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getting it and if I don't happen to get it I am rather disappointed. I have just been reading Cleopatra's letter in the December number. I think her opinion of this dreadful war is correct. I certainly agree with her being sorry for all concerned, no matter what nationality they may be. There's always somebody depending on them to keep the wolf from the door. I am English, yet I do not say that England is altogether free from blame. I believe there's faults on all sides. All seem to be trying for fame at the expense of poor humanity. I think if the promoters of these great fights had to go to the firing line and take their place with the common soldier, I do not think there would be as much fighting as there is now. I feel sorry for the poor women and children left behind to fight for themselves, the breadwinner taken away. We sometimes think that we are hard put upon here in Saskatchewan and are not satisfied with our lot but I think we should be thankful to be where we are. We have enough to eat and a home to live in, but there's a whole lot over on the other side that cannot say that. I do hope the time will soon come when the great and terrible battle will come to an end before a greater havoc is wrought. Well, dear editor, I am afraid I will be taking up too much of your space if I continue much longer and I don't want to impose on good nature.

I am glad Cleopatra you have a large heart full of sympathy for not only one but for all; that's certainly the right way to look at the situation, as none of the men can help being there to shoot each other down. Duty calls must be obeyed. Don't be afraid to drop me a line Cleopatra. My address is with the editor.

Well I think I must close for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print if it's not asking too much.

I am yours as ever

Western Sun.

On the Prairie

Idyle Wyld Farm, Jan. 18, 1914.

Dear Editor—
In a cottage on the prairie,
Lives two little Western maids.
One is dark and one's a fairie,
And their beauty never fades.

They're the belles of all the prairie,
So the boys all seem to say;
Hotcake Pete would be always merry
If he saw us in the month of May.

For our hair is tinged with roses,
And our eyes a sunny hue,
For our neck is like the swansdown
And our cheeks are touched with dew.

Oh we are two broncho busters
From the good old Idyle Wyld.
When we hear the cowbell ringing
Then we have to put on style.

For we have two little ponies,
One is Star and one is Pride,
And on a lovely moonlight evening
That's the time we like to ride.

Now, dear editor, if this letter
Is a little long you see,
And if it's not very interesting
Please let it jump the w.p.b.

Now how many of the bachelors
Would write to us two prairie kids?
We will gladly answer letters,
So everyone answer all our bids.

So farewell to all the readers,
Yes a long and sweet farewell,
For if we don't get no nice letters
We'll never write again, farewell.
Two Broncho Busters.

If we Imitate

If the Prussian military spirit were to be approved and imitated by the Allies of to-day, their claim to represent human and national rights would be betrayed, and with it would go the hope of the peoples to reach, through this immeasurable agony, an organized and lasting peace.—G. H. Perris.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Cure offers a speedy, sure, and satisfactory relief.

When the Gate Closes

The other day a man whose train was late asked the conductor if he thought they would get into a certain city in time to make connection with another road. The conductor looked at his watch.

"I am afraid we cannot do it. The only thing I can do will be to telegraph on ahead and ask them to hold the train on the other line."

"That would be kind of you, sir."

And the conductor did as he had said. The traveller found his train waiting, steam up and hissing through the escape. He hurried across, and the next moment was speeding away over the country once more.

"How much late are we?" the passenger asked the new conductor when he reached his seat in the car.

"Five minutes."

"But you can make that up?"

"That five minutes is gone. We never will see that again. We are running on fast time. It will be impossible to get that time back. It is gone forever."

And it proved to be true. The traveller arrived at his destination six minutes late.

At a certain moment before the great ocean steamer swings out to sea, a gale closes at the shore end of the gangway; the planks are drawn in; the last passenger is on board; the truckmen wheel no more baggage up the way that leads to the deck. In vain does anyone cry out after the ship now that he wishes to go aboard. The gate is closed; it is too late now.

Life is full of places like that. The gate closes. The five minutes slip away. Things we prize go down out of sight, and are gone for all time. What are some of these things?

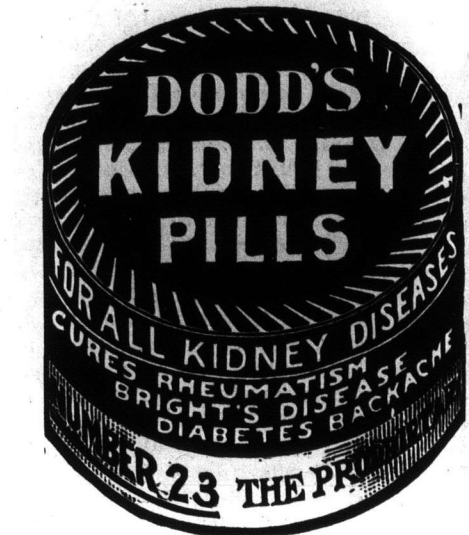
The time to smile is one of them. Just now you met a friend who seemed sad. Did you notice the wistful look in her eyes as she passed by? She had a heart hungry for a smile. Did you give it? No; you were not "in the mood for smiling" just then, and you went by coldly. All day long the friend went on her way missing the happiness she might have had if you had only smiled into her face.

The chance to do a kindly deed is another one of these gates that may close against us. You like to have your fellows drop a pleasant word or do a helpful thing. Is it not true? But do you always do that yourself?

Still another gate we need to watch, lest it close before we want it to, shutting us out from peace of mind, is the opportunity to speak a word for Him who was always so ready to speak for you and me. Sometimes it seems as if this is the hardest of all to do. You know how it is. You were in a little company of other young folks. There was joy in the hearts of all. That was right; young people ought to be happy. But before you parted there was a moment when you might have dropped a word for Him. Did you do it? Ah, you know best whether you did or not!

If not, the gate has closed. The ship has sailed out to sea, and it will carry no blessing for you. Let us stop a moment and think that it is the moment that is not lost—the opportunity saved—that brings its meed of blessing. Why are you so happy to-night? Your very soul is full of joy. You cannot help singing. Your face is all smiles. You can scarcely keep from shouting out your happiness. Why? Is it because of some triumph of the day? Have you gained the victory over some hard task? That is enough to make one glad. But it is not the highest source of joy, after all. Was it because the teacher gave you a good mark for the class recitation? You like to win those marks, but they are not worth being so supremely happy over, are they? Was it not the loving thing you did for someone? Surely that swung the gate open before you and let a flood of real, heaven-born joy into your heart. So be ready while the way is still open. Win the blessing while you may.

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



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 alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" 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. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. 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.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without tearing 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 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, said I 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 to 75 cents a week over that on 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 50c 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 six minutes.

Address me personally—

W. E. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.
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