THE SUNLIGHT WAY

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Hard rubbing and boiling are things of the past in homes where Sunlight Soap is used as directed.

Sunlight Soap will not injure even the daintiest fabric or the hands, and the clothes will be perfectly white, woolens soft and fluffy.

The reason for this is because Sunlight Soap is absolutely pure, contains no injurious chemicals—indeed, nothing but the active, cleansing, dirt-removing properties of soap that is nothing but soap.

5c. Buy it and follow directions 5c.

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint. 165

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

Money is the Great Modern "Protector"

It Is aL ife Preserver, a Law Defier. It Represents Frozen Power That Can Be Released Effectively In Any Direction

(Boston American Editorial.)

The problem in the United States today is.

"How can the prison cell be built to contain the strong man with the big bag of money?"

The intelligent reader perceives at once that this is to be distinctly a "muck-rake" editorial.

As a preparation for it, we ask you a few muck-rake questions.

Do you believe that the Trusts have stolen millions from the people in this country?

Did you ever hear of a Trust man going to jail, even for five minutes?

Do you believe that the insurance managers have stolen millions of dollars from policy-holders, from women and children?

Did you ever hear of any big life insurance man going to prison?

If a servant girl steals a silver spoon and hands it to a pawnbroker, what happens?

She goes to prison, and the pawnbroker must give back the spoon.

If a life insurance man steals millions and gives the money to political managers for favors to come, does the life insurance manager go to jail? Does the "campaign manager" return the stolen money?

The law never fails to punish the man who steals a loaf of bread if it can get hold of him. You are tired of that comparison perhaps, but probably you are still more tired of its truth.

The man who steals one loaf of bread must go to jail.

The man who steals from all the people by defying the laws concerning Trusts who steal through their meat bills, through their bread bills, and their gas bills, stays out of prison.

The worst thing about the situation is not the mere fact that the law is unable to push into a prison cell the man who has a great bundle of money behind him.

It is bad enough to have the powerful criminal stay out of prison.

It is still worse to have the rich criminal, out of prison, select judges for the bench, members of the United States Senate, district attorneys to prosecute, and many other officials of government.

This, as we have said, is in the line of muck-rake talk, unquestionably. But that is not the question; the question is, is it true?

Is it a fact that crimes of organized wealth against organized society go unpunished?

Is it a fact that the lawyers of the great corporation criminals openly express contempt for judges who summon and question them?

Is it not known to every intelligent human being in the United States that there is a special view of the crimes committed by an enormously rich man? Is it not a fact that there is a special treatment for him?

If there is even a suggestion that some powerful man shall be questioned in connection with life insurance dishonesty, what do we hear?

A district attorney tells the judge in open court and tells the grand jury that the matter must be treated very delicately and very carefully. It might hurt the feelings or hurt the reputation of the great men.

When a poor man or woman is accused of a crime, do we hear any such talk? Is the district attorney afraid that this person may be disgraced or lose caste?

The powerful man with millions could better afford to have his reputation hurt than the poor man or woman. But the law ignores that; the kept by the people.

great sums of money behind the big man, filling with awe the minds of public officials, keeps him from the punishment that he has deserved.

What can the people do? Many things.

great fortunes that defy the law come from?

They come from public monopolies, public franchises, from property that belongs to the people, and should be

The people of the United States permit certain cunning men to take their property and use it to bribe or overawe their officials. Money frightens more men than it buys.

Public ownership of public property will at once check unjust discriminating administration of law, by taking away from the class now exempt the public funds which give them immunity.

Another step, and one which need not be delayed a moment, is punishment by imprisonment, without the alternative of a fine, in all cases of offence against the trust law.

At present the law made to suit the Trusts, and made by men whom the Trusts put in office, is ridiculous. At the most it means a trifling fine for the criminal. The real criminal stays in the background, or travels in Europe, while some paid representative goes into court, expresses his contempt for the entire proceedings, and perhaps pays five hundred or a thousand dollars fine as punishment for having stolen millions.

The law provides no option of a fine for the man who steals an overcoat from another man. Why does it allow the option of a fine for the man who steals millions of dollars from millions of people?

The people of the country should elect men that will enforce the laws against criminals, and arrange their laws so that the punishment will be prison, and prison for the really big and responsible men.

The condition of affairs is wrong, but it is not hopeless, and it should not discourage the intelligent citizen.

We should remember that the injustice of today is far less great than the injustice of years past.

Technically, at least, the rich man is supposed to be on a par with the poor man. We have done away with the special privileges in our statute books, at least.

And we have the vote, which can do everything in this country if we use it, and insist on having it counted.

All that is really needed in this country is an aroused and well sustained public sentiment. If the eighty millions of people in the United States could take in their laws and the administration of their justice the same deep interest that the boys in a college take in their football team, there would be no trouble.

You people have got to remedy conditions. You have got to be permanently interested in them. You have got to take your government seriously, to take as much interest in your laws and their administration as you do in the spring styles, or the amount of your gas bill. And we shall continue to remind you of conditions, and discuss remedies indefinitely, notwithstanding the wrath of those that defend the national muck, in and out of public office.

This warm weather is causing us Port Maitlanders to wear a smile for we know that a hot spell at this time means much in sending people to our shores later on. In the large cities, where undoubtedly yesterday and today is so uncomfortably hot the heat must jog the memory of those who can go to the seashore that it is time to make arrangements On the other hand if the spring is cold and disagreeable, these people, many of them forget the summer heat and think that there is not much use in going from home. A warm, pleasant spring greatly helps our summer business, so I hope the weather man will not turn off the hot air valve that he unscrewed a few days ago.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN

AROUND CAPE HORN TO SAN FRANCISCO

The following article is a detailed account of the trip to California made by eighteen young men from Yarmouth in the winter of 1549. They are all dead now, the late Chas. J. Fox, was the last survivor.

"If we double Cape Horn, as we're in hopes for to do,
There's lots of sperm whale on the coast of Peru."

In looking over the journal I kept daily of the voyage of the Mary Jane around Cape Horn to San Francisco, in the winter of '49 and spring of '50, I wonder at the great importance we attached to small matters. But for more than six months her narrow deck was all of a little world to nineteen of us.

We were the most democratic-republican company that ever went in search of the Golden Fleece. We organized, bought the vessel, loaded her and sailed her.

Midshipman Easy could not have asked for more liberty than we voted to ourselves. All the officers, from captain to cook, and all the sailors were owners, and had an equal voice and vote as to what ports we should enter on the voyage and even the question as to whether we should try the passage by the Straits of Magellan or Cape Horn was submitted to a vote of "all hands." Several of the crew had been captains and mates. About half were landsmen. Notwithstanding the incongruous material, and the anomaly of the cook being an equal owner with the captain, and the forecastle having the power to out-vote the cabin, discipline was observed, and there was not throughout the voyage any serious trauble or difficulty. The nearest approach to a row was as we lay becalmed in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. As we neared Cape Horn it was found that the supply of fresh water was becoming short, so we entered Good Success Bay, in Terra del Fuego on February 6th, 1850, and filled twenty casks, intending to obtain an additional supply at Juan Fernandez. In trying to double Cape Horn we were forced down latitude sixty degrees, and did not reach Crusoe's Island until March 6, The facilities here not be'ng good, and the wind being fair, we concluded the run to Gallapagos Islands, and there replenished our water casks. We arrived at Charles Island, one of the group, on the 21st of March, but found it more difficult to obtain water than at Juan Fernandez. We however, bought fresh beef, bananas and other fruits from the convicts, caught large quantities of fish, ran over to Albermarle Island and hunted tortoise, of which we caught more than fifty, made an examination of our supply of water, and concluded that, with average weather and wind, we could reach San Francisco before our supplies would be exhausted.

By April 5 we had been forced by the wind on the Mexican coast. It then left us, and we found the Mary Jane becalmed in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. For some days we endured the steady roll and flapping of sails.

The long swell then ceased; the sun poured on us his direct rays with more than tropical fervor; the sun became glassy and seemed filled with insect and animal life.

"The very deep did rot, O Christ,
That slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

On the 12th, Judge O'Brien (Thomas O'Brien of Beaver River) who was steward that week (he has since joined the pioneers on the other side of the river) reported that there was but half a cask of water remaining. As this would hold out but a few days we were immediately put on an allowance of a quart a day. The calm still continued; the sun rose out of the ocean each morning a ball of fire; the sea became a mirror and the reflected rays seemed more intense than those that beat down upon us. By the 19th the supply of water was nearly gone, and still the calm continued.

"Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

On the 23rd the last of the water from the cask had been distributed. At the Gallapagos Islands we found a Marshpee Indian named Reed, from Sandwich, Massachusetts, who had been left sick from a whale ship at the convict settlement on Charles Island. He begged so imploringly to be taken to California that we gave him passage. When we were becoming short of water he stated that when he was a boy he had worked in a New England rum distillery and thought he could devise a plan to distill fresh water from the ocean. His plans failed,

We had however, several of the crew who were accustomed to the use of tools, and full of inventive resources.

Van Norden and Young, who had the reputation of having made an effective gun lock from a cabin door hinge and the blade of a broken case-knife, undertook to create a distilling apparatus. As their success was of vital importance, I find my journal filled with anxious details of their efforts.

The cook's largest kettle, holding about ten gallons was filled with salt water; th? cover was luted on with a composition of wood ashes and dough; the nozzle of the cover was inserted into a gun-barrel from which the breech had been removed. This gun-barrel led through the side of the kettle cold water. On the outer end of the gun barrel was fastened a demi-john, in the mouth of which was inserted a funnel. A fire was kept up under the kettle; when the water boiled the steam passed through the gun barrel and when it came in contact with the part surrounded by the cold in the keg it was condensed, and the fresh water trickled from the gun barrel down through the funnel into the demijohn. It took several days to get this simple apparatus into practical operation, but when completed it answered the purpose. With the fire burning day and night it distilled five gallons a day, which gave two pints to each person.

The calm continued until April 25th, so that in twenty days, we had only moved 32 miles.

The water was carelully guarded and accurately measured to each person at eight bells in the morning.

It became the standard of value by which all other things were measured. Spirits and tobacco had long before become the luxuries which money could not purchase. They yielded to the universal solvent—fresh water.

When I read or think of what was month, I wonder at the thinness of done or said during that dreary the cloak of civilization that covers our original savage nature. Deprivation and hunger intensified selfishness in some. In others it created a disregard of a neighbor's rights, others it made prudent, economical and painstaking in preparing for a worse future. Those who liked liquor could now procure it with water. The use of the liquor but increased thirst. Some would stint and save from their allowance until they had accumulated a half-dozen bottles, others would club make tea or coffee, having a good time and then go thirsty until the next allowance was served out. Some soon found that life could be supported on two pints a day, and made this answer, neither seeking to save, to borrow or to lend.

In three weeks we were divided into classes. We had wealthy aristocrats, a middle class, and the unprovided poor.

The aristocrats were those who had stinted themselves to save and to accumulate, those who, from some peculiarity of constitution, required less water than others and could thereby save, and those who had liquor and tobacco to part with for water. The middle class comprised those who used no liquor or tobacco, but would try to save, feeling that they could not live on less than two pints daily. The poor composed those who could not resist having a good time, who would part with water for brandy, and those who would evaporate it in making tea and coffee and drink at one time more than was necessary because it had thus been made more palatable.

At last on the night of the 23rd, a breeze sprang up, and close hauled by the wind we pointed her bowsprit away from the infernal cauldron of the Gulf of Tehuantepec.

But with sails close hauled to the wind the fire in the galley stove burned badly and not more than half of the supply of water could be distilled. Next day our poor and middle classes suffered for their daily allowance. All day the wind continued in the same direction. Various plans were devised to improve the draught of the stove without practical success. Unless the wind changed or the vessel altered her course the supply of water would again be short the next day.

The spirit of envy and jealousy was now aroused. Soon all those known to have saved a supply of water were called to meet in the "dog watch" that evening at the windlass.

At the meeting eight were present and various plans were proposed. A few argued that the captain should be asked to change the course or "lay to," so that more water could be distilled; others argued that there was plenty of water, if those who had it were made to divide it with those who were suffering; they contended that there was common danger from dying from thirst, and all alike should be made to share the danger, that each life was equally valuable and that there should be no favored class, that water was a necessity of existence, and that no man had the right to control or monopolize the necessities of life, however obtained. We had one of our number a sober, careful, prudent descendant of the Puritans named Dennis (the late Freeman Dennis of Yarmouth) who had stinted, economised and saved until he was wealthy in the possession of five pint bottles of water. At this meeting Dennis was denounced as being miserly and selfish as a grasping monopolist, ungenerous and stingy as the enemy of those who were suffering and it was proposed that this water should be taken from him and divided. Of course Dennis had not been invited to the meeting, neither had he been asked to relieve their necessities. I may add by way of parenthesis, that Dennis is still living, the same prudent, sober, careful man, and now after twenty-eight years, if water were sold at a dollar a bottle, he could, without using his credit, purchase more than half a million.

If the improvident and unthrifty had been more numerous we might have had our first serious difficulty; but no plan to dispoil those who had saved and accumulated met the approval of the majority, and the watch was called which dissolved the assemblage, to meet again for definite action on the next night.

At midnight the wind came around fair, the Mary Jane was pointed for Cape St. Lucas. A roaring fire was made under the kettle, and the fresh water trickled into the demijohn in a shower of drops. The meeting was forgotten andnever again convened. We were on our course with a fresh breeze and all were happy. Our only fear being that all the gold would be exhausted from the mines before we reached them.

We entered the Golden Gate on the 25th of May, 1850 and cast anchor among a thousand sailless idle vessels swinging listlessly with the tide.

We sold the vetsel and cargo; divided the meager proceeds and sought the mines. After twenty-eight years about half are left scattered from Arizona to the Oregon line. The others "are with the saints, we trust."

B. B. REDDING,

WHY ARE MODERN MEN SOCIAL SAVAGES

I am a hostess, by profession. That means that I am the mother of three daughters, one of them presented last year, another to be presented this season, and a third still in the schoolroom, and as if that were not enough sad Fate has made me the only aunt of various nieces.

Hence, when I announce that I am a hostess by profession, I shall be understood to mean that I do my duty thoroughly and give plenty of parties so that my daughters and nieces may have the chance of meeting nice people and of everywhere encountering delightful and eligible young men, who in time will claim their hands in holy wedlock.

That is the way in which my mother married me and my sisters, and how all our girl friends were settled in life.

But though I give most enjoyable parties, and no one can deny that my ballroom floor is irreproachable, the band I employ splendid, and my suppers excellent (I see most especially to that item, I assure you), I cannot get dancing men. Dancing men, did I say? Why, it seems to me that shortly I shall get no men at all!

What do the men do with their evenings, I ask?

Are their clubs even more absorbingly interesting than they were five or ten years ago, or is it that bete noir of sociability, bridge, that claims them all?

Solemnly I say that I despair when I send out cards to the young men's list of my acquaintance, because I know full well that though they may deign to reply in the affirmative (many never trouble to answer at all), when the night comes half will be missing and of those that arrive half will mass themselves about the doors and range themselves within easy distance of the buffets, and my girls and other people's girls will have to swallow their chagrin and dance with any elderly married man who chances to take pity on them.

"Will you sit out this dance with me?" That is the extent to which these most unsatisfactory young men will go when at dances they feel bound, for very shame, to inscribe their initials on the cards of the charmingly attractive girls to whom they are introduced.

And even this is a concession.

Why, only the other day, when I and our old crony were discussing the signs of the times and the extraordinarily lukewarm temperament of this generation of young men, the General told me that his sister, Mrs. Bleecker Bridge, at her last dance, had all her little alcoves and tete-a-tete corners arranged most temptingly for sitters-out without getting half of them filled at any one time.

Do for an instant glance at the other side of the picture. When I was a girl we used to keep a positive look-out for empty nooks, and even tell one another—we girls sotto voce—when there was likely to be a vacancy discreetly pleading fatigue to our partners just in the nick of time, and so securing one of those delicious periods of badinage and sweet silences long drawn out that young people do so enjoy and that frequently prelude lovers' confidences and usher in a merry peal of marriage bells.

Before my last ball I interested several friends on my behalf; other hostesses, be it understood, to whom, as the custom is, I gave carte-blanche to bring men, dancing men preferably, of course, in their train.

Let us, I said, not only invite the young men, but feed them well before the ball, and taking no denial, and heeding no excuses of other engagements after dinner, actually shepherd them into my ballroom.

We did so, and, though I am bound to narrate that several took an early leave, yet there was quite a cheery muster of men that evening at the beginning of the dance.

Surely they cannot all be money-grubbers pure and simple, commercially minded individuals whose business-tortured brains fail to respond to the strains of a waltz, lilted ever so bewitchingly by the best string-band money can produce. Where are their eyes that they remain to all appearance blind to the beauty of the fair young girls who would so gladly and so sweetly abandon themselves to their guidance in the mazy waltz? Are they made of wood or stone, these expressionless creatures?

So I arrive at the conclusion that as well as being intensely selfish, the modern young man is a savage, and dancing, the drawing-room and rice

Twenty-five years ago it was difficult to sell spring wheat flour for pastry at any price.

People didn't want it—they were using soft, winter wheat flour, and saw no reason for changing.

But hard wheat flour was persistently pushed and prejudice has been overcome. The women tried it, succeeded with it and appreciated it.—To-day hard wheat flour is the favorite for pastry as well as for bread.

The flour that is doing the most for the reputation of hard wheat flour is the brand known as

Ogilvie's Royal Household

It is hard wheat flour at its best—milled by modern methods, retaining all of the good of the wheat and none of the bad—it is without an equal for every kind of baking in which flour is used.

Talk to your grocer about it—if he isn't enthusiastic it's only because he isn't informed.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited,
MONTREAL.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never before published. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE. 4

THE STROLLER

Comments on Things Seen and Heard in Meanderings About Town.

Some of our sports were back in the country trouting the other day. One of the chaps was giving the other a few pointers on distinguishing the bites of different fish. Here is the conversation:

"Got a bite, old fellow?"

"Yes; an' he's a whopper, too, I ain't quite sure whether I've hooked him. Yes, there he is. I feel him a wrigglin' on the line. He's a big speckled beauty."

"How do you know what kind of a fish he is?"

"How do I know?" repeated the young man, as he began slowly and deliberately to haul in his line, and he threw into his voice supreme pity for the ignorance implied in the question.

"How do I know? Why man, I can tell what kind of a fish it is by the way he bites. Now, take an eel, he kind o' makes little bits of pecks at yer bait, and then he takes hold and swims away with your line, sort o' easy like. Then, take the pike, he sucks yer bait, and ye can't hardly feel him pull, and then there's the perch; he takes hold right away, and swims off like a streak.

"And how does the trout bite?" interrupted the other,

"Oh, he monkeys around a whole lot and then he takes hold all of a sudden and swims away down stream. I knowed right away when the fellow took hold he was a trout, I never made a mistake. I——"

Just then the young man's catch came to the surface. It was a cast-off boot.

C. M. Harger in the April Atlantic has a very interesting article on the lodge, its power, social center, etc., from which I select the following, in which the author says:

"In the minds of some the accomplishments of church and lodge are confused, perhaps naturally so. I remember an instance:

A farmer living on a rather lonely road became ill, and after some weeks died, leaving his family with a mortgaged bit of land, many debts, barely furniture enough for the needs of life, and a life insurance benefit due from one of the federal orders. An evangelist holding meetings in the neighboring schoolhouse, accompanied by two of his elders, came to the widow. "It is unfortunate that your husband did not belong to the church instead of to the lodge," said the preacher.

long days of suffering and poverty, resented the insinuation.

"No, it is not," she declared. "We have lived in this neighborhood two years, but not a member of the church came to help us when he was sick or offered me help when he was gone. The members of the lodge came out two at a time and stayed with him every night; they brought to me and the children things we needed, and they have paid me two thousand dollars, every cent I have in the world, and which will give me a little start to make a home for the children. I am glad he belonged to the lodge."

Reader, did you know that every watch is a compass? You can always tell where north is if your watch is going and the sun shines.

Point your hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the dial.

For instance, it is 4 o'clock. You point the hour hand toward the sun, and the direction that the figure II on the dial points toward is due south. If it is 8 o'clock then the figure on the dial will show due south.

Making War Against the Slot Machine

Complaints have recently been made to the county police authorities concerning certain gambling machines, which have been operated for some time past by certain hotel keepers on the St. Margaret's Bay and other roads throughout the county. Chief County Officer Umlah was instructed to investigate the matter, with the result that he has secured evidence against two keepers of hotels on the Bay road. These men will be summoned for Wednesday next before Stipendiary Magistrate McDougall.

The chief complaint against these machines is that they cause a considerable sum of money to be lost by the individual unwise enough to try his luck, and in a good many instances men who can ill afford to play the machines do so.

The keeping of the machines is an indictable offence, and is punishable with imprisonment for one year.

A few years ago there were a large number of these machines operated in the city, but ex-Chief O'Sullivan, who was then in charge of police affairs, made an example of a few offenders, with the result that all the machines were removed from the different saloons, etc. The present chief and his officers have been very vigilant in this regard, and there is not one machine operating in the city today.—Halifax Herald.

If the keeping of a slot machine in Halifax county (outside of the city, and not in an incorporated town) is an indictable offence, and is punishable with imprisonment for one year, why does not the same law apply to the counties of Digby and Annapolis? We rather think the law is all right, but there does not seem to be any one in these parts to put the law in force.

Just NOW
is Always the Best Time

For entering the College. We have no summer vacation. Our cool summers make vacatikns unnecessary.

We want 100 well educated young men to learn Shorthand. All over Canada and the United States there is a demand for Male Stenographers that cannot be supplied, and there is nothing like shorthand for getting promotion and big pay.

Send to us for booklet, "The Male Stenographer in Demand."

Catalogues containing Terms, etc.,