



Saw Your Neighbors' Wood

IN that way you can make the Renfrew Standard gasoline engine pay for itself. You can readily get from \$7.50 to \$12.00 per day for your engine and your own services. Your expenses would not exceed \$1.50 per day for gasoline and oil. That gives you a net \$6.00 to \$10.00 profit for a day's sawing. One of our customers made \$350.00 in six weeks, and another customer, with a small-sized engine, made \$175.00 in thirty days. You can do the same.

Renfrew Standard
It starts without cranking

The Renfrew Standard Portable Sawing Outfit shown above is the handiest, most efficient sawing outfit on the market. Besides being simply unequalled for sawing cord wood, fence posts, poles, etc., it can also be used for any other purpose that a regular portable engine can be used for.

Like all other Renfrew Standard engines it starts without cranking in cold or warm, rainy or snowy, weather. It can be regulated to any desired speed without stopping the engine. Has a governor on the fly-ball steam-engine type, a remarkably simple carburetor, and large bearings. Built throughout of the best materials and with absolute accuracy. No finer engine on the market—and none so simple or so easy to run.

Write for booklet giving complete description.

The Renfrew Machinery Co., Limited

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lishman's dislike of chilling his internals.

New York is really a fine city by night, that is, in parts at least, and yet it is very strange how comparatively few of the rank and file of its inhabitants walk abroad to see the spectacle.

By lamplight the scars and wounds of subways appear less vivid, and the perpetual skeleton of the skyscraper merges in its background. The occasional good bit of architecture steps out boldly from the surrounding shadows of daylight discouragement. City life does not seem to be such an exhausting struggle, and even the "misery wagons," as I always call ambulances to myself, look less dreary with the blinking light fore and aft, for you cannot go far in New York without feeling the pitying thrill of their gongs.

After the brightness of Broadway the side streets seemed cavernous. As we turned westward and crossed Sixth Avenue a dark figure, outlined full against the blazing window of a corner liquor saloon, lined with mirrors, in some way fixed my attention. It was a woman's figure, slight, and a little crouching. The hat was gay and set on puffy hair, the jacket brave with lace, but the skirt was frayed where it lapped the pavement, and the boot that pushed from beneath it, as if to steady a swaying frame, was thin and broken. I do not know why I looked back after I had passed, but as I did so, I saw the girl, for she was little more, pull a scrap of chamois from a little bag she carried and quickly rub rouge upon her hollow cheeks, using the saloon mirror for a toilet glass. But when I saw the face itself I stopped short, giving Evan's arm such a tug that he also turned.

The woman was Jennie, the Oakland baker's only daughter, who had no lack of country beaux, but was flattered by the attentions of one of the Jenks-Smith's butlers, whose irreproachable manners of the count-in-disguise variety made the native youths appear indeed uncouth. She grew discontented, thought it beneath her social position to help her mother in the shop, and went to town to work in a store, it was said until her wedding, which was to be that autumn. Father worried over her and tried to advise, but to no purpose. This was more than two years ago. The butler left the Jenks-Smith's, and we heard he was a married man, with a family who had come to look him up.

Jennie's mother said she had a fine place in a store, and showed us, from time to time, presents the girl had sent her, so thus to find the truth was a shock indeed. Not but what all women who are grown must bear upon them the weight of the general knowledge of evil, but it is none the less awful to come face to face on a street corner with one who was the pretty village girl, whom you last saw standing behind the neat counter with a pitcher of honeysuckles at her elbow as she filled a bag with sugar cookies for your clamoring babies.

I suppose that I must have exclaimed aloud, for Jennie started back and saw us, then dropped her bag and began to grope about for it as if she was in a dream.

"Can't we do something?" I whispered to Evan, but he only gravely shook his head.

"Give her this for the boys' sake," I begged, fumbling in his change pocket and finding a bill there. "Tell her it's home money from the Doctor's daughter—and to go home—or buy a pair of shoes."

At first I thought she was not going to take it; but having found her bag she straightened herself a moment, half defiant, half beseeching, grasped the money almost fiercely, and scuttled away in the darkness, and I found that I was crying. But Evan understood,—he always does,—and I hope that if the boys read this little book fifteen or twenty years hence, that they will also.

As we reached the door the first snowflakes fell. Poor Jennie!

The third day of our stay began in country quiet. In fact we did not wake up until eight; everything was snowbound, and even the occasional horse cars that pass the front of the house had ceased their primitive tink-

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 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 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till I 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.

A. O. MORRIS, Manager 1900 Washer Co.,
357 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE PLAYTIME



A great economist has said that the happy home is the very bone and sinew of our national life; but no home is as happy as it should be if the wife and mother is so utterly tired at night that she cannot be a cheerful companion in the family circle.

The greatest labor saver, the best conservator of health, strength and cheerfulness is the "Playtime" Washer. It takes the tired feeling out of wash-day. It is an efficient helpful servant that never tires and is always ready. As a power machine it is specially adapted for the country where gas, gasoline, steam engine or windmill power is available.

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