

# 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 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—L. O. Morris, Manager 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.



said to himself, but aloud he said in a malicious tone: "I suppose you have sent for your brother to help you out of your little difficulty, Miss Leigh?"

But George interposed, boiling with rage at the insolent manner in which this stranger dared to address his beloved Betty.

"You are quite right," he said, icily. "And if you will kindly manage this little matter for us we shall be obliged," and he handed him an envelope containing the debt.

The young man looked surprised. "Had you not better settle with my mother, Miss Leigh?"

"I shall not see her again," replied Betty. "I am leaving this evening, and," she added by a happy inspiration, "with my brother."

That evening in Lady Sherwell's drawing-room Betty found what she so sorely needed, a woman friend. The dear little, old-fashioned widow lady who had never had a daughter, positively revelled in being able to expend her kindly interest on the sad and lonely young stranger, cast, as it were, at her door. Betty would not for the world have written to her mother about young Merchison's attentions, but she soon found herself confiding the pitiful story of her debt and other troubles to her new employer.

"My dear, that escape of yours with your brother was a stroke of genius," the old lady said, "Was it a sudden inspiration?"

"Yes; it just came into my head, and though George was evidently amazed, he never said a word, and was kind enough to wait till I was ready and my packing finished, and then we went off together."

"We must ask him to dinner."

"I am sorry he can't come now, for he has gone down into Cornwall to-night for his holiday. He is looking so ill, quite unlike himself."

So she chatted on, and from that evening a very happy, peaceful life began for Betty, and neither she nor her kind hostess had any premonition of the bolt about to fall out of a clear sky.

The Rev. John Hutchins, as he smoked and chatted with his visitor,

## WHAT THE INTERNAL BATH IS DOING FOR HUMANITY

Under our present mode of living the large intestine (or colon) cannot get rid of all the waste that it accumulates, so it clogs up, and then biliousness, constipation is the result, and that lack of desire to do, to work, to think.

This waste in the colon as we all know, is extremely poisonous, and if neglected the blood takes up the poisons, and brings on countless very serious diseases. Appendicitis is directly caused by waste in the colon.

If the colon is kept clean and pure you will always feel bright and capable, never blue and nervous—always up to "concert pitch."

There is just one internal bath which will keep the colon as sweet and clean as nature demands it to be for perfect health—that is, the J. B. L. Cascade.

Dr. Tyrrell's method of treatment is being explained at all the Owl Drug Stores in Toronto—770 Queen East, 491 Parliament St., 282 College St., 1631 Dundas St., 990 Bathurst St., 1219 Bloor West, 732 Yonge St., and also at Rutherford's Drug Store, 2 King East.

200,000 people are using it, and doctors prescribing it with great success all over the world. This "assistant-to-Nature" treatment is most interestingly described in a booklet called "Why Man of To-Day is Only 50% Efficient," which you should send for. It will be sent free upon application to Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 564, 280 College street, Toronto.

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was all the time studying him with that quiet power of observation that made him so useful a friend as well as pastor. He and George Heathcote had been school chums notwithstanding the difference in their age, and hitherto no cloud had ever marred their friendship. He had felt deeply for George when his father's death spoilt his immediate prospects, but he knew the boy's character would bear the reverse of fortune for the sake of those he loved and be even strengthened by it. Yet here was George, after no long spell of work a mere wreck. What had caused it? He did not believe it was mere physical fatigue or even mental strain. There must be something else to account for the listless indifference, the furtive self-consciousness of every look and gesture, the shrinking from all intimate talk. George had been at South Combe Vicarage three days, and his reserve and evident misery were more patent than at first. His host never alluded to his health or worried him with questions, but he felt that his most tactful efforts had failed. That very morning he thought he had scored a point, but had been disappointed. George had been a great cricketer, and his friend had tried to interest him in an approaching match.

"My best bat has met with an accident, worse luck," he said, "but I knew you would take his place. We are going to practise to-night, and I'll introduce you to the club as Warren's substitute."

George looked keen and promised eagerly, but in the course of the evening he blurted out, "I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, Hutchins, but the fact is, I can't play with your fellows."

"Can't play! What do you mean?"

"Well, I can't explain, but really don't ask me, there's a good fellow. I would if I could."

It was then that the clergyman diagnosed his friend's case. "Conscience—that's what it is. He has done something he's ashamed of. Poor old George, how shall I get it out of him?" And he continued to smoke and ruminate.

Meanwhile George's life was becoming unbearable. He wandered alone for hours by the sea, and though the influence of a holy home made the thought of the suicide's escape impossible to him, his faith was suffering

though the hardening of his heart. Yet it was love that had brought him to this evil fix. "My little Betty, how could I have left you to bear such a burden!" This was his constant attempt at self-justification.

(To be continued.)

## My Digestion Is Now Good

And I Feel Like a Young Man Since Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.



Prof. A. T. Smith.

What a horrible condition the digestive system gets into when the liver becomes sluggish and the bowels constipated. The poisonous waste matter is thrown back into the blood stream and finds its way into all parts of the body, causing pains and aches and feelings of fatigue and misery.

It is wonderful how quickly Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills sweep the poisons from the digestive system and enable the organs of digestion to resume their natural functions.

Prof. A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles street, Montreal, and formerly of Boston, Mass., writes:—"I suffered for many years from bad digestion, constipation and horrible backaches. I have been treated by many doctors without any results. One day a friend in Boston advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes I noticed great improvement, and after the fourth box I was completely cured. My digestion is good. I never feel any pain in the back. My head is clear and I feel like a young man. I think Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are one of the best medicines on earth."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

And though she thanked him heartily, she added rather pettishly, "Of course not, George, I'm leaving here to-night, and have got a situation with an old lady. It will be very dull, but safe," she added laughing.

It struck him as an odd word for her to use, but before he could speak the door opened and young Merchison entered.

He looked suspiciously from one to the other, but Betty read his thoughts, and with dignity introduced them. "My brother, Mr. Merchison."

The men bowed, but there was a look on Oliver Merchison's face that reassured while it terrified the girl.

"Oho! a brother! That's what makes my lady so independent," he

## Cure that Bunion

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