

The Washboard Ruins Clothes..

Take a new shirt. Soil it well!

Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard.

Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges and the button holes, closely.

You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned, worn out more than from three months' hard steady use.

Half the life of the garment gone—eaten up by the Washboard.

Shirt cost a dollar, say—Washboard takes 50 cents of wear out of it—you get what's left.

Why don't you cut out the Washboard? Use a "1900 Gravity" instead. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button.

No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, nor tearing the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year.

Try the "1900 Gravity" for four washings! Won't cost you a cent to try it, either. You write to me for a "1900 Gravity" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on their part.

I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge. If you like it then you may keep it.

If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense.

If you keep it you pay for it out of the work and the wear it saves you—at say 50 cents a week. Remember, it washes clothes in half the time they can be washed by hand, and it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads.

It works like a spinning top and it runs as easy as a sewing machine.

Even a child ten years old can wash with it as easily as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself and at my expense.

I'll send the "1900 Gravity" free for a month anywhere so you can prove it without risking a penny.

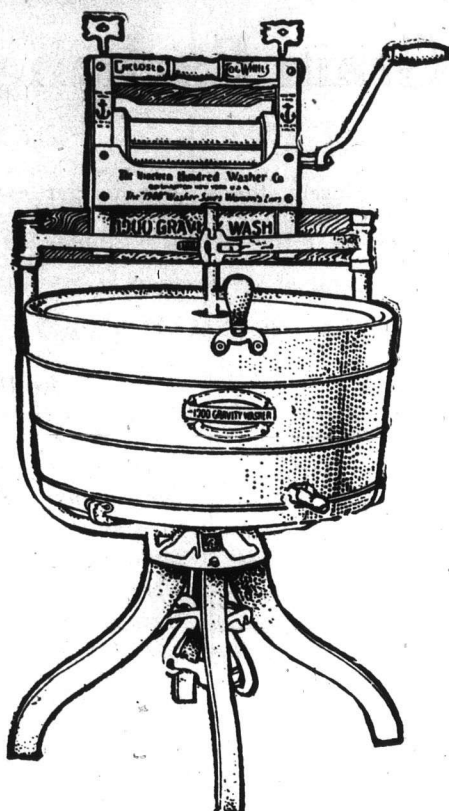
I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight both ways out of my own pocket.

How could I make a cent out of that deal if the "1900 Gravity" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time with half the wear and do all that I say it will?

Write to me to-day for particulars. If you say so, I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days.

More than 200,000 people are now using our "1900 Gravity" Washers. Write to-day to me, personally. W. H. X. BACH, Manager The "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Winnipeg Branch, 374 PORTAGE AVE.



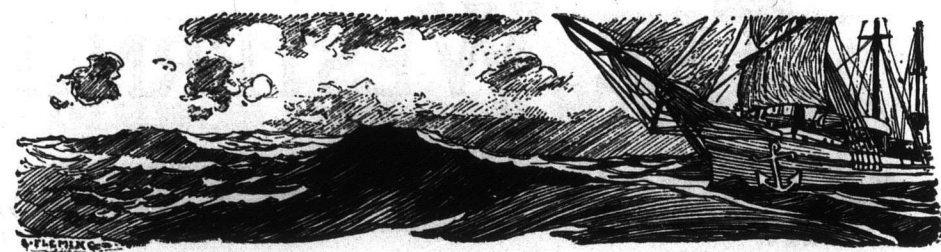
How Weather Changes Bring Death to Roofing

The life of Roofing is Saturation and Coating. Yet this vital part is sorely neglected by nearly every Roofing maker. The Basis of most Roofing, except Brantford, is wood pulp, jute or cotton, both—all short fibred. When it passes through "Saturating Process," it does not become actually saturated—merely coated. This "Coating" is of refuse and quickly evaporates—wears off—exposing foundation to savage weather. It absorbs water and moisture, and becomes brittle, cracks, rots and finally crumbles. Even when new it softens under heat sagging and dripping. But the Foundation of Brantford Roofing is a heavy, evenly condensed sheet of long-fibred pure Wool, saturated with Asphalt, which is forced into every fibre—not merely dipped. It is heavily coated with time-defying, fire-resisting Rock Crystals, which require no painting. This special Coating cannot evaporate and protects inside. Brantford is indestructible, pliable, tight, water, weather, spark, acid, alkali, smoke, fire-proof.

Brantford Roofing

cannot absorb moisture, freeze and crack in cold weather, or become sticky and lifeless in hot weather. Brantford Crystal Roofing is not the kind all manufacturers care to make, because it costs extra money, yet it costs you no more than short-life Roofing. Samples are free from dealer or us. Brantford Roofing, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Brantford Rubber Roofing, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Brantford Crystal Roofing, one grade (heavy) Mohawk Roofing, one grade only.

BRANTFORD ROOFING COMPANY, LTD., BRANTFORD, CAN.



The Mate of the Lingerer Breeze

JOHN T. CHARMING had met his Waterloo. He had been a horse trader, but had the misfortune, in dickering with some Indians, to exchange a "broke" California mustang

for a small herd of "unbroken" cayuses from the wilds of the Owl River Mountains. The cayuses escaped from their corral one night, and, in a stampede through the town, bolted into a cabin occupied by some miners, and upset a coal-oil lamp; whereupon John's native town, Sleeping Vale, Fremont County, Wyoming, went up in smoke. Then he migrated to the Far West, and sought long, but in vain, for work in San Francisco.

He was strolling along the water front, one sunny morning, when his attention was arrested by an unusually trim barkentine made fast to the Howard Street wharf. Her newly painted sides were white as snow. Her tall spars, her gracefully bent sails, her bustling sailors, her spick and span rigging, and the gray smoke that curled from the fore-castle, inspired him with an immediate and irresistible longing for the deep. He strolled down the wharf to the white ship, where he saw a group of busy men arguing some highly exciting matter at the gang plank. Charming elbowed into the little crowd, determined to hear what was said, and resolved to be of any possible service. He was never at a loss for that quality men commonly call "nerve," he had been known to let it carry him into disaster, but the credit side of his life-account showed that it had won him a sufficient number of victories to overbalance the defeats.

He was not long in finding that the men were the owners of the vessel, and her captain, and that they were being prevented from sailing on scheduled time because they were without a first mate.

"The mail is aboard," said a stout, important man, "and here we are delayed. Is there nobody you can get, captain? How about your second mate? Can't you promote him?"

"I can't trust him," responded Captain Cammell. "He has only been with me one trip. I must have an experienced man. There may be squalls on the way, and putting in at Taiohai is no dream."

"What are we to do? What are we to do?" repeated the men in chorus. Captain Cammell paced the wharf with more than usual vehemence, apparently thinking vigorously. The others debated the question among themselves. The mails were aboard, they argued; and, even if their carrier was but an ordinary "wind-jammer," they owed it to the government, to sail on time. Besides, the ebb-tide was due, and, unless the "Lingerer Breeze" should get away from the wharf in a few minutes, she could not sail that day.

John T. Charming looked at the white sides of the pretty bark, and thought. "Why not?" he asked himself. "I've always been ready to tackle anything before, and I guess I can do it yet. I'm not going to stay around idle any longer; and, if I don't know anything about sailing a ship, I shall before I've reached the end of the voyage. So, here goes!"

He sauntered up to Captain Cammell in a careless manner, apparently fully at his ease. The skipper noticed his approach and the kindly smile that seemed to play on his face.

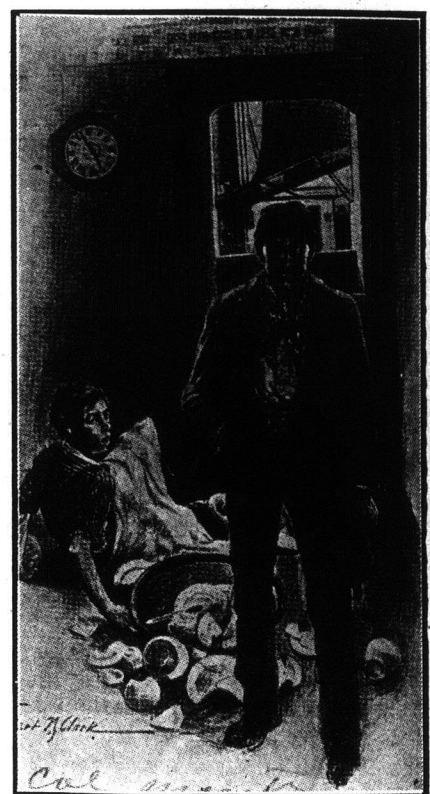
"Lookin' for a mate?" asked Charming.

"Yes, are you one?"

An assuring nod was the only reply. Overjoyed, the captain of the "Lingerer Breeze" simply led the newcomer to the vessel and pushed him on the gang plank.

"All right!" he shouted to the owners, "I've shipped one;" and, without further words, he gave orders to cast away.

Ah! how happy is a genuine sailor, who can ship, at a moment's notice, without clothes or worries or fond good-bys; who lends his life and energies to the great, broad deep, unmindful of danger—a son of the winds, of the eternal blue! Into just such a person had John T. Charming been suddenly transformed. Within an hour he would be outside the Golden Gate, and on the swelling breast of the Pacific, where winds and tides and fitful currents were to carry him to those



Down the Stairway he tumbled, tripping up the Cabin Boy.

sunlit, smiling isles of the South Seas,—the green Marquesas.

Fortunately for the "Lingerer Breeze," a tug towed her out of the harbor, and the new mate had little to do. The captain ordered him to take five of the crew of six, and haul in the hawser as soon as the tug let go. Charming might as well have been told to find the square root of an acre of land. But he had sense enough not to ask what the hawser was or where it was taken in. Years on the deep had told the sailors that it would be taken in over the bow, and there they had assembled. Instinctively the new mate followed them. He gazed at "the city of a thousand hills," at the brown mountains that lay beyond its busy bay, and then at the long green stretch of ocean over whose expanse the doughty Balboa proclaimed eternal peace, and just for a moment he wished he was ashore. But something whispered: "You're in it. Stick."

When the ship was well away from the shore, Captain Cammell shouted to his new mate:—

"Mr. Charming, let her go!"

The first mate was nonplussed. But the only thing it seemed necessary to let go, at that moment, was the tug. He knew it was his duty to obey the captain, but that was the limit of his nautical knowledge. He raised his hand in the air and waved it wildly, in order to attract the attention of the