



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—

"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. 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.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

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 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. K. Bach, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 1/4 Yonge Street, Toronto.

the broken steep was dangerously slow.

Suddenly the moose, realizing that she could not catch the bear, stopped with a wrathful snort. Plowing up the dank moss with her great, out-thrust fore feet, she wheeled about to return to her calf. She started back at a shambling trot, suspecting no evil, and satisfied with herself for having so well routed the enemy. Then she marked that the little one was no longer in his place. She gave one mighty leap forward, her wild eyes sweeping the whole base of the rock. And then, looking upward, she saw what had befallen.

As that black bulk of vengeance came thundering toward her, the lynx strained desperately to lift her prize beyond its reach. The steep at this point was too abrupt for any moose to climb; but the frantic mother hurled herself up it so far that her outstretched hoofs struck the rock on each side of the calf's hind quarters. Daunted for the instant, the lynx let go her hold and shrank away with a snarl. But, seeing how far short of her her assailant had fallen, she sprang forward again and sank her teeth into the victim's throat with confident defiance.

FROM that wild leap the mother had fallen back violently on her haunches. Unconscious of the shock, she drew back a few steps, and rushed again to the attack. This time she came on less wildly; and the lynx, glaring down on her over the shoulder of the prey, had no misgivings. But in reality it was now that the wise old moose was most dangerous. Having come triumphant through many seasons, many vicissitudes, she knew how to handle her powers to best advantage; and in that first leap she had seen that her little one was finished past all helping. Revenge was all that she could strive for.

As she charged again she gathered her gaunt legs beneath her at the last of it, and launched herself upward with a finely calculated effort. Thoroughly deceived, the lynx clung obstinately to her hold, with ears flattening back in angry scorn. But this time she had seriously miscalculated. In the next second one of those huge, battering fore hoofs smote down upon her. It crushed her head right back between her shoulders; and her tense body, suddenly relaxed, slumped forward upon the neck of her victim.

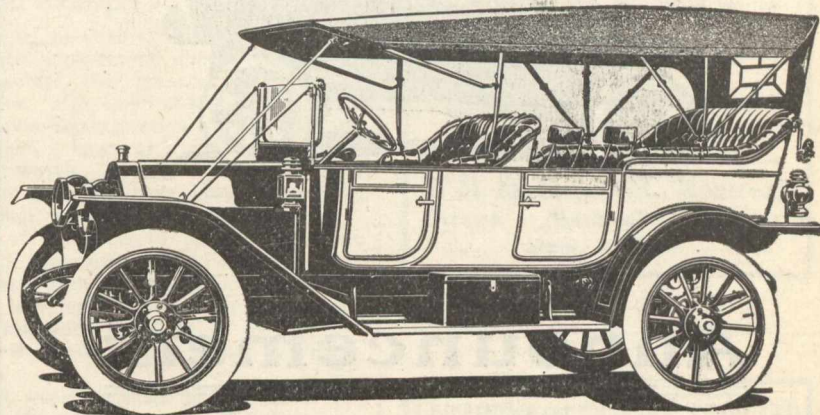
Falling back as before, because it was impossible for her to gain any foothold on that steep, the moose charged once more and repeated her wonderful leap. This time her stroke brought both the bodies tumbling over each other to the ground. The victor, now somber and deliberate in her fury, pawed them care fully apart and proceeded to stamp the carcass of the lynx into the earth. When this was accomplished to her satisfaction, she went and nosed her little one tenderly for several minutes, muttering thickly in her shaggy throat. Then, with drooping head, she stood over it motionless for hours, till the last of the sunset had faded out and all the forest was in blackness. At last the moon got up white among the tree-tops, and ran pale fingers down the face of the rock till they uncovered the grim scene at its base. The moose, as if suddenly pulling herself together to accept the inevitable, lifted her great black head, sniffed the night air with wide nostrils, and made off noiselessly through the cedars.

AN hour or two later the bear came cautiously prowling up. Unseen himself, he had seen his late enemy go stalking by, with an air of no more concern in that part of the forest. Much puzzled, he had come to seek a solution of the mystery. He found the solution entirely to his taste. He grunted contemptuously over the pounded remnants of the lynx, and then, well able to appreciate such a dainty, made a hearty meal of young moose meat. He sat down on his haunches and grumbled happily over his repast, perhaps thinking how favoured were the bears over all other dwellers of the wilderness. It would have been a sound and true reflection, could he but have made it, and no more than the due of the Power that had been so generous to his kind.

Meanwhile, the baby lynxes in their den, now hungry past all caution and mewing harshly, might have been left to a lingering and piteous death. But

(Continued on page 33.)

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