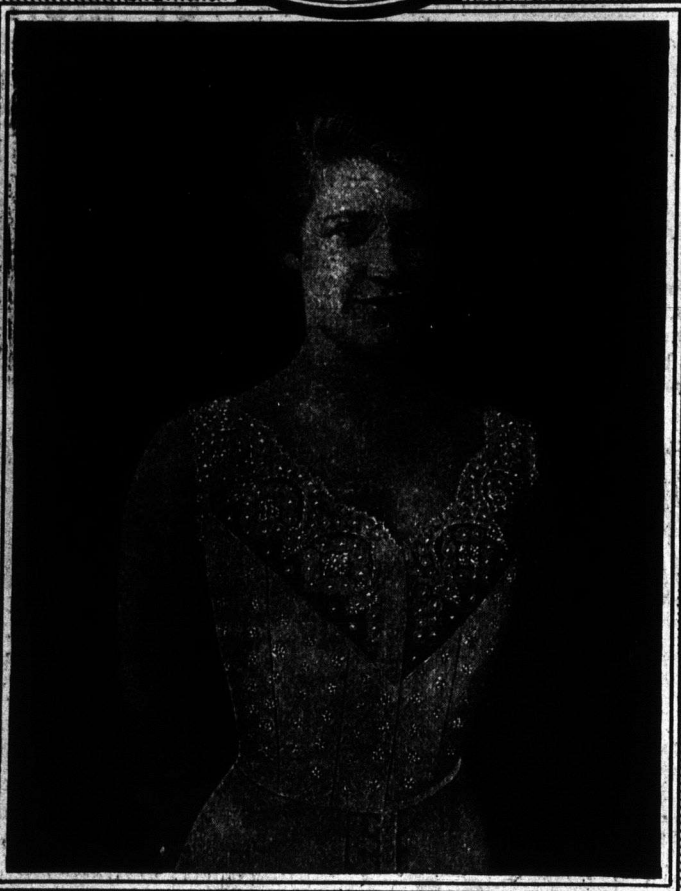




D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES

The *D & A Good Shape Brassieres* are scientifically designed from perfect standard to fit the figure faultlessly, and they are made in such a wide variety of styles that there is a model perfectly suited to every figure.

Ask Your Corsetiere

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY

Montreal QUEBEC Toronto

Makers of the Celebrated *D & A* and *La Diva* Corsets

Big Ben



For the Cream of the Day

TWO A. M.—inky dark—that's when Big Ben starts the milkman's day. Out of bed like a boy going fishing—nudges Big Ben to a hush—takes up the tune as he whistles to work.

You've heard that patter of nimble feet—the clink of bottles in the wire tray—the rattle of boxes, of cans and ice—the giddy—the wheels—the merry tune—all unmindful of the world at sleep. You've wondered.

Try Big Ben yourself a little earlier. See how he'll bring you the cream of the day—rich morning hours that start you right and stretch out till night with minutes aplenty for every task. And you'll take up his tune and smile through the day.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$2.50 in the States, \$3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. **Western Clock Co.** Makers of Westclox
Other Westclox: Pocket Ben, Baby Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout, Ironclad.

comfortable pocket at the side. The pattern is good for linen, galatea, gingham, serge, cheviot, corduroy and velvet. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 5, 6 and 8 years, and requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 5-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Ladies' Costume with Sleeve in Wrist Length, with or without Deep Cuff or in Short Length with or without Flare Cuff—1590—This portrays a very smart style, suitable for any of the combinations now in vogue. In blue poplin or moire, with satin to match or green serge and matched satin it will make a very handsome gown for afternoon or calling. The waist has surplice fronts which form a yoke over the upper part. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a simulated or added deep cuff or in short length with a new flare cuff. The skirt is cut with ample fullness and has plaited extensions at the sides of the front panel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The skirt measures 3 1/4 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Being Neighborly

Young Mrs. Barclay stopped to catch her breath and tuck the fresh white napkin more neatly round a plate of steaming hot rolls. "It's so nice," she said to herself, "to have a neighbor. It takes some of the loneliness out of camp life to run over with a plate of something hot. And men are so helpless about baking. Mr. Greenhut's biscuits are pitiful."

She hurried up the trail. As she neared Mr. Greenhut's cabin voices came to her through the trees. "Oh, he has company," she said. "I'm just in time with the rolls." She was about to rap when Mr. Greenhut's voice came distinctly through the open window.

"Yes," he said, "it is more like civilization with a woman in camp, and Mrs. Barclay is a sweet, sunny little thing, too. But she's selfish with her neighborliness."

Mrs. Barclay tiptoed noiselessly away from the cabin and fled away through the trees. Back in her own cabin she pushed the plate of rolls out of sight under the table cover.

"There," she said, with the tears in her pretty gray eyes. "I'll never be neighborly with him again! Selfish indeed! I left my own work unfinished to take those rolls over for his dinner."

When Tom Barclay came in a few minutes later a wet little dab of a kiss instead of the enthusiastic one that usually greeted him told him that something had gone wrong.

"What! Lonesome again?" he asked, slipping an arm round the tearful little figure. "Never mind honey. When we get a little further under way and start shipping ore we'll go back to civilization, and parties, and clothes and neighbors."

"It's not that," she said, with her face buried in his blue jumper. And between sobs she told him the incident of the morning. Tom Barclay patted his wife's hand.

"Do you know, dear," he said, slowly, "your neighborliness is a little selfish. You keep all the joy of the giving, and let Mr. Greenhut have only the taking. Do you remember when he offered to bring your water? Another time it was wood. Things like that would be a real help to you when I'm away. And when you refused the watermelon I think it really hurt him. When a man carries a watermelon over seven miles of mountain trail, it means he thinks it's going to give some one its weight in happiness. I imagine all the joy of anticipation he had in lugging that melon over the range vanished when you sent him back to his own cabin with it."

Mrs. Barclay looked up comprehendingly. "How stupid I've been," she said. "I wanted that melon, too; but I was afraid he meant it to 'pay back' for the rolls and things. That was only two days ago. Do you think maybe—"

"I saw it," said her husband, laughing, "this morning in the spring hole. It must be deliciously cold by now. Shall you ask for it?"

"Just wait and see," was all she said. Tom Barclay came home that night to a gay little supper scene. His wife, in her fluffiest dress, was spreading a tablecloth on the rough pine table, while savory odors floated from the oven.

"Chicken!" he cried. "Where did you get it?"

"It's from Mr. Greenhut," explained his wife, "and it's grouse. He says it's exactly the right size for two people to make a dinner of."

"Hello!" called her husband, exploring further. "So you did ask for it?"

"Indeed I did not!" said Mrs. Barclay. "Nothing could have looked more accidental than the way I came across Mr. Greenhut getting his water from the spring hole this afternoon. There are some beautiful flowers up the hill, and I had my apron full of them. So I said, 'You haven't eaten your melon yet, Mr. Greenhut?'"

"No," he said, "I—I don't care very much for melons. I knew he wanted to offer it again, but didn't quite dare to, so I said:

"I wish I'd known that when you offered it to me. Melons are the only thing I dream of up here—except chicken."

"Well, before I knew it he had brought out this beautiful grouse, all picked and cleaned, and loaded it into a pan with the melon, and brought them right down to the cabin. And the way he beamed! He's the dearest old man!"

"Didn't you ask him to stay and help us eat all the grand things?"

"O Tom, you'd have bungled the whole thing. Do you think I was going to spoil it all by offering him a 'pay-back' supper? Of course I wanted to. I went to the door five times to call him back; and the last time I just took myself in hand."

"Lillian Barclay," I said, "you leave things just as they are for a whole week—and then you can be sure your rolls have the neighborly flavor."

A Little Sunshine

Farm life, even where neighbors are far apart, may be full of sunshine, but it needs brave hearts, keen eyes, cheerful spirits, plenty of grit and determination and go sometimes to see and enjoy it. And then, too, it will not last unless you share it. I have a friend who has always lived in what seemed to me lonely places, miles away from town, and yet she is happy beyond what most of us expect in this world. True, she has an exceptionally good and devoted husband and a fine son, but she has made and kept them what they are.

Strength of body has never been hers, but she has a sunny and contented disposition and the bravest spirit I ever met and she accomplishes a great deal in the course of a year. Her home is now a good one, but in the days when all about her rose the giants of the forest, it was the same source of inspiration and love. Always she has done for others, and gladly have they done for her. Acting under her guidance, people come for miles to social gatherings and the Ladies' Aid, and even at times when this has been impossible, she has never lost courage. Always there is something to do, some one to love, and something to think about. Death stole away her mother and her baby girls, the savings of years went to pay doctor's bills, but she was sure God would make it right, and He has.

Sunshine on the farm means making the most of what you have. Books and music, birds and flowers, rest and recreation, have their places in life just as much as energy and labor, and everybody can have more or less of them, at little cost. Cut out the cheap story papers which create discontent and false ideas of life; there are others that cost scarcely more, and every one can either borrow or buy at least one interesting magazine or paper.

Grow in spiritual grace. It helps wonderfully to go to the House of God at least once a week. If there be none, call together your family and as many more as you can on Sunday afternoon and have a service of your own. Read the Scriptures, pray and sing. Neighborhood Sunday schools are good for the children, and may well be "sunny" schools. After the service, have a social time, pass the apples or nuts and cider, or just a cup of tea, bread and butter, anything that will not take much time or be much expense. Nuts may be cracked the day before, or there may be plain, home-made candy. If possible, meet at different neighbors' houses, and let each in turn furnish the refreshments. If "refreshments" sounds like too much work, just have a little social time, then go home and do the chores.