

Guard the Home Against Dirt



MANY USES AND FULL
DIRECTIONS ON LARGE
SIFTER-CAN — 10¢

The Gambling Spirit of the West

With Particular Reference to Human Suckers. By J. H. Kenyon.

YOU remember, gentle reader, that first we had a preliminary discussion of the gambling spirit of the West, then we had the professional real estate agent tell his story, and now we are going to listen to the woeful tale of the "sucker", who is considered to be the legitimate prey of the subdivision "shark." For all sharks, both in the sea and out on land, prefer the pot-bellied, and soft-headed creatures, so easy to catch, called "suckers," because they swallow the whole bait and hook with one greedy gulp, without premeditating a moment. They rush to their doom with an eagerness that gives the prowling shark not only an easy time of making a fat living, but a jolly fit of laughter every now and then, whenever, in fact, he has any leisure to spare from his lifework of swallowing and digesting the fish that are as foolish as they are greedy.

But for all that, and more than all that, as Robert Burns did not say, the poor misguided innocent ones have a side to represent as truly as the guilty ones, and I propose to help them to express

though put into circulation, more or less, is practically lost forever to the makers of it, the men and women who cannot afford to lose it, for the reason that their earning capacity is decreasing with each loss of their savings. Not only that, my alert critics, but the very loss of such hard-earned money means to the person who cannot afford to lose it, far more than it means to you who can afford to lose it, for it means a loss of hope, a loss of vitality, a loss of faith in man, a loss of interest in life, a loss of courage in the fight to get on top of the obstacle, which we cannot move out of our path, and a loss of the finer qualities of manhood and womanhood which are evoked by trust and love and honesty. So when you are estimating the real loss of a little money to a very poor man or woman, you must do something more than reckon up the cents and dollars; you must find out what that small amount of money represents to the person robbed, and by proper analysis, discover what the loss really entailed, and then, I have no doubt, you will agree with me that it is high time to



Watching the sun drop behind the mountain, Pyramid Lake, Alta.

themselves in this little article. When innocence has lost its voice by hoarsely crying for its rights, it is high time—God Almighty knows, and a few wise men who try to keep close enough to Him to hear what He says,—to speak in its stead. And there is no doubt in my mind that this is the famous psychological moment to let the victims be heard, because they have really earned this privilege by paying too much for it, and yet have never been allowed it in the market place.

Let us be perfectly frank, for we cannot be truthful and secretive, especially in such a matter as this, and then we shall make far more progress in interpreting the poor man, who earns the money, that makes the real estate operator and agent both millionaires, while he is gracious enough to remain a hard worker for their sakes. Why is a sucker born every second? Because he cannot help it, you reply. Yes, but why is the crop still increasing, out of all ratio to the natural increase of the population of the country? One would think that with the tremendous fatalities of inordinate speculation, the next generation would contain fewer suckers. But statistics, on the contrary, prove the opposite. The victims strew the plains of the great West, as no battlefield was ever covered with the dead and the wounded, in the most bloody times. More money has been lost in the general gamble out here than would have given every able-bodied man a good farm, fully paid for, and equipped with all the modern machinery that would enable him to make a competence in five years of steady work. Lost, I said, and I mean it, for the money

let the poor suckers, as you stigmatize them, have a voice in the discussion of their undoing.

The very first thing that a newcomer is told upon his arrival in our enterprising city of Winnipeg, is to be quick to get into the real estate game, for soon it may be too late. Even the slow Englishman is compelled by force of his surroundings, by the example of his friends who take pity on him for not being in the West long ago, and by the direct and indirect importunities of the thousands of real estate brokers who soon spot him in their neighborhood, to invest his savings in some lots. He simply has no chance to escape from the final inevitable, for he is made fun of if he resists too long, and keeps his money in the bank that uses it to enable it to pay those big dividends that make us all want to buy bank stock. Ten per cent is really nothing as a return on money invested in real estate. One hundred per cent is not much of a return here. For there are companies in this city to which church deacons belong, and they have told me that they are in receipt of from five hundred to ten thousand per cent per annum. Incredible! Who says that? Not a Westerner, if you please, for he can believe anything, and still not be a bit superstitious, just because he has seen such things before. Only the Easterner, or the foreigner, smiles incredulously at such a statement, and he curls his lip in scorn because he doesn't know any better. It may be the right thing to do in the old country, where realty values are declining, but it is out of place in a new country where realty values are being boomed and inflated by all kinds of

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 out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easily that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn'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?

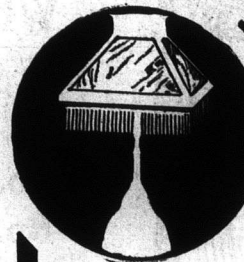
Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

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 from 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 6 minutes.

Address me personally:

E. D. Morris, Manager 1900 Washer Co.
357 Yonge St., TORONTO, CAN.



R.K. Lamp

gives better light than gas, electricity, acetylene or 15 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. For homes, stores, halls, etc.

COSTS ONE CENT PER NIGHT

Guaranteed 5 years. No wick, no chimney.

No mantle trouble. No odor. A perfect light for every purpose. Colored post card free. Write for circular B and free card.

RICE-KNIGHT Ltd.
Toronto or Regina



SEND \$3.50

Receive by return mail, postpaid, this beautiful, all-wool serge shirt waist suit, in all sizes. Tailored waists made with pleats and yoke of lace. Skirt tailored in pleated style, as pictured. A genuine bargain. Colors are Navy and Dark Red. Add 35¢ for postage.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.
10 Standard Bldg., London, Ont.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.