

# NOTICE TO SHOPKEEPERS!

This is not an advertisement but is merely a reminder,

That profits are made on the Soap which you SELL, but not always on the SOAP you buy.

Therefore BUY SUNLIGHT SOAP, the Soap which YOU KNOW WILL SELL.

Remember every Bar of Sunlight Soap is warranted purest and best and that

Selling Sunlight Soap is the easiest thing any Shopkeeper has to do.

SUNLIGHT SOAP SELLS ITSELF.

GEORGE NEAL, LIMITED.

Feb 24, 1923, Thurs.

## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

### CIVILIZATION AND THE LOOKS OF THINGS.

What tremendous store we human beings do set upon the looks of things! What a major factor in the vast structure of our emphasis on the looks of things! Here is the little experience that carried that thought home to me recently. I went to buy a watch and had some difficulty in finding just the kind I wanted. As I went from shop to shop trying to suit myself I fell to thinking. It ought to be a simple thing to buy a watch, since presumably what I want is something that will tell the time, and tell it accurately. But the trouble is that on top of that I want it to look a certain way. Now, why should it matter how a timepiece looks, if it is a convenient size and is an accurate time teller. A time piece is to tell the time. But, fancy, if watches were made just for that, what would happen to the watch

### Makes a Family Supply of Cough Remedy

Really better than ready-made cough syrup, and saves about 25¢. Coughs and quickly prepared.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made and saves easily 25¢. Taste is pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

making industry! And then my mind went further into the ramification of that thought.

**Dressed to Keep Warm.**

Clothing was originally designed solely for warmth. Men made themselves coverings because with the change in climate that gradually came about upon our planet (I am sure that will strike a reminiscent chord in the minds of the readers of a certain recently published history) they had to do that or freeze. But how large a factor is the keeping warm factor in our making and purchasing of clothing today? If we all bought clothing simply to keep warm, and went without anything we did not need for that purpose, the whole economic structure of the world would be revolutionized.

**Houses Just for Shelter.**

Houses were built at first for shelter, from wind and cold and presumably from intense tropic heat. (I am shaky on that point, don't scold me too hard, learned Reader, Friend, if I am wrong). Think of the intricate development those first shelters have undergone to become the crudest houses to-day, to say nothing of the further metamorphosis into our costly and beautiful homes. To be sure, the desire for comfort is one of the factors that has forced this development (and in this connection it is interesting to note that the average prosperous workman of to-day has more real comfort in his home than the king of a few centuries ago) but the desire to have shelter and the furnishings thereof look thus and so has had just as large a part.

**Reaching Out For Beauty.**

The looks of things is one of the Gods of civilization. Do we sacrifice too much to it? Many times I think we do. But on the other hand, one must not forget that this desire for beauty (which is the underlying force, though often expressed itself badly) is one of the things which distinguishes man from beast. The beast is content if he can satisfy his hunger, if he can reproduce, if he is warm, if he is safe. Man goes beyond that, and reaches for the star of beauty. Often he reaches in the wrong direction, but surely it is right that he should reach out, since that craving is so deeply planted in his heart.

Get Mrs. Stewart's Home-made Bread, 25¢ a loaf.

## The Whiskey Smugglers.

(By EDWIN SMITH, in The Canadian Magazine)

(Continued.)

The experience of Captain Z— was hardly less exasperating. The shore fishing on the south coast of Nova Scotia had proved a failure a few years before, and Captain Z— who owned a fishing sloop, thought to supplement his scanty earnings by making a little trip to St. Pierre. He confided his plans to a young man of about eighteen years, of age who agreed to take the venture for half the profits. The terms were satisfactory to Captain Z— and one fine day, while the sun was shining and the birds were singing in the trees

along the banks of the beautiful L— river, the little fishing sloop, with more grub aboard than she had seen for many a day, hit the trail for St. Pierre. But the sun in due course went down, and the birds no longer sang, and during the two following days of fog and bad weather Captain Z— lost his reckoning, and the two adventurers were "somewhere" in the Atlantic Ocean between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, but beyond that they could say nothing more definite. They sailed about for a couple of days, hoping to meet some coasting schooner or ocean liner from which they could obtain their latitude and longitude, but without success. At last Captain Z—, being a good deacon of the Baptist Church, betook himself to prayer. The exigencies of their case did not yet demand fasting. The captain confessed his sins of omission, and even went so far as to confess to sinful intentions, and then earnestly prayed for forgiveness, protection and guidance, from the God who holds the waters of the sea in the hollow of his hand. That day a schooner bore down upon them and informed them that they were fifty miles northeast of Whitehead, Nova Scotia. This was encouraging. A new course was set, and on the afternoon of the next day St. Pierre was in sight, and ere the night went down again they were safely tied up to the pier, with hatches off, ready to receive cargo.

The return trip was uneventful. The weather was clear and fine, and the winds fair and moderate, so that in less than four days they were again sailing the peaceful waters of the beautiful L— river, and since the sloop was all but steering herself, the two voyagers began to estimate the net profits of the venture. Captain Z— suggested that, since he own-

ed the sloop and had provided half the crew and all the grub, that his partner ought to be content with one-quarter of the proceeds instead of one-half as previously agreed upon; but this, his companion absolutely refused to accept. The captain might have suggested also that his prayer was the very probable means of saving his companion's life, but this, may be, the young man would have declined to believe. At any rate, when they anchored that night in the middle of the river, ten miles from the sea, they had not come to any amicable agreement, and the young man, feeling incensed at what he considered a gross breach of contract, went straight to the customs officer of the port and informed him that if he would look up Captain Z—'s sloop he would find her full of whiskey just in from St. Pierre. This the officer did, and the sloop and the cargo were confiscated. The whiskey was destroyed and the sloop sold by auction, as the law enjoins. When Captain Z— found out who gave him away, he told the officer that his informant was himself a partner in the enterprise. Search being made, however, it was found that the young man on the very morning of his arrival in the town, had purchased a ticket for Boston, and so Captain Z— like Captain C— found that it was no easy matter to maintain honor among thieves.

Smuggling of this sort was carried on with more or less success until a few years ago, when the placing of a British sub-consul at St. Pierre, made it almost impossible for vessels to load contraband in large quantities without his knowledge. But the business is still carried on in a small way. Vessels from Prince Edward Island or Nova Scotia go down to St. Pierre with produce and return in ballast, but very often underneath the ballast are stored cases and boxes that the customs officer could not see unless he removed tons of sand, and so, the vessel is entered in the usual way, and the captain sees to it that these boxes are removed to a place of safety as soon as possible.

Another method employed by these trading captains is to make crates, already ballasted, with a strong line and buoy attached. These are filled with cases of contraband and carried in the hold of the vessel until the home port is reached. The captain takes care that he enters the river at night, and when a convenient place is reached, these crates are hoisted overboard and let go. The buoy marks the spot and enables the confederate to find the booty even in the night. This writer knows of one place, in a certain river, where many such crates were dropped off from the decks of passing vessels, and though the customs officer examined the bal-

last carefully nothing in the shape of contraband is ever found.

One skipper was very bold. He came in about seven o'clock one summer evening, when the tide was at the flood, and an onlooker said to himself, "You will be ashore in a minute if you do not tack ship immediately." But the captain held his course, and deliberately ran the schooner ashore in broad daylight and stuck fast in the mud, a quarter of a mile below the town. At first the onlooker thought it was an accident, but when next morning the schooner came up to the wharf with the incoming tide, and with her nose cocked up in the air, he knew that contraband had gone out of her. On thinking it over it was remembered that she had been run ashore on the shorefront of a gentleman connected with the trade, and it was simply a case of "fixing" the customs officer who was old and slow, and who never put in an appearance until the afternoon, when, of course, everything was all ship-shape and the ballast half out.

In 1910 this writer was in Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, and saw a schooner docked there a large schooner used for sale at public auction. One case of seizure for smuggling a few weeks previously the schooner had come in from the Bay with a cargo of produce from Prince Edward Island, and there, was prevailed upon by a liquor merchant to try a trip to St. Pierre. A cargo of coal was taken down, and a full cargo of contraband taken back, but he was suspected by the authorities, and when the schooner was later found in a clump of fifties miles down the coast from Glace Bay, he was at once put under arrest and in the trial which followed, the crew confessed that this liquor was landed from this vessel. The sailor was proved guilty not only of smuggling, but of perjury and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. This was simply another instance of listening to the voice of temptation, for he knew better, and to this time had borne an honest reputation, and was well liked by who did business with him. He brought disastrous results to himself, his wife and family. When it was late he saw how foolish he had been. The season was poor and the debts to pay, and he had a wife and family to support, and it looked him that, since the people were so whiskey, and were getting it, he had no law, he might as well carry them as anyone else, and make an honest dollar. An honest dollar well it depends upon the way you look at it.

Cub Cigarettes are appreciated, not only by the smoker, but by those in his company.

## Not a Laxative

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe.

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Try it today.



## BILLY'S UNCLE

WHERE'S MY DOG, TONY?

I'M GONNA PROPOSE TO MRS. STEWART'S STENOGRAPHER AGAIN!

YOU THINK SHE'LL REFUSE THIS TIME?

SHE WON'T IF IT'S ANY GOOD!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

I DON'T THINK IT'S A REAL DIAMOND!

I ONLY THINK IT'S TWO BITS!

Did She Refuse It?

By BEN BATES

Model 2

Cylinder

TOURING ROADSTER COUPE ROAD SEDAN

SILVER