

SUNLIGHT SOAP

\$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

is equally good with hard or soft water.

If you use Sunlight Soap in the Sunlight way (follow directions) you need not boil nor rub your clothes, and yet you will get better results than with boiling and hard rubbing in the old-fashioned way.

As Sunlight Soap contains no injurious chemicals and is perfectly pure, the most delicate fabrics and dainty silks and laces may be washed without the slightest injury.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto



WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN

The women of Keokuk, Iowa, would not allow a certain man to be elected Alderman of their city the other day. The man acknowledged publicly that he had written a letter of sympathy to Sam Patterson during the famous trial of that well known person, and the women of Keokuk held a mass meeting and each woman pledged herself to get her husband to vote against that particular Alderman if he never got him to do another thing in his life.

Now we shall hear all sorts of sermons concerning women's inhumanity to woman.

What a lot of rubbish that talk always has been, and ever will be.

The fox is inhuman to the hound, the lamb is inhuman to the wolf, according to this line of reasoning.

What do you want a nest full of rabbits to do when they hear the bay of the dogs—run out to meet the pack and show them the way to the nest where the babies are?

I was in the theatre the other day when two women, elaborately dressed, swished into a box where two quiet little creatures in gray were sitting.

The two quiet little creatures in gray gazed each a long, lingering look at the picture hats and the thumb rings and the swishing petticoats of the two newcomers.

Then they gathered up their wraps and left the theatre. A man I know said to me: "What a lot of intolerable cranberry sauce, how would it have hurt those two little nobodies to sit in the box with those chorus girls for an hour or so?"

I didn't say a word; I felt too much like leaving the theatre myself; for I happened to know that the thumb rings and the swishing petticoats were the most conspicuous of the young persons, in the biggest picture that were paid for by the husband of one of the women in gray and the son of the other.

It is a little difficult for a woman, who stays at home darning stockings, to save money for her husband, to meet with equanimity the unusual stare of a woman whose stockings are never darned at all, because she always has money enough to buy all the new ones she wants. The repentant Magdalen is a tear-moving creature—in the books and pictures—also in the plays.

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A FREE TRIP

TO THE DOMINION EXHIBITION

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE WEEKLY MONITOR has decided to offer a free trip to the Dominion Exhibition to be held in Halifax from September 22nd to October 5th. By a free trip we mean that we will pay all expenses—board, lodging, entrance fees, railway fares, etc., from the time you leave home until you return, to the person who secures the largest number of cash in advance subscribers at \$1.00 each from now until the 18th of September. Besides this free offer we will allow a liberal commission on all new subscribers sent us.

This offer will be confined solely to those who work on a commission basis. Every subscriber should try for this free offer. If you fail you will lose nothing as we will give you commission anyway. The commission alone will pay you for any work you do for us. The free trip is entirely free and at our expense; you cannot lose anything by trying for it.

Write us for particulars as to commission, etc.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Do You Want To Go?

The Woman Who Smokes

(By Mrs. John A. Logan.)

I have always felt that American women contracted the habit of cigarette smoking abroad, but was not prepared to read that our English cousins had become so addicted to the pernicious habit as to make it necessary for the railroad officials to assign cars and compartments conspicuously marked "Ladies' Smoking Car," or to realize that cars so labelled would be sought by the majority of lady travellers. I trust that this report is very much exaggerated, as newspapers are prone to magnify the indiscretions of women.

I had supposed that those addicted to so vicious an evil were confined to Spain, Russia, Egypt and Turkey. I had seen so much of it in these countries that I was laboring under the impression that other European countries had an altogether different standard for women, especially England, where the women impressed me as having the highest sense of morality and Christian character, and of being incapable of adopting a thing so vile as the use of tobacco.

The same might be said of the French woman, except perhaps, the denizens of la belle Paris, where an abandon to all sorts of dissipation seems to be the rule and not the exception. I remember one, in Rome, I witnessed, at a large dinner given principally to Italian, by an American woman supposed to be the personification of intelligence, beauty and high character, that the hostess here guests might indulge in smoking between the courses of this elaborate dinner, and was greatly shocked to see her take a cigarette between her dainty fingers, light it and puff it with as much nonchalance as if she had been accustomed to such indulgence all her life, and I must confess she has never since occupied the same exalted position in the opinion of others as well as myself that she had previously.

It seemed a lowering of her standard to demoralizing foreign customs that were diametrically opposed to our own, and she was so proud and so proud in her own mind that she would have dared to do such an example in her own home on this side of the water, and can only account for her doing so abroad from the fact that many men and women think that it is their duty to do as Romans do, no matter how seriously their customs may conflict with the Puritan principles we are supposed to represent; a most fallacious and unfortunate construction of this old maxim.

I have always noticed that foreigners who come to this country hesitate to adopt our customs if they in any way conflict with theirs. They are prone to think they must set an example which we must follow; whereas we have always had the opinion that it is our duty to ignore the bad customs of other nations. It is in the code of etiquette established long ago for Americans, whether at home or abroad.

My observation has been that few American women who have not been abroad indulge in the use of tobacco. We know that in the very long ago some of the descendants of the tobacco contingent of some of our States, used tobacco, especially the elderly women of the lower class. It was unheard of for refined women to join men in smoking cigars and pipes.

The world inclined to pity women devotees of the weed because of their lack of intellectual resources to occupy their leisure. It was looked upon as a sort of solace for those who were unequal to high and more congenial diversions from the treadmill lives which they led.

It was not until our frequent intercourse with Europe that cigarette smoking was introduced into the United States, and for a long time after its first appearance it was only men who paid little attention to their moral and physical health and strength who became slaves to the deleterious cigarette.

Unhappily, women have now become so demoralized as to imitate men in this the most serious of all vices. Naturally, the cheapness of cigarettes recommends them strongly not only to men, but also to women, until it has become a national disease that is rapidly undermining the moral stamina, keen mentality and vigorous physical strength of the nation, and the matter must not be very distant date occupy the attention of State and national legislation.

unlucky the manufacture of cigarettes is prohibited within the boundaries of the United States. It is incredible that this deadly vice should have got such a hold in England as is reported, as that stalwart nation has every opportunity of observing its disastrous influence among the people of its dependencies.

We do not relish the insinuation that the English railroad officials have adopted the smoking car and compartments for the accommodation of American women. Every self-respecting woman should resent this reflection upon the morals of her countrywomen, notwithstanding there may be some silly, reckless American women who disgrace themselves and their country by indulgence in what they are pleased to call small vice; vice is vice, without any degree of comparison, and of all God's creatures, women should stand together for the suppression of every form of evil by their example and by a continued warfare upon evil and evil-ers.

I am proud to think that in discussing the question, American railroad men manifest their respect for their wives, mothers and sisters by insisting that they would not mind the "dignity and womanliness" which

have made our American women the envy of the world."

I agree with one of these railroad officials, who says: "I do not believe the grandchildren of the younger generation today will see such an institution, for the American spirit is sufficient to uphold a dignity which such a course would not only lessen, but destroy altogether.

American women have wrought too grandly for virtue, education and civilization to surrender to so profigate a habit as cigarette smoking.

Every intelligent person who has given the matter any thought whatever knows that every cigarette that has ever been made has been dragged, this has been proven over and over again by specialists who have examined the question with a view to awakening the nation to the consequences of their universal use.

I recall an American who was an officer of the old Khedive, and his charming wife, who became such slaves to the cigarette habit that they not only destroyed their health, but before death came to their relief were total mental wrecks.

Innumerable instances could be cited of insanity, and all the ills to which mind and body are heir, which could be traced to nicotine poisoning.

From millions to poverty! What a contrast the words suggest, what deprivation of all the artificial surroundings of luxury, which habit so disguises as to make them appear almost in the light of necessities! What a downfall from the industrial position which the man of wealth fondly imagined he held by virtue of his personal attributes, but which is no longer accorded to him when the golden halo ceases to encircle his head! What bitterness of discontent, of pride humbled at the feet of poorer rivals, who rise in the scale even as he descends, bitterest of all, the pain "of friend remembered not."

There is all the consciousness of a hostile rejoicing at his downfall, among many light friends of former days, the fierce struggle for a while to keep up appearances, the downhill fight, losing ground all the time; the desperate plunge to retrieve the fallen fortunes; then ruin, and oblivion.

The rich man is rich no longer; and his little world has no more room for him. His place hereon is with the workers, among whom he is a stranger. He has few friends, for in his palmy days he never troubled to cultivate those who were not in a position to pursue his expensive hobby. He is left to the company of his pliant wife that is second nature to him. It will be long before he is reconciled to a humble condition of life, which he may have left from the wreck what many would consider a comfortable income.

What is it that has given him a year to a man who has given his thousands for a prize dog, and backed horses with hundreds every day of his life? It is poverty, grinding poverty—as acute as that of the starving beggar at the street corner.

From Millions to Poverty

History has little account to give of the world's failures; their little day is over and forgotten; only from time to time those whose work has among the poor turn up one of these former plutocrats, the "has-beens" of tender phraseology.

A duchess died not long ago in a country workhouse, whose only personal possession was a locket containing the hair of her husband, who was one of the notable suicides of Monte Carlo.

An old blind man, employed by charity at basket weaving in a Church Army home, was once a Liverpool shipowner, and lost fortune and all his hopes in three successive misfortunes at sea. Combined with a few speculations which proved disastrous, he was plunged from a state of opulence to the direst poverty, in which, perhaps, he found consolation in the sad fact that wife and child had perished in the great disaster. Already past middle age, the shock and anxiety ruined his health and partially unshipped his mind, which never quite recovered. He has a little bell on the table at which he works, and a bed of much comfort in a rooming for a footman, a summons to which some good-natured fellow in adversity is always ready to make believe to respond.

DISAPPOINTED EXPECTATION.

Cruellest of all is the position of one who has been brought up in expectations of great wealth, only to be pushed away into a cold and cruel world at the whim of a fickle patron. A young man, now serving before the mast on an ocean tramp, was adopted in infancy by a wealthy and childless lady, educated at Eton and Christ Church, and eventually discarded without a shilling when he was found to be growing an incorrigible and mustache.

There is a North-country saying very typical of the rise and fall of Manchester merchant princes. It runs: "Three generations from clove to carriage to clogs." It gives a longer period for the dispersal of hard-won riches than is sometimes the case; for a wastrel can throw away in a week what another man has got together in a lifetime.

EASILY WON, EASILY LOST.

Money that is lightly come by is often quickest parted with; and a beggar on horseback generally hastens to ride to the proverbial destination. One such, a commercial traveller, who, by several deaths, became heir to a large estate and fortune, in ten years impoverished his hands, played ducks and drakes with all the money he could lay hands on, and left his feeble heritage in the hands of the Jews, with an imbecile son to succeed to the title. The tenantry had a sad tale to tell, no doubt, of neglected buildings, extortionate rents, and a pitiless agent, to provide for the folly and wastefulness of one leoprog on horseback.

It is indeed, as the saying goes, a very pleasant thing to be born "with a silver spoon in one's mouth," but on the whole, the best heritage a man can have is the discipline of Necessity, which guides the child gently in the path of industry and integrity, but which proves a hard and relentless taskmaster, if the pupil comes to it in middle-life, pampered and spoiled by the worship of the silver spoon, which jared his poor teeth so cruelly when fickle fortune snatched it from his lips.

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