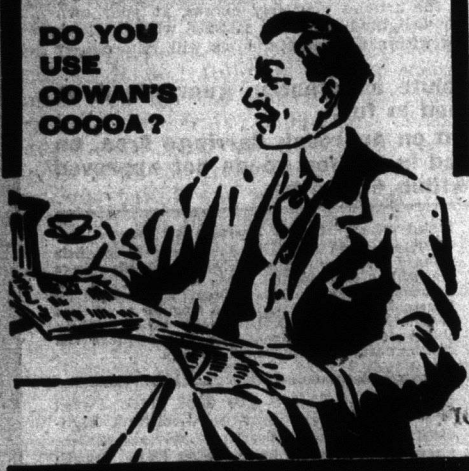


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When the Tide Turned.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Farquhar McRae, Regina.



BILL Stringer gazed earnestly at his reflection in the little hand mirror which adorned a conspicuous place on the walls of his bachelor apartments on the Gully Ranch. Having critically surveyed his features for a season, he observed to the face in the glass:

"Well, I guess I need a shave if ever anyone did."

"But what's the difference, anyhow," he continued; "I guess the coyotes and jack rabbits aren't particular. If Kate could only see me now."

The face in the mirror reflected a frown and disappeared. Bill sat down to think.

When we think of ourselves, our thoughts are seldom pleasant.

"Three years—just think of it," he remarked to a shaggy wolf hound stretched on the floor. "Three years, and where am I at?" First two crops frozen; last year's hailed, and then, rather than quit, when I winter cattle, nigh onto two hundred get caught in a spring blizzard.

exclaimed to himself. "I'll catch the stage to-morrow—slide for the Peg, and have a regular blow out, see if I don't."

To keep up his spirits, he slammed the dishes together and broke into a boisterous song. The opening of the door interrupted an unusually bright passage in the solo and two men stepped unceremoniously inside.

"Why, and if it isn't Sel and Hiram by all the powers. Sit down fellows. What's the row; booze or jim jams?" inquired Sel, one of the arrivals.

"Neither; guess again."

"Perhaps ye've got the phenomenon, man," suggested Hiram, a cool, quiet Scotchman.

"Wrong again, old horse. Just getting ready for a little day off tomorrow. Anything to keep away the blue devils."

"Didn't know were ever 'Oh be joyful,' but I guess this law suit deserves a little celebration."

"Don't mention that case to me again," said Bill shortly.

Both men looked rather surprised, but made no comment. Cards were produced, and for several hours little was said but "pass," "hearts," "Jack high," and other technical terms. At midnight



I pay for the cattle and costs of court over it, too, like as not."

"Guess Kate's old man was about right when he told her she was a little fool to think I'd ever have a home for her. Well, it's all no go, so the best I can do is to write and tell her it's all off and I've been a failure."

This was not the first time Bill had determined upon this course; but his courage had always failed at the critical moment; after all, luck might take a turn in his favor, he had promised himself. But now there was no alternative.

Bill was a strong man, but the pen seemed to shake so that he could hardly write. What should he say? After the taunts he had so often endured as to his shiftlessness, he was too proud to confess failure. The only course open was to write an indifferent letter, breaking the engagement. Two hours before he could not have done it; but the news of the law suit, decided against him, had hardened him to flint. The letter was completed, sealed and stamped. Bill then rode over to the post office, set his teeth, and dropped the letter into the mail box; and saw nothing on the way back but a white face far away in Ontario.

Bill was in no gentle mood when he re-entered his shack. He held the lantern aloft, revealing the rusty stove, tobacco-stained floor and unwashed dishes on the table.

"No wonder fellows go crazy out here," he muttered. "But I won't though," he

Bill got up to get a lunch.

While the coffee was boiling, Sel and Hiram arranged to go to Winnipeg with Bill and all have a tremendous spree together.

While they planned the details, Bill mechanically took a small photo from an inside pocket. He suddenly came to himself with a start. Kate was no longer anything to him. But what if she knew of his plans for the morrow. No, she would never believe it from anyone; of that he felt certain. He could almost see her cheeks flush as she would denounce as false anything representing her Bill as acting otherwise than a gentleman. Should he go or not? The little photo said No. That settled it.

"Hello Bill; where'd you get the picture?" exclaimed Sel.

"Oh, nowhere in particular," said Bill, evidently rather confused.

"I really begin to think ye are a little off after all, man," said Hiram, "for certain sure the pacter canna come from nowhere."

"Let's see it," coaxed Sel. "It was a lady and a peacherina, too."

"I'd rather not, boys. See the coffee is about ready."

"Come along now, one wink at it. Girls are about as scarce as Archangels out here, you know."

"Let him keep the thing then. I wouldn't look at it anyway the noo," said the Scotchman.

Bill hurriedly replaced it in his pocket. As he withdrew his hand the photo fell

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A man tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, I said to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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