

## 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 to matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, '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. 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 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 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 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 six minutes.

Address me personally—D. N. Bach, Manager 1900 Washer Co., 357½ Yonge Street, Toronto.

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methods had been too thorough for that, the scheme of her fiendish revenge too well thought out, but she was sick to the very depth of her being, filled with a dreadful horror of what she had done, for she knew well that when the sun rose once more the sinful beauty, that was ruining her son, would be no more, that she had taken from this siren her destroying weapon, that never more would headstrong youth be caught in its nets of evil.

And yet, her revenge accomplished, the horrid deed done, so skilfully and certainly that no human agency could stay its operation, she was filled with fear and dreadful loathing of herself.

There was no comfort in her thoughts. Even that her son was saved—for she knew him well enough to be sure that he was but a moth caught by the glitter of a candle—was no consolation to her. Her deep love for Arthur seemed to turn to something bitter and unholy by what she had done; and in her mind—for she was a religious woman in her way—certain words beat steadily like a dreadful gong: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Hot, scalding tears, warm like blood, rolled down her cheeks; the twitching hands seemed to her unclean, foul, and spotted with hideous crime. Although she knew that what she had done she had done, that there was no hope for her, no way out of it, in her torture and despair she sent up a wordless prayer of agonized contrition, though she had hardly done so when she laughed a loud and ghastly laugh of self-scorn.

She did not hear the bell of the flat ring or the front door open, and she gave a little scream as the door of the drawing-room was flung aside, and a young man in grey tweeds and with a white, drawn face, staggered into the room. He stood swaying for a moment, and then closed the door, leaning back against it.

"Oh, mother," he said, in a broken voice—"mother! I have come back to you. Mother, forgive me! It is dreadful—dreadful!"

"Arthur!" She rushed up to her son, putting her arms around him, gazing into his face with horror in her eyes. "What has happened? Tell me, darling."

"Valeria!" he gasped—"Valeria! This afternoon, just after lunch, I got a letter from her at my chambers. It was a dreadful letter. She had just become engaged to young Lord Helston—a man in the Guards—she told me. She threw me over, after all she has sworn to me and after all I have done, like an old shoe. And then—he struggled for utterance, and put his hand to his throat with a convulsive gesture—"and then, this afternoon, about half-past three, as she was driving down Bond Street and turning into Piccadilly a motor-omnibus ran into her cab, and she was killed instantly. Oh, mother, mother!"

She led him gently to the sofa as if he were a child, and sat down beside him, holding him close to her with loving, soothing words. And all the time, as she soothed him and saw him grow gradually calmer, the awe-inspiring words still pulsed within her brain:

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

A Certainty.—Heck—"If I ever marry I'll rule the roost or know why."

Peck—"You'll know why, all right."

—Boston Transcript.

Still Equal To It.—A certain man, the size of whose family is a standing joke among his friends, has a story to offset any jokes that may be thrust at him about his offspring. He tells of the census taker who, in the course of his calls in the East End, came to a tenement that was literally crowded with youngsters. Said he to the lady who was bending over the washtub:

"Madam, I am the census taker, how many children have you?"

"Lemme see," said the woman, straightening up and wiping her hands on her apron. "There's Florence and Mary and Angelina and Lucy and Charlie and Bob and Will and Horace and Jim and"—She paused for breath.

"Madam," said the census man, "if you could just give me the number—"

"Number," she replied, indignantly, "we ain't got to numbering 'em yet, we ain't run out o' names."

## WESTMOUNT

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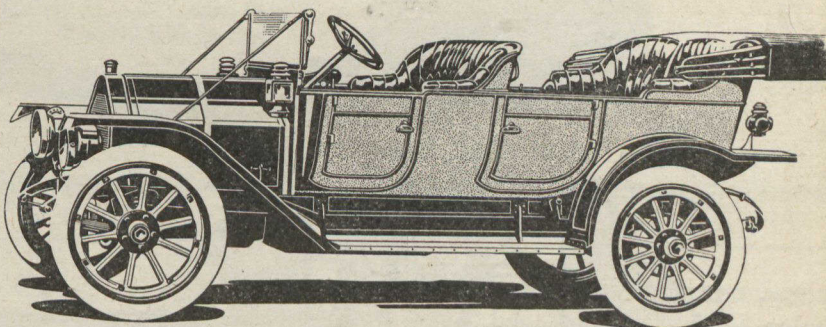
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