

### SUNLIGHT SOAP



**A BASKET FULL** of clean, sweet-smelling linen is obtained with half the toll and half the time if Sunlight Soap is used. Sunlight shortens the day's work, but lengthens the life of your clothes. Follow directions.

### LOAN SHARK TRICKS

METHODS OF THIS TRIBE OF VAMPIRES

Which is Fast Disappearing From Canada—They Are Being Driven Out of This Country.

The loan shark is being rapidly driven out of Canada. The newspapers have forced legislation making him practically impossible. Yet in some of our Canadian centres these nefarious persons still flourish. Once in their clutches, it is an almost hopeless struggle. They use an elaborate system of spies to get their victims. Spies everywhere. Spies who are well-dressed and spies who are ill-dressed! Spies who look like gentlemen and spies who are obviously not! And the clever moneylender knows exactly whether he can "fleece" his customer, whether he can safely lend him money or not, or whether the transaction is likely to turn out a bad bargain.

These spying tents work on a commission basis. Some of these moneylenders' spies move in good society. One hears of an acquaintance it is hard to pay up. And it is surprising what large sums parents pay in order to keep these matters quiet. Suppose the sum borrowed is \$2,000. The spy gets anything from \$300 to \$400 out of it, all of which, of course, the unfortunate borrower has to pay by way of interest. He signs a promissory note for \$3,000, and in return gets about \$1,000 cash! And the \$3,000 has to be repaid in three months!

But sometimes a man comes into the office straight away, with no such introduction, and asks for a loan. That is never a very pleasant business when one has to face an experienced moneylender. You relate your biography, your debts, say where you are employed, what salary you are getting, and, in fact, lay bare half the secrets of your existence. You go out leaving faintly for the obliging gentleman has told you "if everything is all right you will get the money to-morrow."

Here steps in another grade of spy. He is not well-dressed enough to pass as a gentleman. He loafs after you, writes your address, gets into conversation with neighboring tradesmen, and even has a chat with your servant whenever it is possible. He sees you then as other people see you and not from your own self-satisfied point of view, which has given to the moneylender. If you have a reputation for being slow in paying your bills, for dodging your just debts, and so on, the spy knows it and your loan is refused.

In order that the spy's expenses shall be found in any case, you will probably have already put something down as a preliminary fee. Needless to say, you never see that fee again. The spy is as wide awake as they make them, for if you manage to beat him and get a loan when you are not capable of paying it back, it is the spy who suffers, and so he takes very few chances.

Now and then people who get into the clutches of the moneylenders are pressed into his service as spies. He is merciful to them as long as they can introduce new custom. If a friend, who is also on his books, contemplates a "moonlight flit," then the usurer knows it and the borrower is surprised to find that his new address is perfectly well known.

One class of moneylender deals chiefly with married women. Loans are apparently willingly lent them, but not without an inquiry before hand by the ever-useful spy as to the status of their husbands. These poor women are harassed right and left by the spies when they cannot pay up. They are followed about and have to put up with all sorts of menaces and insults, under threats of telling their husbands. They will call at the house, they will meet her casually in the streets, and everywhere and at all times she will feel that she is in their grip, and will make the utmost sacrifices to pay extortionate sums to keep things quiet. Many a home has been ruined in this way. There are, of course, many moneylenders who are straight and who do their best to do things as easy as possible for their clients. But there are many black sheep in the flock, and the moneylending laws will have to be made considerably stricter before this system of blackmail is done away with.—Montreal Standard.

**Justly Indignant.**  
The Dramatic Mirror publishes the following entitled it "Offensive to Canadians."

Edmonton, Canada, was considerably stirred up recently over a film produced by the Champion Company and exhibited in the Orpheum Theatre. One scene represented a Yankee in the Revolutionary War pulling down the Union Jack and stamping on it. The film was entitled "Marion, the Swamp Fox." Major Carstairs, of the 101st Fusiliers, made strenuous protest and the film was withdrawn. Manager Card claiming in his own defence that the film had been passed by the Censorship Board at Winnipeg.

What would the inhabitants of any American city do if a film were exhibited showing the Star Spangled Banner being treated in an undignified manner?—Montreal Standard.

**American Immigration.**  
In the early part of the year the figures respecting American immigration to the west indicated a slight falling off which was attributed to false reports as to the failure of the Canadian crops. For the six months ended June 30, however, a small increase is shown and the expectations are that it will grow considerably.

### ANIMAL FANCIES

Friendly Relations Lead to Strange Adoptions.

The cases in which cats and dogs have formed close friendly relations are, of course, too numerous to mention. It really seems as if there were no animal friendships so strong and lasting as that between cats and dogs when once it is formed. It is well known that mother-cats when deprived of their newborn progeny will adopt puppies, rabbits, monkeys, or almost any other tender young creatures that may be handy. But there has recently come to light a case for which there is no such apparent explanation.

A cat and a female fox-terrier, which had brought into the world their progeny at about the same time, deliberately swapped their young, the cat taking the puppies to bring up, and the dog the kittens. The change was satisfactory, and both litters were brought in good health to the weanable stage. Nobody knows what led to such abnormal conduct.

A somewhat similar case is reported from Montreal. A householder there, having a female cat and a female dog with families of young, left that his house was in danger of becoming a sort of Noah's ark, and took away and drowned all the kittens. The puppies found favor in his eyes. Deprived of her little ones, the cat began to "spell" the female dog in taking care of the puppies. As soon as the mother-dog left her nest the bereaved mother-cat crawled into it and nursed the puppies. Nothing loth, the puppies took all that came to them, and thrived prodigiously. The cat licked them and took care of them as she would have taken care of her own.

A certain cat, the story of whose career is vouched for by a cat club, adopted a litter of young rabbits and nursed them well. The cat was, for that matter, very sociable and inclusive in her likings. One year her constant companion was a chicken. The two ate habitually out of the same dish, and slept every night in the same enclosure.

There is an authentic story of a male and a female cat in Halifax that lived on terms of perfect amity with all the animals on the place—dogs, chickens, and what not. It so happened that a hen which had a brood of seven chickens was killed accidentally. The cat, which some two weeks before had been deprived of her kittens, appeared to observe the predicament of the seven little chickens. She crawled into their nest, and the chickens, looking for warmth, nestled into her warm fur, peeping gratefully. The chickens, fed by their owner, thrived perfectly, and every day the strange sight was presented of their following the mother-cat about the premises, as if expecting her to find them food after the manner of a hen.

**A Bright Boy.**  
In most regular lines of work the old hands usually try to play some joke on each new boy that starts in at the business. This bank clerk is no exception to the rule. He was indicated by a joke played on the new "junior" in a bank in Collingwood.

The youngster was sent out to a merchant to collect two dollars on a draft, and he got back to the bank with two silver dollars.

"Where did you get those cart-wheels?" asked the collection clerk.

"Don't you know that they're worth only forty-eight cents each?"

The boy looked badly scared.

"Better take them to the accountant," said the collection clerk, with a wink at that official. "But I guess he can't do anything for you."

"No, only worth forty-eight cents each," said the accountant.

The boy was still more frightened, so he took the big silver pieces home, intending to turn them in to his father, but he could persuade his father to let him have the bills.

Next morning the youngster turned in two Canadian bills. He had a big parcel under his arm, and he proudly exhibited to the clerk a great collection of ties, stockings and other things to wear.

"Say," he said with a smile, "I put a good one over on that store-keeper down the line. I got him to give me two dollars worth of stuff for those old cart-wheels."

**Blaming the Reporter.**  
There is a certain kind of humor which wins its way more surely than any other policy. Sir John Macdonald was a master in its use, and seldom resorted to it in vain. On one occasion Sir John delivered an address, which, for some mysterious reason, was slightly incoherent. The following day, a newspaper man called on him and diffidently showed him certain notes which he had taken of the speech.

Sir John surveyed the notes for a moment and then turned to the reporter in a kind and fatherly manner.

"Young man, will you let me give you a word of advice?"

"Certainly, Sir John," said the flattered scribe.

"Well, don't ever try to report one of my speeches unless you are sure that you are perfectly sober. Now, I'll tell you what I really did say."

And the young reporter was wise enough to say "thank you."

**Woodpile and Discipline.**  
The All Saints troop of scouts at Calgary, who went into camp recently, has adopted an entirely original method of discipline. It should appeal to most Scoutmasters and big troops of scouts. In these unusual disciplines is strictly enforced, rough-house of the worst sort will develop. The Western method will nip it in the bud. The All Saints troop will not have a guardhouse, but a woodpile, which is far more effective. A portion of the scouts will each day be detached for police duty. They will have to report all cases of disobedience. These will be brought before the command-in-chief, and sentence being passed punishment will be worked out on the woodpile. No more efficient method of discipline can be suggested than hard work and the woodpile is the peer of work machines.

A good bluff may be more effective than the real thing.  
Being broke is our idea of nothing to do.

When you are offered something for nothing you should accept it—if you can afford to pay double its value.

Keep your running gear in order and say nothing about it.

No, Alonso, the cigarette habit doesn't always cause weak minds. In a great many cases it merely indicates them.

### THE LAST OF THE PATRES.

Sir Charles Tupper Showed His Old Form at Coronation.

Sir Charles Tupper was in the thick of the coronation pageantry in London. The veteran Canadian was among the most vigorous and enthusiastic of those who cheered King George to the crowning. The Empire on which he had a host of memories and speculations the doughty Tory baronet must have indulged the last few days. Sir Charles shook hands with dozens of faithful henchmen from overseas, who helped him fight his battles in the Dominion in other days; he read in The London Times of the seventeen Premier, gathered in Imperial discussion in Downing street; he viewed the crowning of another King—who is as much King of Canada as he is of England. Indeed, in one month in London, Sir Charles saw the modern machinery of the great British Empire exposed; no doubt as he watched the smooth-running of the parts, this great Canadian statesman felt the pride of a workman, conscious of the efficacy of his contribution to the whole.

One incident occurred during coronation week in which Sir Charles was the central figure. That was the unveiling of the memorial in memory of Canadian Confederation at the Westminster Hotel, in the very heart of London. It was in a sense one of the most dramatic episodes of coronation week. Here in this very room, almost half a century ago, gathered a group of men who smoothed away the final obstacles, which threatened the federation of the Canadian provinces into the Dominion, which is the wonder of the twentieth century.

The Fathers of Confederation today are but a cherished memory. The old picture of them gathered about a table, the mural pride of many a Canadian farm house—well the modern Canadian school-boy needs a key to pick them out. Sir Charles Tupper is there. He and Senator A. A. Macdonald alone of the Fathers remain to us. No doubt he has changed since the picture was taken—but in appearance only. Sir Charles Tupper is now an old man. In years he is ninety. But in spirit he is the same old Dr. Tupper of Nova Scotia. Those who were so fortunate to hear him at the Westminster Palace the other day will never forget the scene. Around him were seated the leading men of the Empire. Sir Charles rose to speak. The flash of the warior was there in his eye, the same challenge of the "Bluenose" was in his voice, as in vehement, declamatory sentences he declared his faith in the future of the Canada he had helped so much to build.

Sir Charles Tupper is the aristocrat of Canadians. He is one of the last of the Patres. To his work as a constitution builder, so fittingly commemorated at the Westminster Palace, let Sir Wilfrid Laurier's words bear tribute.

"During the forty-four years since Canadian Confederation, there has been only one amendment of an important character, and that came without friction and to the satisfaction of everybody. I say to Sir Charles Tupper, in your name and mine, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'"

Of course eminent Canadians of both political parties were in the audience which witnessed the unveiling of the tablet. But these men forgot for the moment that they were Liberals or Conservatives; they remembered only that they were Canadians; that they had assembled to honor the Canadian Constitution and its founders. Sir Wilfrid eulogized his old political foe.

**The Hustling, Bustling West.**  
Easterners visiting the West have before now commented on the fact that despite the "hustle" which is talked so much about, it takes about twice as long to buy a cigar or a necktie out there as it does in an eastern city, and that the gentlemanly clerk is always willing to detain the stranger with talk about his town's prospects, no matter how many other customers may be waiting.

"That man who is now in the West must have had the cup of his bitterness filled to overflowing, for this is the postcard he sent to a friend from one of the flourishing smaller cities of the new provinces:

"Arrived here 9 a.m. Now 10 a.m. Barber expected down—shortly. Bar opens 9 a.m. Barber tends to serve drinks when he finishes sporting page. Evening paper offices not yet open for business. Leading merchants away fishing. Bustling West! Hell!!!—Saturday Night."

**Sleeping In.**  
A couple of men, who don't get down to work till nine o'clock, were talking the other day about the trouble of getting up in the morning, and one of them told what he considers the funniest remark he had heard concerning that trouble.

It appears that one cold morning last winter in a barber shop in a western Ontario town, a man who looked pretty tired said, "Say, I tell you I felt like sleeping in this morning."


"What time do you usually get up?" he was asked.

"In a milkman," he said, "and I usually get up at 4.30."

The idea of a man who gets up at that time on a winter morning talking of "sleeping in" struck the man who rises late as being mighty funny.

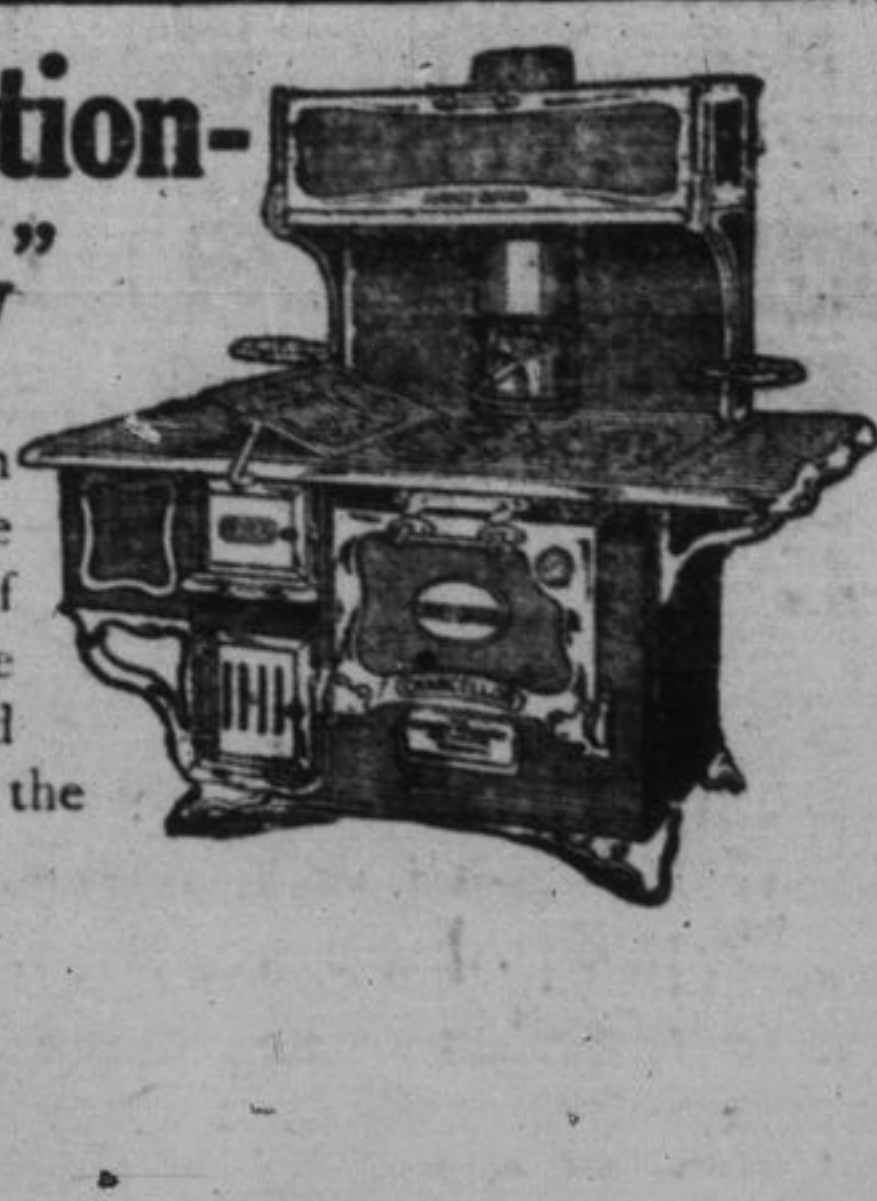
"That man would have to lie half a day longer before talking about 'sleeping in,'" he said.—Courier.

**Plenty of Coal.**  
That alarmists who predict Canada's fuel supply is on the verge of exhaustion, will be prophets without honor in their own country for some little time yet, is indicated by a geological survey report just issued. It is on the Big Horn coal basin in Alberta, wherein it is estimated there are 6,000,000,000 long tons of coal in an area of about 187 square miles that are workable. The Big Horn basin is about 85 miles northwest of Banff, 140 miles southwest of Edmonton and 70 miles south of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways' surveyed routes.



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