

dred spirit and the entrance into a new friendship.

"Shall we tell him to-night, Anne?" "Dear, do you think he needs to be told?"

"You mean that he knows it already?"

"Yes." "I think he does, but it would make him very happy if you would tell him."

"But, Cecil, I do not want to tell him." Then seeing the wonder and chagrin on his face, she added: "Do not be hurt at that. You do not quite understand."

"It is maidenly reserve, is it not, Anne? I do not understand on his part. But he is my uncle and your father's friend, and he is very old. You need not feel so with him."

"But it is not just maidenly reserve." She paused, clasping and unclasping her strong hands. Cecil looked up at her from his seat on the arbor bench, but she was gazing abstractedly across the garden. Very sweet she was in her perplexity.

"Anne, dear," he said, very softly and slowly, putting his arm out to stop her chair swinging. She turned to him and both her hands on his arm. For a moment they sat quiet, as though hushed before something holy seen in each other's souls. But Anne could not look at him long without smiling, such friendliness and comradeship were in their love. In answer to the smile, he teasingly asked her:

"Tell me why, Anne." "Because he would tease me."

"But I tease you and you do not mind."

"She gave him another smile, "he would say, "I told you so." Cecil was somewhat puzzled. "Did he tell you so?"

"Yes," admitted Anne, in confusion.

"Wise old uncle! Aren't you glad he told you so, now that it has all come true?"

"Yes, but I don't want him to tell me he told me so," answered Anne with two or three determined little nods.

"How did he happen to tell you so?" continued Cecil.

"Oh, didn't he tell you, too?" asked Anne in surprise.

"Why, no. He told me that he had a charming young friend whom I must not bother too much, as she was very busy most of the time, and though she was always pleasant to young men she did not enjoy giving them much of her time. She preferred the companionship of story-book people. As soon as I met her I decided that she was altogether too enjoyable an acquaintance to resign to story-book people. Did I bother her?"

"Terribly for about the first ten minutes she knew you."

"And then?" "She wanted to know you better. But did Monsieur tell you he was not satisfied with my story-book people?"

"No; was he not?" "He said my story were not truly happy, that my 'poor young men' always went away sad because they could not marry mademoiselle. And I told him I could not write what I did not know. Then he said he would have you teach me to write happy stories when you should come."

"Anne was flushing under her own confusion and his amused eyes."

"And what did you say to that?" asked Cecil, laughing.

"Anne tossed her head. "I said I did not want to learn, and when you came I was going to dislike you very much and give you all sorts of trouble in your school."

"Did I prove a good teacher?" "Anne smiled at him in a way that made a verbal answer unnecessary."

"And will you write a 'happy story' now?"

"No."

"There was a surprised silence during which Cecil regarded her amusedly. "You are like this garden in which you have grown, Anne. One is always coming upon surprises here. Why will you not write a 'happy story' now?"

"Because," she began, seriously and looking at him, paused while her eyes grew tender almost to tears, "because," softly, "where the 'happy' begins is too sacred to write."

"It was morning again in the garden, Monsieur was too feeble now to walk as he had walked in the early summer. So he spent his morning on the shady veranda, swinging slowly in his big chair. His broad, black hat lay on the table beside him, and near it his gold-headed cane. His eyes were closed and his lips murmured bits of the Office. The morning breeze lifted the white hair on his brow. Polly in her cage nearby was quietly preening, seeming to know that her master was weary and needed quiet."

"Time passed. Now and then one of the black-robed nuns came to the door, and seeing Monsieur sleeping, turned away smiling because he rested well. At 10 or thereabouts Anne came through the garden toward the veranda to tell him her 'happy story' as she had finally agreed to after Cecil's request. She came shyly for one so strong, pausing to pluck a full, white rose. She saw that Monsieur was dozing and thinking that the fragrance would rouse him, stood near, holding the rose toward him. But he slept peacefully on, and Anne sat down to wait, watching the tired, old face. It was a peculiar face. The eyes were gentle, just verging on peevishness, kept from it by humor and sympathy. On the left cheek, below the eye, was a large, rough

wart, which, with two deep lines between the brows, gave to that side of the face an intensely gross and ogreish look when the kind, blue eyes were closed; but when open, a twinkle from them transformed the crossness into an irresistible roguishness.

Monsieur smiled in his sleep and murmured the words of the Benediction. Polly promptly responded.

"Bon jour, Monsieur; bon jour!"

Anne, too, murmured. "Bon jour, Monsieur," and at a sudden strange change in the face before her, called less softly, "Monsieur, and Monsieur, wake up!"

But Monsieur did not hear her. His head dropped forward on his breast, and the long, white hair fell over his face. Anne, with terror in her voice, called sharply:

"Monsieur, Monsieur!"

And Polly, hearing the note of terror, rustled her wings and screamed wildly:

"Monsieur, Monsieur, qu'avez vous?"

But Monsieur did not hear her. Sitting so quiet on the shady veranda musing over the problems of his "dear children" and reading his Office he had fallen asleep not to awaken.—Mary R. Brennan in Extension.

AN OLD IRISH WOMAN'S ROSARY BEADS

Translated from "Le Messager de la Consolation."

During the course of a mission preached in London Father Conway, who had been thirty-five years in the priesthood, was invited to visit one of the noblest families in the city. The hostess had amongst her jewels modest rosary beads of Irish oak, and the missioner looked his surprise.

"Do you wish me," said the lady, "to tell you its history?"

"I shall be pleased to hear it," he answered.

The story was as follows: "First of all I must tell you that my husband's people were about the greatest fanatics amongst the Protestants, and that my own ideas about Catholics were certainly very false. I had been taught that ignorance and idolatry were their greatest faults. My husband and I were most careful to allow no Catholic to enter our service or have anything to do with our children. One day my waiting maid came into my room almost beside herself with excitement."

"Oh, my lady, see what I have found—one of those horrible Papias idols! And she held towards me the very beads you are looking at."

"Yes, indeed! And where did you find them?"

"At the entrance gate. The doorkeeper said they belonged to a poor old Irish woman who comes every day to sell cross."

I took the rosary with me to the drawing-room, where Harry, my husband, and his younger sister were, and while we were laughing at the thought of the superstitions of Rome two visitors were announced. "At last my young sister-in-law said: 'Letty, will you ask the old lady to come here to-morrow? It will be such fun!'"

"I willingly gave my consent to Clara's proposal. My husband, after some slight hesitation, agreed in his turn. The two visitors were invited to be witnesses of a scene from which we hoped to derive much amusement, and one of the servants was ordered to bring the old woman next day."

The following morning at an unconsciously early hour we were all together again. Harry had completely entered into the spirit of the game, and I was working out the means of converting this poor, ignorant creature.

"There she is!" my husband suddenly called out. And we all went in a body towards the window to see a little old woman, very neat in appearance, coming up the principal avenue beside our condescending-looking footman. She seemed to be disputing and protesting vigorously.

"What, to go into that grand room with my dirty boots! Sure, the lady can come here and tell me what she wants me for."

"No, my good woman, come in," said I to her, going to the door. "We don't intend to do you any harm."

"She made a courtesy in her old-fashioned way."

"Do me any harm? Who in the world would want to do me any harm?"

"Certainly, nobody. But come in."

"She allowed herself to be persuaded at last, came in, and then the following conversation:

"Tell me, my good woman, have you lost anything?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. And what can Mary Feenan have to lose, my lady?"

"Lost my God? May the Almighty God preserve me! Whatever can you mean by saying that?"

"Don't be angry, Mrs. Feenan. You have lost an idol, one of the things that you Papias adore. And I held towards her the rosary."

"Oh, then you have found my beads! May the good God reward you, my lady! That's all I can say, only I am greatly obliged to you."

"Wait a moment, if you please. Do you know, my good woman, that his sin to adore idols?"

"But I don't adore idols." And Mary straightened herself up.

"It was Father Mahony himself may God give him the light of heaven!—who taught me to say the rosary,

and explained the meaning of it as well."

"I smiled with pity, and said to her: 'You should read your Bible, my poor creature, and not allow yourself to be tyrannized over and bewitched by your priests.'

"The pious Irish woman had forgotten her shyness, for she began to laugh."

"Sure, my lady, I can't read at all, but I know as much about my religion as anybody," and her fingers caressed the black stones of her beads. "I know very well you are making fun of me. Well, never mind. This is what my read teaches me, this is what I read. And in a voice loud and clear, her eyes shining the while, she began:

"Do you see this crucifix? Well, when I look at it I think how Jesus died for me on Calvary. I think of all His wounds, of all His sufferings, and I say: 'Sweet Jesus, give me the grace never to offend you,' and she fervently kissed the cross."

"Now, do you see this big bead and these smaller ones? That tells me there is only one God, and in that one God there are three persons. You can see there are also three beads in the rosary and a medal, which reminds me of a tabernacle."

"We listened in awe and silence, and Clara had drawn nearer to the old woman."

"These six large beads remind me that there are six commandments of the Church besides the commandments of God, and that I must keep them, and the holy woman began to say them, then stopped to take breath."

"Now, the rosary in itself is composed of fifteen mysteries in honor of the Mother of God—five joyful, and she enumerated them, 'five sorrowful,' and she named them, 'five glorious,' and in enumerating the later her voice was raised. Then she added:

"When I go about the world trying to earn my living honestly I say the joyful mysteries. When the day's work is hard, and I ask myself whether I will have any supper, I repeat the sorrowful mysteries, and I say to myself, 'Mary Feenan, why are you uneasy? Sure all this will end one day, and God will give you His grace in the finish.' And when I have bravely surmounted my difficulties, the least that I can do is to recite the glorious mysteries in honor of her who is the Mother of all. And this is how I spent my life."

"Let us go; we have heard enough," said my husband. "Give this poor creature her beads and let her go."

"Not one of us cared to speak of the wonderful things we had heard, but I asked myself was that the religion I had been taught to despise? I often saw Mary again. She cheerfully gave me her dear Rosary beads when I asked her for it. At last the day came when I asked F—to instruct me for baptism."

"When I had been received into the Catholic Church I told my husband of the fact. He was very angry, more angry, than I had ever seen him. But I waited and prayed, and after some weeks he said to me: 'Go to your church if you will; the children and I will go to ours.' The time passed thus, until one Sunday morning I said in my turn: 'Come with me to-day, Harry.'"

"He yielded, and before the end of that year, I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing my seven children and their father received into the bosom of the Catholic Church."

"I finished speaking."

"And that is how you have always the old Irish woman's beads about you?" I said, after a moment's silence.

"Always, father. And very often on my reception days some lady of my acquaintance comes to examine the stones of my beads. 'Oh, Lady—what strange stones! Have they come from India.'"

"No, not from India."

"Are they very precious?"

"Oh, very, very precious! They are worth millions to me."

"And when I have fully roused the curiosity of my questioner I relate to her this story just as I have told it to you. So you see my poor old Irish woman's rosary beads are still doing their good work, still continuing their apostleship."

SYMBOLS OF THE APOSTLES

The earliest symbolism of the Apostles represents them as twelve lambs, with Our Lord, as a sheep, in their midst, with a nimbus about His head. They next appear as twelve venerable men, very similar in appearance.

The following is, according to tradition, the origin of the Apostles' Creed. The Apostles all met together, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, each uttered an article of the Creed. The early artists seized upon this idea and represented each Apostle as holding in his hand a scroll on which was inscribed the articles he had uttered. In these representations the number of the Apostles varies. In some pictures, frescos and mosaics, Judas is numbered with the twelve; in others, SS. Paul, Matthias and Barnabas are included.

As already stated, the instruments of their martyrdom, furnished additional symbols whereby to distinguish each Apostle. St. Andrew is recognized by a cross decussate \* \* \* that bears his name, and on which he was crucified. St. Bartholomew bears the knife with which he was flayed alive. To St. Jude the knotted club is the assigned symbol. St. Paul has a sword for his emblem. To

St. Thomas is given the lance. We may know St. James the Less by a fuller's pole. The symbol of St. Matthew is the hatchet. That of St. Simon is a large saw. To St. Phillip is given the long staff, or pillar, from which he was hanged. Judas carries the money bag that caused his covetousness, and led to his fall. St. Matthias has a battle-axe. To St. John the Divine is assigned a cup from which issues a snake—in allusion to an attempt to poison him. St. Peter is always represented bearing the keys, in reference to the words of Our Lord, and sometimes he has a cock at his side, as a memorial of his denial of Christ.

protecting mother-wings in the lamp. The chick is not fit for the new religion. It does not think.

The Father manifests Himself chiefly in light, sound and electricity. What shall we poor sons do on a dark, silent night, when electricity is not sensed? Strike a match, shout, rub soles with wax with a cat's fur and Our Father will become manifest unto us.

Dr. Eliot pokes fun at savages for finding gods in the lightning, the earthquake, the flood, the drought, the volcano, the mighty wind. But lightning is more sublime than the light of a match or of a firefly; earthquakes and volcanic eruptions more wonderful than the "mew" of a cat. If it be savagery to find gods in the sublime and wonderful, what is it, pray, to find God in the ridiculous, the common, the trifling? Next year's religion may hold a solution.

The President Emeritus of Harvard is one of the most dogmatic men in the United States. He attempts to deliver his pronouncements with more force and authority and insistence than an ecumenical council. At the same time he is continually railing at dogma. His religion will have none of it. There is no magic, no miracle about it. It sneers at Hell and appears to discredit Heaven. Does Dr. Eliot really intend to remain in a third state, Boston, for eternity? What can be his difficulty? Just this: He is Dr. Eliot, and Dr. Eliot hates authority. It matters little to him that his teachings logically lead to complete anarchy. If authority in religion is to be rejected, why not in moral and civil and household affairs also? The authority on which the state and home are founded ultimately rests on a religious basis. The Doctor had better be careful. His cook may become a convert and order him out of bed to help her prepare breakfast. This would be real democracy.

The new religion replaces priest and minister by the surgeon. He is the real Apostle. True, he not perform any of the functions usually associated with an apostle. He will just use his scalpel skillfully, and twentieth century Christians will canonize him and represent him in painted glass, his face aglow with expectation and other, a splendid substitute for a halo. Surgeons, take notice and become immortal by entrance into the twentieth century Church.

All this time Dr. Eliot is professing respect for Christ. He even deigns to name Him Supreme Teacher in the new dispensation. This is a peculiar procedure. First, Christ's doctrines are denied, then Christ is named Supreme Teacher. This is like a sweet chime of tongueless, cracked bells. It is a flat contradiction. Patience. The Doctor is still hale. Next year will give us a solution. As we said in the beginning, the venerable seer makes fair promises of great virtues as the outcome of his Christianity. To do so he distorts history. But what is that to an uncommitted founder of a new religion? The imaginary picture he draws is lovely; the reality would be too hideous for contemplation. The sweetness and love and purity which he thinks will eventuate, would be the sweetness and love and purity of the barbaric Goths. 'The brotherhood he talks about, would be the brotherhood of the untamed Huns. Indeed, if Dr. Eliot's doctrines are ever taken seriously, the world will be little better than hell. But they will not be taken seriously. They will pass. So will the reformer. Christ alone will remain the way, the truth, the light.—R. H. Tierney, S. J. in America.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION

Wonders will never cease. Inventions will never come to an end. A new one is on the market, the strangest of all yet devised by man. It is not a mechanical toy either, nor a machine for making bread. They are commonplace and quite unworthy of aesthetic Boston, the Alma Mater of the inventor. This remarkable invention is nothing less than a new religion, "The Christianity of the Twentieth Century." Its author is Charles Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard. This is the second time the venerable gentleman invented a religion. Last year he fabricated "The Religion of the Future"; this year he gave to the world "The Christianity of the Twentieth Century." In view of the fact that there is no trace of inspiration or revelation in either, this is remarkable fecundity. We trust Dr. Eliot is not exhausted by his efforts. Next year would be dull indeed without another new religion.

The most wonderful feature of "The Christianity of the Twentieth Century" lies in the fact that it is not a religion at all. It is just Dr. Eliot at his worst. Like all his predecessors, this self-made prophet, this uncommissioned preacher holds out large promises to suffering humanity. There is no need which his religion will not meet, no aspiration to which it will not bring accomplished. Sweetness and light, purity and love, peace and comfort, hope and faith will be its gifts. These are comprehensive promises, but they are not half as comprehensive as the religion itself. That is all inclusive. There is a bit of positivism in it, some theosophy, some agnosticism, some pantheism, a tinge of blasphemy, and anything else suitable for wild moods and wilder whims. The line of converts might include the lean Comte, the portly Madame Blavatsky, the vigorous Huxley, the trenchant Ingersoll, and perhaps even the vociferous Paine. They could all either bow before the new high priest or burn incense in his presence. However, none but thinkers would be welcome in the procession.

To be a thinker you must disregard and even denounce the Creation of Man, the Fall of Man, the reception of the Ten Commandments by Moses, and anything else the new seer dislikes. All these are primitive myths, footholds for the rubbish heap, vain and foolish things which no thoughtful man accepts. Thus does Dr. Eliot deliver himself. This, too, despite the fact that millions of more thoughtful men accept the very doctrines which the President Emeritus consigns to the heap as unworthy of credence.

Is a man a dolt because he will not think the irresponsible thoughts of Dr. Eliot; a dunce because he has too much respect for thought and truth to indulge in the wild fancies and exaggerated statements of the founder of this new religion? By what warrant does Dr. Eliot name men so? What are his credentials? We refrain from exposing them, calmed by the knowledge that modesty has never been a distinguishing mark of any reformer. Oftentimes the assurance of such men is in inverse ratio to their knowledge of the subject under discussion. Thinkers of to-day accept the truths sneered at. Thinking men of other and all Christian days accepted them. Windle, a biologist of repute, thinks, he accepts them. Wasmund, the distinguished entomologist, thinks, he accepts them. So do thousands of others. So did thousands of others. So did Copernicus thought, he accepted them. Volta thought, he accepted them. So, too, did Ampere, the electrician; Pasteur, the chemist and biologist; Schwann, the discoverer of the cell theory; Bernard, the physiologist; Stensen, the anatomist; Lænnec, the discoverer of the stethoscope, and so on without number. Even some of the men who taught and are teaching at Harvard accept them. Are they dolt, too, or are they simply different? Just imagine the profound effort required to think that God should not be called God, but Our Father! A queer Father He is, too, according to the new Christianity. He is not an all-holy personal God whom Christians know and adore, but a "sleepless, active energy and will," which actuates all things and is recognized "chiefly in the wonderful energies of sound, light and electricity," and so on. Such is the Father of the new religion—a blind force which will light our pipes and propel our trolleys. In what His Fatherhood consists it is hard to see. Waiving all other implications, pantheistic and otherwise, such an energy would appear to bear less relation to man than the lamp of the incubator to the chicks. No chick is foolish enough to look for

forever; they had no hope of return; they went for their whole lives."

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

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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. 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 you'll need a good man to ride it. 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 was "all right" and that I might have to whistle for a new horse. I once parted with it. So I didn't buy it. I wanted it badly. Now I get set to thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—"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, I thought, 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 my "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time that any other machine does.

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

So, I said to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I would do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer it, 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 to you. Sure that is fair enough, isn't it?

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 you 25 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. I'll give you the machine after the month's trial. I'll pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till I pay for it. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself saves 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.

Address me personally—J. Morris, Manager, "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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Then after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied, with the benefit received, you can send me One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide and we take your word. Send above coupon today and get my Drafts, and my illustrated Book, by return mail prepaid. Address, Frederick Dyer, Dept. P, P.O. Jackson, Mich. Send no money—just the coupon. It's free.

TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES

From time to time we read glowing tributes paid to our Catholic apostles by Protestants, who have visited mission countries and seen with their own eyes the lives which these heroic men lead. Here are two testimonials for the missionaries in China, couched in very convincing terms. The writers were English travelers, and the first, in a book called "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," says:

"Whenever I have met with Roman missionaries I have found them living in bare rooms with just enough tables and chairs for use, or in dirt, noise, and unutterable discomfort of native houses of the lower class; personally attending the sick, and in China, Chinese in life, dress, style and ways; rarely speaking their own language, knowing the ins and outs of the districts in which they live, their peculiarities of trade, and their political and social condition."

"Lonely men, having broken with friends and all home ties for the furtherance of Christianity, they live lives of isolation and self-sacrifice, forget all but the people by whom they are surrounded, identify themselves with their interests, and have no expectation but that of living and dying amongst them."

Another distinguished traveler, Captain (now Sir Francis) Younghusband, bears the same impressive testimony. Traveling in Manchuria in 1880, he made the acquaintance of two French missionaries. He writes: "We recognized immediately that we were not only with good but with real men. What they possessed was no weak sentimentality or flashy enthusiasm, but solid human worth. Far away from their friends, from all civilization, they lived and worked and died; two, indeed, out of three we met have died since we left. When they left home, they left it

forever; they had no hope of return; they went for their whole lives."

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