

## Do You Want to Save \$62 a Year?

You must pay the washer-woman fifteen cents an hour.

It is hard-earned money at that. If you do your own washing or have the servant do it, this steaming, back-breaking hand-chapping, cold-catching, temper-destroying work will cost you more than 15 cents an hour in the end.

It takes eight hours' hard labor to do the average family wash.

Eight hours, at 15 cents, cost you \$1.20 per week for washing.

This means \$62.40 per year, without out reckoning fuel for fires, or wear on clothes.

We will save you half of that—or No Pay.

We will send any reliable person our "1900 Gravity" Washer on a full month's free trial.

We don't want a cent of your money, nor a note, when we ship you the Washer on trial. We even pay all the freight out of our own pockets, so that you may test the machine as much as you like before you agree to buy it.

Use it a full month at our expense. If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time—send it back to the railway station, with our address on it—that's all.

We will then pay the freight back, too, without a murmur.

But, if the month's test convinces you that our "1900 Gravity" Washer actually does 8 hours' washing in 4 hours' time—does it twice as easy—far better, without wearing the clothes, breaking a button or tearing of lace, then you write and tell us so.

From that time on you pay us, every week, part of what our machine saves you, say 50 cents per week, till the Washer is paid for.

Each "1900 Gravity" Washer lasts at least five years, yet a very few months, at 50 cents per week, makes it entirely your own, out of what it saves you on each washing.

Every year our Washer will save you about \$62.00. Yet the "1900 Gravity Washer" won't cost you a cent, under our plan, because we let it pay for itself. You need not take our word for that. We let you prove all we say, at our expense, before you decide to buy it on these terms.

Could we risk the freight both ways with thousands of people if we did not know our "1900 Gravity" Washer would do all we claim for it?

It costs you only the two-cent stamp on a letter to us to bring this quick and easy Washer to your door on a month's trial.

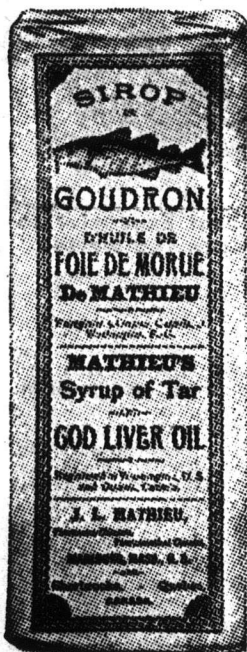
That month's free use of it will save you about \$2.00. You thus risk nothing but the postage stamp to prove our claims, and we practically pay you \$2.00 to try it.

This offer may be withdrawn any time if it crowds our factory.

Therefore **WRITE TO-DAY**, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. A postcard will do.

Address me personally for this offer, viz: W. H. Y. BACH, Manager, The "1900" Washer Company, 387 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 1913

**Winnipeg Branch: 374 Portage Ave.**



## Defies Grippe

Grippe attacks suddenly and violently—It must not be allowed any headway—It begins with fever, headache, pains in the bones and muscles—There is no mistaking its character—

It's attacks soon yield to Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil assisted by Mathieu's Nervine Powders. The Powders are to reduce the fever and banish the pains. The Syrup immediately begins its healing and strengthening process, restoring the affected parts to a healthy condition and giving the whole body greater resisting power.

Grippe requires immediate treatment—so do not delay in getting

**MATHIEU'S SYRUP**

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

AND

**Mathieu's Nervine Powders**

**J. L. MATHIEU CO., Proprietors, SHERBROOKE, P.Q.**

Sold by wholesale trade everywhere. Distributors for Western Canada: FOLEY BROS., LARSON & CO., Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver.

he stuck a pin through it and fastened it on his hatband.

Nothing else happened until he had come to where the strawberries lay dreaming under the cool green leaves. He soon had his pail filled, and was about to start for home, when he spied a little brown rabbit sitting on its hind legs and looking at him with two funny little eyes.

"Hi!" said Tommy. "I'll fix you." So he picked up a stick and struck at the rabbit with all his might; but what was his surprise to see the stick slip from his hand, and run along the ground like a chipmunk and then dart down a hole in the ground, before he could say "Jack Robinson!"

There stood the rabbit, too—only a little farther off—and it had one eye



shut. Tommy wondered if the rabbit was winking at him.

"We'll see," said Tommy.

With that, he started in pursuit of the rabbit, which, however, did not turn around and bound away as rabbits generally do; but, still facing the boy, it began to hop backwards so rapidly that Tommy could hardly keep it in sight.

The pail of berries was thrown aside in the eagerness of the race, and the golden curls blew all around Tommy's glowing cheeks as he ran on and on. Pretty soon it began to grow dark, and then the little boy noticed for the first time that he was in the midst of a lonely forest.

Once he thought he saw a face with tears on it looking at him out of the branches of a great oak tree; but how could his sister be away out there and up in a tree?

"It's only a shadder," said Tom; but he was growing a trifle uneasy. So he whistled.

No sooner had the first clear notes rung out than they were caught up and echoed from a thousand points—only instead of the tune which he meant to whistle, he heard all around him:

"Bobolink, Bobolink! What do you think? This boy killed a butterfly! Spink, spank, spink!"

"Bobolinks don't live in woods," said Tommy; "That's nuthin' but a chipmunk—you can't fool me!"

But his legs began to grow quite shaky all at once, and somehow or other his whistle died away. By this time it was very dark indeed.

"Now is a good time to have your photograph taken, my boy," said a shrill voice close to poor Tommy's ear. He started, but seeing only the little rabbit, which he had been chasing, he plucked up courage enough to say:

"H'm! rabbits can't take photographs! Nobody can take 'em when its all darker'n Egypt, anyhow," he added, emphatically.

"We prefer the dark for taking bad boys' pictures," said the rabbit, who, to Tommy's terror, was growing bigger and bigger. Just you sit down on this stump," he continued in a rougher voice, "and I'll fix you."

Tommy felt he must obey. Then the rabbit, who was by this time as big as a bear, brought a stout hickory sapling and stuck it up in the ground behind Tommy for a head-rest.

It wasn't very comfortable, though, for the rabbit twisted a branch around the boy's head so tight that it made him as fast as the poor butterfly on his hat.

Then the rabbit went off a little way, and pointed the end of a hollow log at the boy, putting his own head just behind it and peering through at him, just as real photographers do.

"Look a little more pleasant," said the rabbit; but it was all Tommy could

do to keep the tears from flowing.

"Don't you wink," said the rabbit. But there was no use in his saying this, for Tommy could not more wink than he could get off from that stump and run home—which is saying a great deal.

"One done," said the rabbit; "but we must try again, this is very poor indeed."

Poor Tommy shivered and trembled all over, for, every time the rabbit looked at him now, he felt as cold as ice.

After four pictures had been taken, the rabbit untwisted the branch from his head, pushed him off the stump, gave him the photographs wrapped up in a big leaf, and bade him run home and give them to his mother, without daring so much as to look behind him.

"If you do so," said the rabbit, "we'll fix you."

"I will remember," said Tommy, only too glad to get out of that dreadful place.

Then the wods were gone, and the rabbit, and the bobolink songs, and right before him he saw his own beauty to his little sister that morning.

Tommy felt almost like running off to hide, but he didn't dare disobey the rabbit. So he went slowly up to his mother and gave her his pictures. When she opened them she looked very sad.

The first one showed Tommy just as he had looked when he spoke so crossly to his little sister that morning.

His eyes were all puckered and his mouth drawn down in anger.

The second was taken just as he was throwing the stone at the pretty bobolink, and in one corner was a picture of the little bird with its head hanging all on one side—dead.

Then came a sorry-looking photograph of the pinned butterfly, and last of all Tommy striking at the little rabbit.

All of them were perfectly black—like the silhouettes of your grandfather in mamma's room, or somebody's grandfather in some other room.

"Please, mamma, burn those horrid pictures up," said Tommy, "and I'll never, never, never be so mean again as long as I live and breathe."

His mother told him that although she could easily burn those pictures, yet



that every time he said such cross words and did such cruel things, a picture of him was made on his own heart—inside of him—which couldn't be gotten rid of so easily.

"Guess I'll be pretty careful how I sit for such photographs," said Tommy.

And he was.

— H. H. Ballard.

### No Liquor Traffic in Iceland.

Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has "no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island and its seventy-eight thousand people are total abstainers since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate on the island, not a child ten years old unable to read, the system of the public schools being practically perfect. There are special seminaries and colleges, several good newspapers, and a printing establishment which every year publishes a number of excellent books on various lines." Such is the report brought by northern travelers of this incomparable and ideal land.—Missouri Issue.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.