

## 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:—

E. F. Morris, Manager 1900 Washer Co.  
357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can



tively the invisible roadway and shadowy fields. In front of his low-eaved, lilac-sheltered farm-house he came to a halt. Lois was sewing by the curtainless window, her gaunt, spectacled face bent over her work. She was re-lining her brother's best Sunday coat, the black one that he kept for communion days. He recognized this badge of his office, and as he did so the thought that had risen before him on the lonely road seemed more than ever like blasphemy. And yet—and yet—might it not bring peace? And nothing else would.

By and by he went in. Lois barely looked up at him. She glanced at the clock and then went back to her work. "Orrin was late, wa'n't he?" she asked.

"Considerable."

"Didn't you get the paper?"

"I didn't wait," he replied. The tone of his voice surprised her.

"Anybody been making fun of you?" she cried, with maternal fierceness. She knew that Gene was helpless in the strife of tongues at Dakin's.

He shook his head.

She worked on in silence until the clock struck nine. Then she folded the coat, placed the lamp exactly in the centre of the table, and motioned to Gene, who had been huddling by the stove. He brought the two Bibles—carefully protected by age-browned, fly-specked paper covers—and seated him-

midst of thy congregations; they set up their ensigns for signs."

Gene. "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

Lois. "But now they break down the carved work thereof at once with axes and hammers."

Gene. "They have cast fire into thy sanctuary; they have defiled by casting down the dwelling place of thy name to the ground." He looked up at her with a strange, terror-stricken face. She did not notice it.

Lois. "They said in their hearts, Let us destroy them together: they have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land."—Gene, for the land's sake, "Gene!"

The Bible had fallen out of his hands upon the floor. His fingers were clutching at the worn arms of his father's stuffed chair, and he had the look upon his face that the old deacon had when he was dying. But even while she was staring, he regained command of himself, and stooped and picked up the Bible with a foolish, irritable laugh.

"Guess I'm a little nervous to-night," he volunteered, and without attempting to find the chapter again, he replaced the book upon the bureau, and began to shake down the stove.

"Ain't you going to finish the chapter?" she queried in alarm.

He made no answer.

Lois read the chapter through her-



The Morning Meal

self upon the opposite side of the table. The brother and sister had read an evening chapter in this way ever since they could read at all. Once there had been four voices in the Holbrook sitting-room, each taking its verse in turn, but it was ten years since the old deacon and his wife had read their last, and Gene and Lois were reading the Bible through for the fourth time since then. They took the chapters as they came, omitting nothing, questioning nothing—one might almost say expecting nothing.

"Psalm seventy-three," said Gene.

"Seventy-four," corrected Lois.

He examined his book-mark.

"We read that last night," she exclaimed, testily. "Begin."

And he began, in a voice that sounded like a timid imitation of his father's. "O God, why hast thou cast us off forever? why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture?"

She murmured rapidly in turn, "Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old; the rod of thine inheritance, which thou hast redeemed: this mount Zion, wherein thou hast dwelt."

They went on, in dull antiphony, while the old clock ticked loud.

Gene. "Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations; even all that the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary."

Lois. "Thine enemies roar in the

self, and shifted her book-mark. Then she laid aside her spectacles and took up the lamp. Gene had already lighted his candle to go upstairs. "You feeling real well, Gene Holbrook?" she demanded.

"I dunno but I am," he replied. "I wish father was alive."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning Lois watched him narrowly. To her relief she found him cheerful, almost talkative. His eyes were bright, though she fancied that they did not look squarely into hers. He was at work all day "banking up" the sills of the house with dead maple leaves, trodden firmly down, and as he drove the stakes that held the long boards in place, she could hear him singing. At nightfall, instead of starting as usual for the post-office, he seated himself at their worn-out parlor organ, where he spent the evening practising one or two new tunes. The next day it was the same, only that he was much quieter, and instead of playing the organ he put on his best black coat and read to himself in the Bible until bedtime. And one of these two occupations, varying by a caprice which Lois could not fathom, became his unbroken habit as the sour November and December days went by, and winter closed in upon the Hollow. At Dakin's store, his absence was scarcely noticed, beyond a witticism or two upon the theme of Gene's fearing to face Josh Wether-

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