

WAS ALWAYS TROUBLED WITH BOILS AND PIMPLES

Could Not Get Rid of Them
Until He Used

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

All Blood or Skin Diseases are caused by bad blood, and to get it pure, and keep it pure, you must remove every trace of the impure and morbid matter from the system by a blood cleansing medicine such as Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mr. A. F. Hopp, Kipling, Sask., writes: "I was always bothered with Boils, and could not get rid of them, and also had all kinds of Pimples on my face, from early in the Spring till late in the Fall. One of my friends told me about your medicine, and that I had to get something to purify my blood. I got two bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters, and in a short time I was cured, and I have never been troubled with Boils or Pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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 alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" 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 on 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 50c 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—

A. T. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.
357 Yonge Street, Toronto

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on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

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Women Gardeners

By W. R. Gilbert

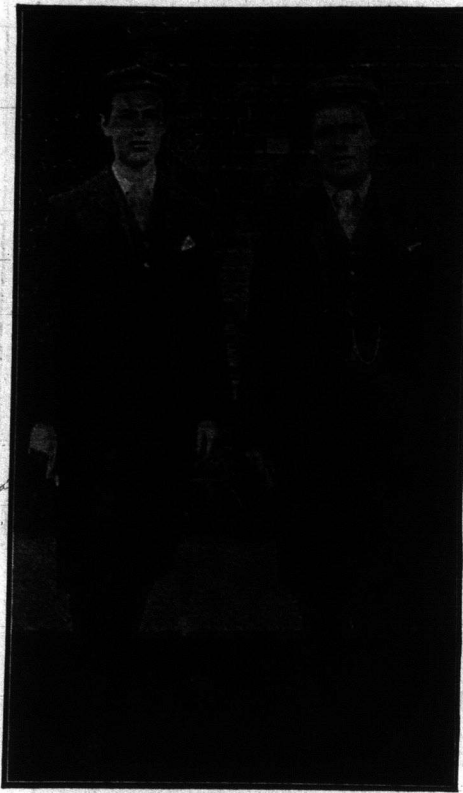
Public opinion is certainly not infallible in its judgments, and many people would unite in saying that it is prone to a particularly annoying habit of regarding as startling and positively dangerous—novelties—things which in reality are almost as old as the hills. A good example of this was afforded by the advent of women into the ranks of professional gardeners, through the medium of a college training, now about twenty years ago. It was useless to point out that women have uninterruptedly been very prominent in field and garden occupations in most countries from time immemorial, and that many of them of the gentlest birth were clever and hardworking amateurs (and, more exceptionally, professional) gardeners in England long before Swanley College was started, even when it was thought ladylike to be languishing; indeed, timorous to the degree of fainting at the sight of a worm! No, the Press, and, consequently, the public, was convinced that to take up gardening was a particularly bold move on the part of the "newest" and most revolutionary women; nor have they entirely abandoned the belief that a professional woman gardener is something very strange, and therefore possible reprehensible (though nobody knows why) to this day.

The public clings to a sort of ideal belief that "woman's place is in the home" with amazing tenacity. It forgets that in baking, brewing, weaving, spinning, &c., she did a great part of the work of the world at home until modern developments in manufacturing perforce altered that state of affairs. As a matter of fact it is impossible for large numbers of women to remain at home to-day. Certainly, if they attempted to, their male relatives would find it such an intolerable burden as to be quickly driven to make forcible protest.

A good example of the incredulous manner in which professional women gardeners were then regarded is afforded by the following letter:

"A good many young ladies at the present time seem anxious to learn gardening. There was I believe, at one time

(\$4½) a week. No girl who has not an exceptionally strong physique could stand it. A young lady in the country pleaded very hard to be taken on here in our houses as a gardener. But in my judgment the thing would be physically impossible."



Women Gardeners, Kew Gardens, England

But mark the sequence. A few years later the writer of the above had become so far converted that a great filip was given to the movement by women gardeners being employed at Kew Gardens, England. They worked the same long hours and performed the same arduous duties as the men, and it was most clearly proved that they were physically capable of doing so; in fact, they even had to work in male costume. Judging by the records of the ten women who worked at Kew, it would appear that only a small percentage of women gardeners long continue actively in the profession, but marriage is largely accountable for this. One of the leading gardeners has said that, although he is sympathetic to women gardeners, he considers it as a duty to those concerned to point out that there are hundreds of competent experienced men gardeners who are glad to accept situations at scavengers' rates, and that many good men fail to make a living at market gardening. It should be more widely known that the chances in the older branches of the profession for college-trained, intelligent young women are not very good.

I feel this point should be emphasized, but it applies equally to young men as well as women who are disposed to take up gardening. I do not say that women with a natural aptitude for the work and possessed of determination to succeed cannot do so; in fact, there is a growing demand for women in several branches of horticulture as teachers, as companion gardeners, &c. Indeed, I think there is less to be said against the daughters of professional men taking up gardening than against their brothers being trained in it.

Looked at apart from the question of pecuniary gain, there is much that is admirable about women in horticulture. Their enthusiasm is unbounded, the energy they put into the most strenuous and even uninviting tasks is remarkable, and male gardeners who have opportunity of judging are generally much impressed by this. Any little jealousy that exists is due to a not unnatural fear that women with less practical experience, but more social gifts, may secure some of the better paid posts, together with some dread of being possibly undersold in the labor market. But as regards this last it is pleasant to be able to point out that there is a determination

on the part of many women gardeners to stand out for reasonable conditions of employment, and their advent into the profession may therefore help to raise the status of gardeners rather than lower it.

The environment and training of a horticultural college must be of real benefit to the students. Many girls pass through Newham and Girton Colleges, who do not afterwards intend to enter any profession, with excellent results, and, as domestic accomplishments are much in evidence at Swanley, these places are even more desirable as alma mater, indeed, Mr. Yoshio Markino would undoubtedly rank their products very high among his "ideal John Bullesses." Progress by women gardeners has not been as rapid as was anticipated by pioneers in the movement, nor am I aware that any of them have as yet accomplished very great things. But women gardeners have undoubtedly come to stay, and as years go by fewer and fewer of those who have any knowledge of the subject can be found to voice the once general opinion that gardening is an unsuitable profession for women. I earnestly counsel girls not to take up gardening in the belief that they will find it a primrose path, but believe that few even of those who have done so and failed now regret it.

Three Little White Heads

By Emily S. Barber

Three little white heads in the doorway
The father and mother can see,
As they drive home from town in the twilight,
As weary as weary can be.

There's a light in the eyes of the mother,
The father looks up with a smile.
"Look, mother," he says, "at the children!

They've been watching, I know, a long while."

The little heads bob in the doorway.
"Hurrah! pa and ma have come back.
O mother, we wanted you sorely!
We all have been crying but Jack.

"He says he's too big for a baby,
But he winked and he rubbed at his eyes,
And I guess he'd have cried in a minute,
But we saw the nice doughnuts and pies,

"And the bread and the cheese that you left us,
So we sat down and ate up our lunch,
And then we played games and told stories!"

They are clamoring all in a bunch.

"And what did you bring us dear mother?
We know you got dresses and shoes,
But did father get peanuts and candy?
And pencils and slates we can use?"

But soon they are all round the table.

"Thank the Lord for the meal that He spreads,"

The father says, softly. The mother smiles, and looks at three little white heads.

When father and mother are resting
At last, when the shadows are deep,
And the little white heads of the children
Have nodded away into sleep,

She says, with a sigh, "We are happy;
Our children are safe in their home.
I wish they could stay with us always,
But some of them surely will roam."

"Let us hope for the best," says the father.

"If they go they will often come back."
But the mother looks anxious and wistful
As she thinks of her girls and of Jack.

How oft in the years that are coming
She will think of those little white heads,
And wish that again they were children
She might cuddle and kiss in their beds!

Mesdames Seaman and Petersen, 283 Smith Street, Winnipeg, inform us that they have just purchased the entire stock of hair goods belonging to a large Belgian importer, and can offer same to the public at a very low figure. We feel sure that our readers will be interested in having the opportunity of participating in such bargains.