

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. 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 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, 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 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 60 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.

Address me this way—F. A. A. Bach, The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

\$100

for this 16-in. PLUME



This plume is just the kind for which you would have to pay \$5.00 at any retail store. It is extra wide, fully 16 inches long, in all colors, with willow flues of great length that do not lose their curl easily. Send us \$1.00 to-day, for this lean opportunity not to be missed. We offer also an extra large and handsome \$1.50 plume at \$2.50.

Send money by mail, express or money order. Remember that your money will be refunded if the plume is not entirely satisfactory.

New York Ostrich Feather Co., Dept. 69, 513-515 B'way, N.Y.

NOTICE TO HORSE IMPORTERS

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will meet importers at any port in France or Belgium, and assist them to buy Percherons, Belgians, French Coach horses. All information about shipping, banking and pedigrees. Many years' experience. Best references. Correspondence solicited.

Shorthorns

Choice selections of bulls and heifers at all times for sale at very reasonable prices. Robert Nichol & Sons, Nagersville, Ont.

going to tell you how I spent a day of my summer holidays.

Early one morning my cousin and I went to Toronto (a distance of about sixty-five miles), on the seven-o'clock train. It takes about three hours to go from St. George. When we arrived at our uncle's, they were just getting ready to go to the Island, to a picnic. We were all ready, and went with them. We got on a large boat to go over, but it only took us about five minutes. When we got there we had lots of fun watching the different races. There were about seventeen in our party. Then we girls ran races for cones, but the others got one, too. After a while we sat down to lunch, but just before we began to eat, a gentleman came and took our pictures. After tea the boys hired two canoes and we went for a row out on the bay. At times I would draw my hand along the water, and it would be very warm, then all of a sudden it would get ice cold. When we landed again, we walked over to Hanlan's Point. It is a walk of about two miles. When walking along (it is right by the lake) you could see the lights of the ships away out on the lake, and hear the water splash up

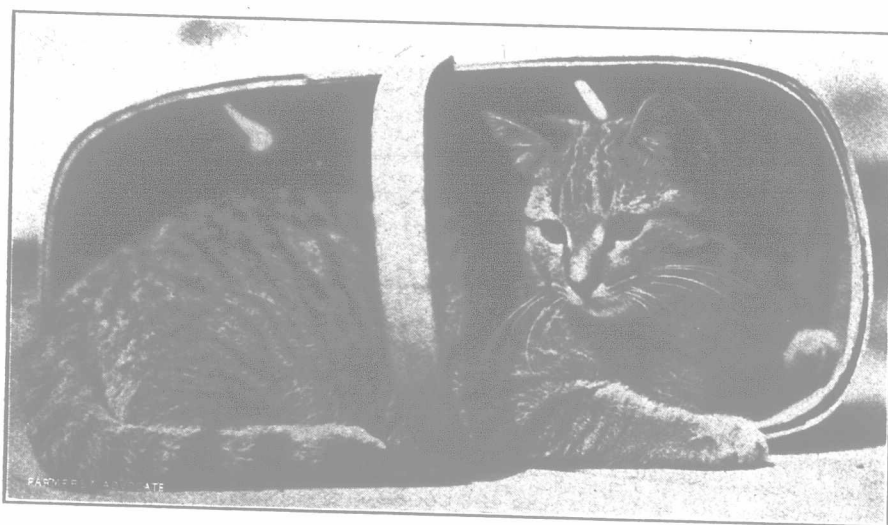
ing with me, and he will follow me upstairs and all over, just like a kitten. One day he nearly ended his life in our dog's mouth, but I arrived on the scene in time to save him. Another time he burrowed so deep in my hair that I could hardly get him out. He chewed a good new indelible pencil of mine into slivers, and he nearly ruined a plant. But for all his pranks we love him still, and would be very sorry to lose him.

Now, Puck, I'm sure you think I have stayed long enough, but before I go I want to ask the big boys and girls why they don't write longer letters, and write oftener. Now, why don't you? I should think you would want to help the Beavers more. I wish everyone much success. Bye-bye, Sweet Ones.

Carleton Co., Ont.

ANNIE LAURIE MacLAREN.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, and I will try and not make it too long. My father is an old subscriber to "The Farmer's Advocate," and finds it a very interesting paper. I live on a farm not far from the village of Creemore. I go



My Little Gray Kitty and I.

against the shore. When we got to the Point, I was so tired I could hardly stand, but it all passed away when I saw all the pretty things. The The king and queen's crown are all made of electric lights, besides there are many little amusements which take up a lot of time. After a while we got on the boat and went back to uncle's. It was about one o'clock a. m. when we got back. I certainly had a "big day."

Wishing the Circle every success, and hoping this escapes the w-p. b., I will say good-bye.

GRACE ROSEBRUGH (Book Sr. IV.), St. George, Ont.

Good-day, Dear Puck and Beavers,—Isn't it a lovely day? How are you all feeling? I hope you are as spry as I am.

I passed my Entrance Exam. this year, but am not going to High School for a while yet. I am twelve years old. Now, dear "Mr." Puck, wouldn't you like to hear about "Kelly"? Who is Kelly, anyway? Let me describe him. He is an animal about the size of a small rat. He has a brown coat of fur, plus black eyes, and a bushy tail. He can whisk around the house like lightning. Now I know you have guessed that he is a squirrel. Right you are, and I am going to give you an outline of his history.

My brother found him one day as a poor, fat, squirrel, tottering around the barn nearly starved. He took him to the house, where, for a while, we were puzzled as to what to feed him. Finally we fed him a small portion of milk weakened with water and sweetened with sugar. He drank this greedily and looked for more. But we didn't feed him again until about one-half hour had passed. Next we put him in a box with clover and a wire cloth front. Such was Kelly's babyhood. But soon he grew fat and frisky, and we fed him everything. His favorite articles of food are: Bread soaked with milk, pumpkin seeds, pig, and apples.

Maybe you would like to hear about some of his stunts and tricks. Well, but he is a party, and I can't tell you is very tame, and I don't see him play-

to school and I like it fine. I have started to make a collection of seeds, and I have got very enthusiastic over it. My brother has made a collection, but I don't think I will get as many as he has, for it is getting a little late in the season. A good plan for keeping the seeds is to get small bottles and mount them on cardboard.

RUTH MILLER (age 12), Creemore, Ont.

P. S.—I would like some of the Beavers to correspond with me.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS

[For all pupils from First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

My Little Gray Kitty and I.

(From Pets and Animals.)

When the north wind whistles 'round the house,

Piling the snowdrifts high,

We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—

My little gray kitty and I.

I tell her about my work and play,

And all I mean to do,

And she purrs so loud I surely think

That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,

And softly licks my face;

As I tell her about the word I missed,

And how I have lost my place.

Then let the wind whistle, for what to us

Matters a stormy sky?

Oh, none have such jolly times as we—

My little gray kitty and I.

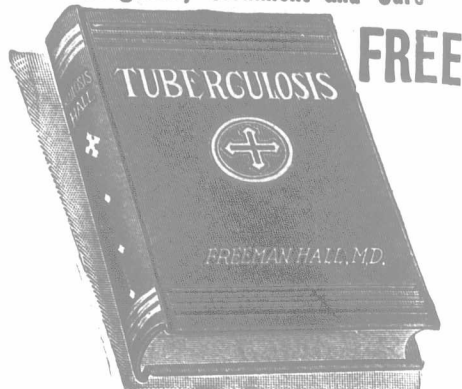
—Florence A. Jones.

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I will tell you about a pony papa bought last spring. He had a ringbone, and papa cut it out. His name is Ned. I put him in the stable every night and morning. He is so kind and nice, I really love him. We have a dog; his name is Toby. We can hitch him up to the wagon, and he is a favorite of all the family. One thing about him I

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Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 1630 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write to-day. It may mean the saving of your life.

DEER- VENISON

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84 Front Street, E., TORONTO

We offer daily the highest prices.

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DEERSKINS

Housewife—Man! Man! an' what will the neebors think o' ye making sic a clatter wi' yer hammerin'?

Husband—Neebors or no neebors, I maun get t' pigsty mendit.

Housewife—Aw, Angus, but it's vera wrong to work on the Sawbath—why do ye no use screws?

CURED HIS WIFE SO HE TRIED THEM

Leon Sergent found new health in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered with his Kidneys and was very feeble, but now he is feeling fine.

Saint Walburg, Sask., November 13.—(Special.)—One healthy, happy family in this neighborhood are always ready to speak a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sergent, and here is the reason in Mr. Sergent's own words:

"I suffered with my Kidneys and I was very feeble. My urine was thick and had a brick-dust sediment. As Dodd's Kidney Pills had already cured my wife, I bought three boxes. Now my urine is normal, and I feel fine."

It is statements such as these that give Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. They are no cure-all. They simply cure diseased Kidneys and ills that come from diseased Kidneys. But no matter what neighborhood you visit, you find some man or woman who has been sick and in pain, and has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. For a score of years this work has been going on, and to-day in every part of Canada Dodd's Kidney Pills are known as the one sure cure for Kidney Disease, Urinary Troubles, Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes, and Bright's Disease.