

Plymouth Binder Twine

SAVES TIME AND GRAIN

Twine is a small item, but good twine saves a lot of expense in harvest time. Every time your machine is stopped the delay costs you money. Time in harvest season is always valuable, and sometimes extremely precious on account of the condition of weather or grain. Be sure you use the **best** twine,—PLYMOUTH TWINE. Then you will be safe from the annoyances, delays, expenses, which ordinary twine causes. Plymouth Twine works perfectly in every machine. More of it is made and used every year than any other kind, because it is known to be the best and has been for years. Binds more sheaves with less expense, no knots, no breaks, and is guaranteed full length and extra strength. Get Plymouth Twine from the local dealer. Look for the wheat-sheaf tag.

Use
Plymouth
Rope. It has
the same
high quality
as our twine.

**PLYMOUTH
CORDAGE COMPANY**

Largest Rope Makers in the world—Oldest in America

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Let This Machine Do Your Washing Free.



See the "S" shaped swing links beneath the tub.

These links do nearly all the hard work when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough hot, soapy water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub, and with it you revolve the tub one-third way round.

The machine must have a little help from you at every swing, but the motor links do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking-chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

When you revolve the tub the links cause it to move up and down as it swings—the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water through and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot, soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics without any rubbing—without any wear and tear from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Gravity Washer.

A child can do this in six to ten minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in twice the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

This is what we say; now, how do we prove it?

We send any reliable person our "1900 Gravity" Washer, free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in four hours as you will wash by hand in eight hours you send it back to the railway station—that's all.

But if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves half the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own or on a washwoman's labor. We intend that the "1900 Gravity" Washer will pay for itself, and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month if we did not positively know they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in half the time, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it pay for itself? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overflows our factory.

Write today, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Address me personally on this offer, viz.: F. A. W. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 1534

The Golden Dog

(Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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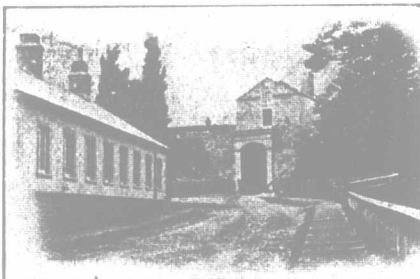
CHAPTER XVI.

Angelique Des Meloises.

"Come and see me to-night, Le Gardeur." Angelique des Meloises drew the bridle sharply as she halted her spirited horse in front of the officer of the guard at the St. Louis Gate. "Come and see me to-night; I shall be at home to no one but you. Will you come?"

Had Le Gardeur de Repentigny been ever so laggard and indifferent a lover, the touch of that pretty hand, and the glance from the dark eye, that shot fire down into his very heart, would have decided him to obey this seductive invitation.

He held her hand as he looked up with a face radiant with joy. "I will surely come, Angelique; but tell me—"



Old St. Louis Gate, Quebec.

She interrupted him laughingly: "No; I will tell you nothing till you come! So good-bye till then."

He would fain have prolonged the interview, but she capriciously shook the reins, and with a silvery laugh rode through the gateway and into the city. In a few minutes she dismounted at her own home, and giving her horse in charge of a groom, ran lightly up the broad steps into the house.

The family mansion of the Des Meloises was a tall and rather pretentious edifice, overlooking the fashionable Rue St. Louis.

The house was, by a little artifice on the part of Angelique, empty of visitors this evening. Even her brother, the Chevalier des Meloises, with whom she lived, a man of high life and extreme fashion, was to-night enjoying the more congenial society of the officers of the Regiment de Bearn. At this moment, amid the clash of glasses and the bubbling of wine, the excited and voluble Gascons were discussing in one breath the war, the council, the court, the ladies, and whatever gay topic was tossed from end to end of the crowded mess-table.

"Mademoiselle's hair has got loose and looks like a Huron's," said her maid, Lizette, as her nimble fingers rearranged the rich, dark-golden locks of Angelique, which reached to the floor as she sat upon her fauteuil.

"No matter, Lizette; do it up a la Pompadour, and make haste. My brain is in as great confusion as my hair. I need repose for an hour. Remember, Lizette, I am at home to no one to-night except the Chevalier de Repentigny."

The Chevalier called this afternoon, Mademoiselle, and was sorry he did not find you at home," replied Lizette, who saw the eyelashes of her mistress quiver and droop, while a flush deepened for an instant the roseate hue of her cheek.

"I was in the country, that accounts for it." There, my hair will do!" said Angelique, giving a glance in the great Venetian mirror before her. Her freshly donned robe of blue silk, edged with a foam of snowy laces and birdclaws, set off her tall figure. Her arms, bare to the elbows, would have excited Juno's admiration. Her eyes, cast to

greater efforts in praise of them. Her dainty feet, shapely, aspiring, and full of character as her face, were carelessly thrust forward, and upon one of them lay a flossy spaniel, a privileged pet of his fair mistress.

The boudoir of Angelique was a nest of luxury and elegance. Its furnishings and adornments were of the newest Parisian style. A carpet woven in the pattern of a bed of flowers covered the floor. Vases of Sevres and Porcelain, filled with roses and jonquils, stood on marble tables. Grand Venetian mirrors reflected the fair form of their mistress from every point of view—who contemplated herself before and behind with a feeling of perfect satisfaction and sense of triumph over every rival.

A harpsichord occupied one corner of the room, and an elaborate bookcase, well-filled with splendidly-bound volumes, another.

Angelique had small taste for reading, yet had made some acquaintance with the literature of the day. Her natural quick parts and good taste enabled her to shine, even in literary conversation. Her bright eyes looked volumes. Her silvery laugh was wiser than the wisdom of a precieuse. Her witty repartees covered acres of deficiencies with so much grace and tact that men were tempted to praise her knowledge no less than her beauty.

She had a keen eye for artistic effects. She loved painting, although her taste was sensuous and voluptuous—character is shown in the choice of pictures, as much as in that of books or of companions.

There was a painting of Vanloo—a lot of full-blooded horses in a field of clover; they had broken fence, and were luxuriating in the rich, forbidden pasture. The triumph of Cleopatra over Antony, by Le Brun, was a great favorite with Angelique, because of a fancied, if not a real, resemblance between her own features and those of the famous Queen of Egypt. Portraits of favorite friends, one of them Le Gardeur de Repentigny, and a still more recent acquisition, that of the Intendant Bigot, adorned the walls, and among them was one distinguished for its contrast to all the rest—the likeness, in the garb of an Ursuline, of her beautiful Aunt Marie des Meloises, who, in a fit of caprice some years before, had suddenly forsaken the world of fashion, and retired to a convent.

The proud beauty threw back her golden tresses as she scanned her fair face and magnificent figure in the tall Venetian mirror. She drank the intoxicating cup of self-flattery to the bottom as she compared herself, feature by feature, with every beautiful woman she knew in New France. The longer she looked, the more she felt the superiority of her own charms over them all. Even the portrait of her aunt, so like her in feature, so different in expression, was glanced at with something like triumph speed with content.

"She was handsome as I!" cried Angelique. "She was fit to be a queen, and made herself a nun—and all for the sake of a man! I am fit to be a queen, too, and the man who raises me highest to a queen's estate gets my hand! My heart?" she paused a few moments.

"Pshaw!" a slight quiver passed over her lips. "My heart must do penance for the fault of my hand."

Petrified by vanity and saturated with ambition, Angelique retained under the hard crust of selfishness a solitary spark of womanly feeling. The handsome face and figure of Le Gardeur de Repentigny was her ideal of manly perfection. His admiration flattered her pride. His love, for she knew infallibly, with a woman's instinct, that he loved her, touched her into a tenderness such as she felt for no man besides. It was the nearest approach to love her nature was capable of, and she used to listen to him with more than complacency, while she let her hand linger in his warm clasp while the electric fire passed from one to another and she looked into his eyes.