

COULD NOT SLEEP, COULD NOT EAT

Woman So Weak and Nervous Could Not Stand Her Children Near Her - Vinol Changed Everything for Her

Plant City, Fla.—I wish I could tell everybody about Vinol. For nine years I was in bad health. I got so I could not sleep, and I could not stand to have my children come near me. I could not even see or do any heavy housework. I was simply tired all the time. I tried so many medicines I could not recall them all, but nothing did me any good. One day a friend asked me to try Vinol and said it was the best tonic she ever saw. I did so, and soon got the first good night's sleep I had had for a long time. Now I sleep well, my appetite is good, my nervousness is all gone and I am so strong and well I do all my housework and work in my flower garden without feeling tired or nervous. Vinol has made me a well and happy woman.

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PRESS GALLERY GLIMPSES

Special Whig Correspondence From the House of Commons.

The Probe At Ottawa

(Copyrighted.) Every day is wash day in the Public Accounts' Committee. At the present writing, for example, it's horses and spades that are being cleaned up, particularly horses. Somebody has said that all's fair in love and horse trading. Even persons have been known to go, winking when it was a horse that was in question, so what wonder if the government's transactions demand a little investigating. Frank Carvell is handling the job as chief inspector and there are never less than three nervous cabinet ministers on the spot to see that he doesn't stumble into a mare's nest. Briefly stated the horse story is this: With the First Canadian Congress there were available to be bought 8,486 horses, of which 7,818 were newly purchased and 668 belonged to the Permanent Force. Of the 7,818 purchased 311 were bought in the west and were accompanied by the proper descriptions and vouchers. The other 7,477 had no descriptions and no vouchers, and were accepted, so to speak, on faith.

The horses from the west were bought at an average price of \$150, but those from the mysterious east—which grows more mysterious about its horse trade the further east you get—brought an average figure of \$173. Not that the horses were any better, perhaps, but that the vendors were keener and the buyers more eager. Of the 8,486 horses available to be sent only 7,620 crossed the penn. Of the 866 left behind 466 were sold at Quebec for an average price of \$82 and 400 have never been heard of since. Honor dispatches of the missing 400 in various ways. Some died of advanced age at Valcartier while others who had the hiccoughs fit to cough their heads off, found the road to the glue factory or are now figuring as muckage, canned chicken and calves foot jelly. All these usual articles of commerce but inglorious. On the whole it was a sad ending for four hundred horses that set out to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth.

Although horse prices range from \$125 to \$225 in various parts of Canada, the average price the Dominion over was \$173. So that Canada was out of pocket on the 466 old crocks sold at Quebec for \$54 each something like \$56,000, and on the 400 who made no return whatever to the Dominion treasury another \$69,000—a total discrepancy of \$125,000 on the first batch of horses purchased. This does not represent the total loss, because the prices quoted are f.o.b. at the point of purchase and do not include freight and fodder. One witness testified that there was a fine business done in slaughtering horses at Valcartier, and that he saw as many as eleven shot and handed over to the packers in a single morning. Carriage and the glue factory must have cost something.

If the glue factory explained everything the committee could rest easy, but legend continues to gather in a most embarrassing fashion around the vanished four hundred. Some say that they were on the list but never existed in the flesh—being mere ghosts of horses, astral bodies of chargers that remained at home where the cheques were paid, and were present at Valcartier only in spirit. Some say they were pallid substitutes for horses that missed the train to Valcartier, and that they died sooner than face the Auditor-General. Some say—but what's the use of piling up conjectures. The fact remains that nobody knows what became of them any more than you or I know where Moses is buried. The horses are gone, and the vouchers, descriptions, labels and other marks of identity are gone with them.

Without going further in pursuit of these wild, weird horses, the committee gets down to brass tacks in the shape of Mr. Arthur De Witt Foster, M.P., who spent \$72,000 for 428 horses in Kings, Hants and Annapolis counties, Nova Scotia. When I say spent I mean that \$72,000 was placed by Mr. Foster's credit in the bank of Montreal and the young M.P. issued cheques against this account to three men who did the actual buying—F. B. Keever, a personal friend, T. C. Woodworth, of Halifax and W. P. Mackay, secretary of John Stanfield, the chief government whip.

Arthur De Witt Foster, M.P. Kings County, N. S.—No relation to Sir George—is the youngest member in the House of Commons. Four years ago next September, fortune marked him for her own and seizing him gently by his football hair shifted him to Ottawa, where he made a great hit with his cherub face and rab-rah manners. Arthur was a

college boy and he looked the part. He was elected on a temperance and social purity platform, and was a great favorite with the Tories. In time he became a real little politician and banged his desk, and shouted "hear, hear" and laughed savagely at the Opposition on the slightest provocation. He developed along other lines, too—he smoked a cigar with the corner of his mouth and wore his hat at an angle of sixty degrees counting from the side of his head. Ottawa is the forcing bed of genius and presently Arthur was a broker, selling black fox stock and things like that at his office in Sparks street. It was there he became a fancier, you can learn a lot from foxes, black or otherwise—and by the time he was round pretty well he knew his way round pretty well. He knew it so well in fact that somebody high up said: "We want horses, Arthur. Here's \$72,000. Go out and do the best you can." Which Arthur did. It is at this point that the Public Accounts' Committee comes in. It is only fair to say that they have nothing on Arthur—he did his work well.

As it is not etiquette to summon M. P.'s before the Public Accounts' Committee, the inquiry centres around W. P. Mackay, who had desk room along with Messrs. Keever and Woodworth in Mr. Foster's office in Sparks street. These four young musketeers were all in the same business—black foxes—but according to Mackay's evidence they really knew as little of each other as my right hand knows of what my left hand is doing. Probably less than that. At any rate, we have Mackay's evidence that they did not exchange words more than once in two months and recognized each other by sight more than anything else. No doubt this silence was due to the savage competition in black fox stock at a period when the market for black fox was tobogganing. At all events they seldom spoke as they passed by. Mr. Mackay, who has a pair of stormy eyes and an undershot jaw, said that he didn't care whether the committee believed him or not. Toward some things Mr. Mackay took that attitude, toward others he exhibited a loss of memory very alarming in a young man.

However, the war did one good thing. It brought these four almost total strangers in the same office together and presently Mr. Foster was acting as a fairly godfather to the party and signing the cheques while Keever was acting as director-general and Mackay and Woodworth were buying the horses under proper veterinary advice in Nova Scotia. They blanketed \$72,000 worth, mostly using blank check books, and distributing the cash personally to the lucky sellers. They took receipts, of course, and fixed each card up with the name of the vendor, the price paid and the description of the animal, but all these records they handed over to Keever, who is not within summoning distance. Keever's whereabouts are unknown. He has most unfortunately left the country, taking the black-and-white evidence with him. Woodworth is also absent in the body and as Mackay's memory is poor the committee cannot go much further in that direction. Mr. Keever has vanished even more completely than the four hundred horses which are supposed to have wound up in the glue factory.

However, spades turned up trump. Enter Col. Stoneman, late of the 13th Battalion, Hamilton, Ont., forty-five years a soldier, a gentleman of the old school, face like the sunset, a thoroughbred. Although retired takes a keen interest in military matters. He gives a little monologue on war as she was fifty years ago and war as she is now.

"An entirely different matter, gentlemen," says the colonel, twisting his grey moustache. "A thing of spades and topmops." The word spade recalls the colonel from his excursions on military tactics to which the other colonels on the committee have listened with becoming patience. He produces letters, a dozen of them, soft official answers from the President of France, the President of the United States (both per secretary), the British War Office, Lord Roberts, and others, stating that they will look into his idea of an armored spade. Another of these letters is to Colonel W. S. Morrison, of the Headquarters Staff at Ottawa, written some six years ago, and another to Major-General Hughes, written since the war broke out. The colonel has answers to all these letters except the one to Major-General Hughes. He values most the letter from Lord Roberts, "Be sure to give that back

to me. I wouldn't lose it for a thousand dollars." "I got the idea," says the colonel, "from an ace of spades. I always carry an ace of spades with me for luck. Sometimes I carry a whole deck, but the ace is my favorite card." The spade came to me six years ago and I at once communicated it to Colonel Morrison, who is a protégé of mine. He has since become an artillery officer, but he learned his rudiments under me in the Thirteenth.

"The idea," here the colonel produced blue prints, "was much improved by the draftsman to whom I submitted it. My notion was of a trenching tool which could be used as a breastplate held in place by the bandolier, in action or on the march, as a digging instrument when throwing up earthworks, and as an armor-plating shield to crown the parapet once it was built up. The draftsman suggested making a hob in the middle and shooting through it. A happy thought—I incorporated it."

"That was six years ago?" this from Mr. Carvell. "And you wrote about this to Major-General Hughes since the war broke out?" "Exactly. Doubtless the General has a lot to worry him. At all events he didn't answer my letter." "Did it ever occur to you to patent your invention and make money out of it?" "Make money out of my country's need?" The colonel's eyes blazed. "Bless your heart, no. The shield spade idea is as old as the Crusades. The only new thing about my little spade is the hole in the middle, and you couldn't patent a hole could you?"

Whereat the committee laughed and the colonel retired wreathed in smiles. Just the same, somebody values the colonel's idea more than does himself, for the shield spade, hole and all, has been filed in the Patent Office at Ottawa, and Miss Ina Macadam, stenographer-in-chief to Major-General Hughes, holds the patent. Moreover, an order for twenty-five thousand shield-spades at \$1.25 per spade is now being filled at the Maritime Steel Company of Pennsylvania. The colonel seems to have served his country well by calling Major-General Hughes' attention to an idea that was ripe enough to pick. —H. F. GADSBY.

VACANT LOT GARDENING.

Hamilton City Clerk Has Inaugurated Big Movement in Canada.

Once get a practical idea into the head of an enthusiastic blessed with plenty of physical energy and something will happen. S. H. Kent, City Clerk of Hamilton, was passing through the eastern part of that metropolis one day last summer when a head of an enthusiastic blessed with plenty of physical energy and something will happen. S. H. Kent, City Clerk of Hamilton, was passing through the eastern part of that metropolis one day last summer when a head of an enthusiastic blessed with plenty of physical energy and something will happen. S. H. Kent, City Clerk of Hamilton, was passing through the eastern part of that metropolis one day last summer when a head of an enthusiastic blessed with plenty of physical energy and something will happen.

The idea that percolated through the city clerk's brain, was whether it would not be possible to bring these two conditions into relationship. There, on the one hand, was plenty of the best of garden land going to waste. There, on the other hand, were the struggling families who, with the opportunity, might be able to raise their own produce, and thus reduce the cost of living. All that was needed was some organization that would take the matter in hand, secure the temporary use of the vacant land for those who would be willing to cultivate plots and generally see that the scheme was properly carried out.

From Mr. Kent's inspiration there has sprung into being the City of Hamilton Garden Club, fathered by himself and sponsored by the City Council. A committee of management composed of the mayor, two aldermen, two private citizens, and the city clerk, have the project in hand and they are prosecuting it with energy. Already several public meetings have been held in the districts affected at which members of the committee have explained the idea of the organization and urged the citizens to take out active memberships.

As a preliminary step, a list of the land suitable for gardens was prepared and letters were written to the owners asking for its use by the club. To this appeal a most hearty response was made, with the result that the committee will have an abundance of land to allot to active members. These lots will all be plowed and put in readiness for planting before the plots will be assigned to the gardeners, thus making the proposition an attractive one.

Several other Ontario cities and towns have also adopted the vacant lot gardening idea, largely as a result of the Government campaign to increase production. In Owen Sound, for instance, Mr. George Menzies, secretary of the Board of Trade, in his annual report to that body, directed attention to the large amount of vacant land within the town limits, which might very well be put to productive uses by those without the necessary property.

The cities of Woodstock and Brantford have also fallen in line. In the former case, the movement originated at the patriotism and production meetings held there. In Western Canada, Regina and Moose Jaw report developments this year. Regina may, indeed, claim credit for having started the movement so far as Canada is concerned, for her Vacant Lot Gardening Committee has been in existence for some time. —Toronto Star Weekly.

Was a Rebel '38. The death at Watertown, N.Y., of N. H. Trux, aged 95, recalls the famous battle of the windmill, fought at Prescott, Ont., in 1838, in which he was the sole surviving participant. Trux was only 30 years of age when he joined the "patriot" cause. The invasion of Canada was a total failure. He made his escape back to the United States.

School Service Rolls. A "roll of service," containing the names of all former pupils who served with the colors, will be compiled for each London County Council School.

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