

## Run-Down People Vinol is What You Need

Weak, run-down nervous men and women need Vinol because it contains the most famous reconstructive tonics in an agreeable and easily digested form:—Beef and Cod Liver Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates and Glycerophosphates.

We guarantee there is no tonic equal to Vinol.

### HERE IS PROOF

**Detroit, Mich.**  
"I got into a weak, run-down condition, no appetite, tired all the time and headaches—but had to keep around and do my housework. I read about Vinol and tried it—within two weeks I commenced to improve, and now have a splendid appetite and feel stronger and better in every way."  
Mrs. John F. Watson.

**Tezarkans, Texas.**  
"I keep house and I was weak, run-down and nervous, back ached a good deal of the time, so it was hard to take care of my chickens and do my work—Vinol has restored my strength, and my nervousness has gone, so I can do my work as well as ever. Every run-down woman should take Vinol."  
Mrs. Emma Britt.

For all run-down, nervous, anaemic conditions, weak women, overworked men, feeble old people and delicate children, there is no remedy like Vinol.

## Vinol Creates Strength

"MAHOOD'S DRUG STORE AND AT THE BEST DRUG STORE IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY IN THE COUNTRY."

### HOUSE CLEANING NEEDS

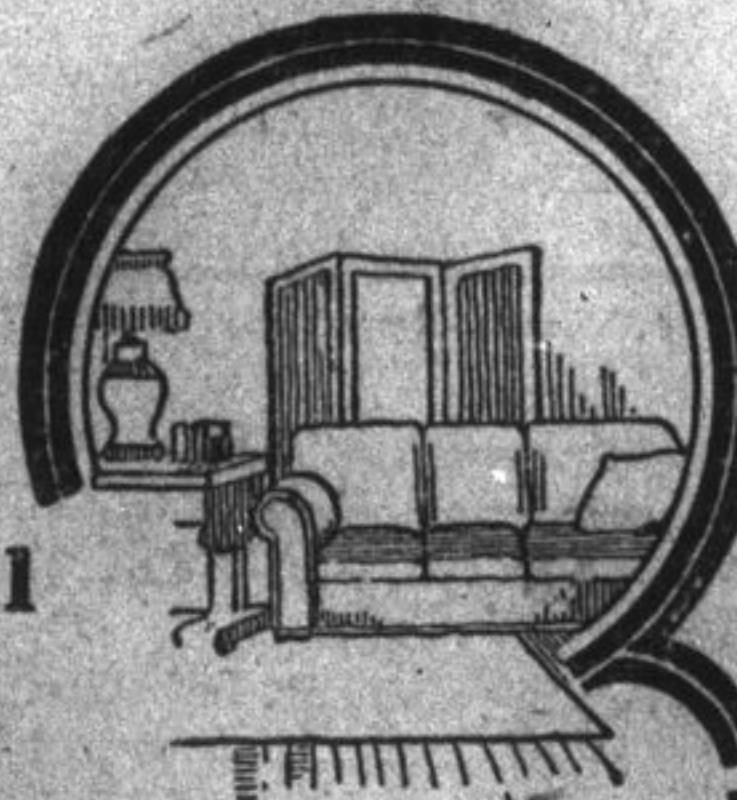


O'Cedar Mops, O'Cedar Oil, Floor Wax, Dustless Mops, Clean Sweep Floor Brooms. We also carry a full stock of paints, varnishes and interior finishes.

## Lemmon & Sons

187 Princess Street. Phone 840

## Those Nail Marks on the Floor



Yes, and scars on the furniture—are wounds to the pride of every housewife.

### Cat's Paw Rubber Heels and Rinex Soles Remove the Cause

Every nail is out of sight so they cannot mar and scar.

You cannot imagine the relief Cat's Paw and Rinex afford, until you have worn them. Then, too, you will realize that they cut shoe bills in half—that you walk with ease and comfort—that your steps have a spring you never knew before.

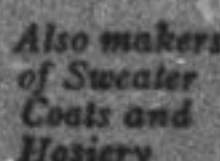
You can double the life of all the old shoes in the house by having your cobbler heel and sole them with Cat's Paw and Rinex.



## Penman's Underwear

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

People of varied occupations and in different climates require different garments. Penman's Underwear is made in various weights and fabrics to suit all these conditions. Each garment fits perfectly and is made to wear well.



Penman, Limited

## CANADA REVISITED

After Ten Years' Absence F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent, Tours Canada and Tells What He Sees and Hears

### ARTICLE No. 5.

By F. A. MCKENZIE.

Specially Written for the Whig. The west presents the greatest opportunity for youth that is to be found in the world to-day. One's years seem to vanish in the streets of Calgary or Medicine Hat. The air of the prairies is the air of life. I would rather be a street sweeper with the years ahead of me in Saskatchewan than a millionaire in Calcutta. The farm laborer of Suffolk becomes the yeoman of Red Deer. The errand boy of Brighton moves forward to the semi-millionaire class in Regina. The young school teacher of Ontario obtains the start in Victoria that is eventually to land him into the British peerage. The phantoms of want and hunger have been exercised here. The workhouse, the terror of the British honest poor, has gone.

The life is hard. If you earn good money, you have to work for it. But then in the west you like to work. The atmosphere and the surroundings stimulate you. Everything urges on, fosters and aids the ambitions of youth. The success of other men tells how you can succeed. Old limitations drop off. The middle class Englishman discovers that she can take her meals in the kitchen and yet be happy. The man brought up in the dignified atmosphere of an English cathedral town finds that he can do his own chores, build up the furnace, carry his own parcels and wear old clothes, and yet be a gentleman.

The real drawback in the west is that for most people life is so full of work that many of the amenities have to go. There is no time for serious reading, little opportunity to keep up one's knowledge of art or music. The gramophone and the piano have to take the place of the actor, and instead of great actors in person one has to be content with seeing their presentations on the silver curtain in the picture theatre.

People in the west talk of the wonderful growth of their cities. To me the amazing thing was that the cities had not grown more quickly. Many of them have during the past seven years either not increased in population, or have actually declined. The reason is not the war. The west handed itself over for a time to the devil, in the shape of the real estate boomster, and it is now paying the price. The west has built up its rural life on solid accomplishments; it attempted to build up many of its cities on bluff and on gambling. The prosperity of the rural life grows. Many of the cities overloaded with debt, are now trying to recover lost ground.

The "boomster" often came from south of the line, where he had abundant means and a few booms. He was allowed a free hand. He acquired control of the city councils, he had an omnipotent pull with the legislatures. He brought the greatest show of prosperity in the shortest time ever known. He has left crushing debts that have to be borne by the workers for many years to come.

"You are talking ancient history," one western editor said impatiently to me. "You have your eyes on yesterday. We have forgotten yesterday; our vision is on to-morrow."

"But yesterday has not forgotten you," I replied. "It has left your city a little debt of three million dollars, and you have to pay it. Most people see boom cities during their booms. It was my fortune to visit two dozen of them in their hours of recovery from the slump. For they are recovering—slowly and sadly. The next boom is due in about five years from now."

The great boom of 1911-12 only followed the course of other booms, except that it was on a rather bigger scale, there being more centres to operate from. It could draw in more money, because there were city councils and boards with power to borrow, and because the east and Europe were ready to supply real money. There was a basis for expansion. The west had shown phenomenal growth during the previous ten years. The population of Alberta and Saskatchewan had jumped more than fourfold; railways were opening up fresh country. The C.P.R. and C.N.R. and the Grand Trunk Pacific were stretching out fresh steel tentacles in all directions. Hudson's Bay was to become the great route for mid-western grain. Men dreamed of Regina as a greater St. Paul and of Edmonton as the centre of supply for a surrounding population of five million people. Southern Alberta was to be irrigated, and the dry belt to be dry only in name. The rivers were to be harnessed. Little, ambitious Prince Albert spent a million and a quarter trying to harness its streams, before it found out if the flow was sufficient for the work it had to do. Places with the population of a fifth rate English town planned streets and boulevards, and built office premises that Toronto or Montreal would describe as palatial.

The real estate dealers grabbed control of the city councils. The first thing to be done was to extend the city borders. A radius of eight miles from the centre for a city of twenty thousand people—that would allow for a growth of between two and three millions—was quite a common extension. Had they looked nothing, so say about this? Apparently not. This extension of boundaries was to give opportunity for what I term sheer

swindling. Plots of prairie land within the city limits would be sold by skillful advertising to investors in the east and in England as "town lots," at prices that would have been dear had they been in the heart of a city. "Buy town lots" became the slogan. "A plot of land sold for fifty dollars in 1911 in 1914. It realized \$50,000 cash in open sale last month. Our plots were \$200 in June. To-day they cost \$200. Next month \$400. Buy town lots and watch your money grow." And the widow in Toronto, the ambitious lad in Hamilton, the workman in Halifax sent their money for their lots. They waited. Mostly all they received in return was an assessment for taxation.

Values did go up. Two thousand dollars a foot was quite a common figure in main streets. "It is a remarkable fact that the dearest money was nearly always bought by the banks or the railroads. They were the runners-up of prices. The banks would lend money freely. In some places the common joke was that you had to go to business by a back way to avoid the bank manager who wished to make you an advance. Never, outside the western mining camp, was money so abundant as in these boom towns. Most of it was the money sent in from outside. Little of it was earned there.

Men became millionaires on paper in a few weeks. All you had to do was to buy and sell, buy and sell. Prices were going up all the time. Of course you rarely actually took delivery. You bought an option, and often enough a friend would ring you up at your club two hours later and buy your option from you, giving you a profit of some thousands of dollars. You would buy back from him a week hence, at a still higher figure. Then some outside investor would take it off you to hold. Your gains would be thrown out on other ventures.

Even the most conservative men were dragged in. "I only made one venture," said a very sane business man to me. "Everyone seemed to be making money out of land, so I bought a farm of three hundred acres at sixty dollars an acre. Very shortly afterwards I sold it to a syndicate of eastern capitalists for one hundred and eighty dollars an acre. They paid me quarter down, and were to pay the balance in three instalments. They meant to sell it as town lots. The boom burst before the first instalment became due. They defaulted and tried to get out of it by a bargain. But I had satisfied myself about the men who were in the syndicate; there were some very big men indeed. I went after them hard and got my money. To-day I could have the same land for twenty dollars an acre. It isn't worth it."

Parallel with the forcing up of local values, a person of liberal public expenditure was maintained. The small store became a monster department house. The simple office building became a marble office palace. Palatial banks rivalled each other in outward display. This work of building brought further population. Feverish bids were made to outside manufacturers to come in. They would be given land, power, light and freedom from taxation for a generation. The city would be thrown in a fever of excitement at the prospect of securing some convention. One modest sized place that I know secured by sheer bluff the holding of a very large convention there. It had to build special halls and lay out monster grounds; the hospitality, on the most lavish scale, taxed the resources of every citizen.

When the convention was over,

### Glorious Relief! Corns, Callouses, Foot Lumps Go

You'll feel like a kid again, you'll be tickled to death at the painless, quick riddance of all your corns once you paint on Putnam's Extractor.

Do it to-day! Dealers everywhere have been selling this safe, dependable and sure remedy for nearly fifty years. Only costs a quarter.

Does the trick every time. Putnam's Corn Extractor was the first corn remover on the market, has to-day, the largest sale, and simply because it's by long odds the best.

everyone was broke, and, worst of all, the city could not trace a cent's worth of real benefit to it. The convention delegates came, preached the glories of their own centres, accepted freely the local hospitality and departed. But not a single land plot was sold or a fresh industry started so far as could be found.

It was not enough for the citizens to spend money. The city must do it. So started the prodigal's course on public work. Never have I seen places with such gorgeous street equipment as many of the small western cities. Elaborate trolley lines are laid for miles out into the prairie. The city sewerage system is adequate for twentyfold the population. The power plant would suffice for a capital city.

All this meant money. Money, however, was the least thing for money could be had for the asking. The East and Europe held out their money bags. In order to form the basis for borrowing, the city valuation had to be increased. That could be done by increasing the assessments. The modest man who had bought a town lot for a home, and erected a small house on it, would find himself assessed at ten or twenty times the amount his land cost him.

Suddenly there came a pause. The limit of borrowing had been reached. The buyer of land found that there was no one to buy at a higher rate from him. The professional boomsters, first to detect the signs of collapse, gathered up their tents and stole away. The few who remained, have usually taken care to "salt down" part of their real assets in the boom days in the name of their wives. The municipality found that its pet scheme of "harnessing" or the like would take twice as much as had been expected; but English investors were suddenly shy. The banks would lend no money; they were even starting to foreclose. Forced sales found no bidders, or bidders at a quarter of the price of yesterday.

At the City Hall there was a long, melancholy list of defaulting rate payers. In due course the city seized the land for the rates. Then came the advertisement in the local press of the land to be sold for rates. "Plot—Owned by Henry W. Jones, rates due \$7.35. Alas, Henry Jones away in Ontario had bought this lot for \$300, every dollar saved from his weekly wage. He had dreamed of it at night. It might be one of the lucky plots selling for fifty thousand dollars! Henry had grudgingly paid the rates year after year. He had tried to sell, but there were no buyers. Now Henry was about to let it go. It wasn't worth the taxes."

All through Canada I have found people clinging to these useless plots, only letting them go when they can no longer scrape up money for the taxes due. Some of the plots sold in the boom had no existence outside the imagination of the sellers, or were away in the prairie, beyond even the extended limits of the city. We all know the tale of the farmer who had done well, and thought that he would sell his farm and come into town. He went to a real estate dealer. "Sure!" said the dealer. "I have just the place for you." He took the farmer off to the "suburbs" in his high powered automobile and showed him a vacant plot. The farmer paused. "I think I'll stay on my farm after all," said he, slowly. "You see my farm happens to be five miles nearer to the city than this town plot is."

Some of the so-called "town plots" sold during the boom are of no value at all. But to-day there is real money to be made legitimately out of town plots in the west. Opportunity now too often offers itself in vain. The man who sees, for himself, uses his common sense and buys wisely in the hearts of the cities, may very easily double his investments in five years. But credit has been frightened away.

It is going to take a long time to lure the English investor back to the west. His fingers have been badly burned. It is worth while considering if it would not be worth while, from a business point of view alone, for the provinces to pass laws to enforce "blue sky" laws that would deal out to the swindling "boomster" his real deserts. The fine new jail at Lethbridge might need enlarging, but the cost would be worth while.



### The Model Kitchen

Everything up-to-date—especially the stove—the most important part of the kitchen equipment. That is why the successful housewife chooses the New Perfection, the oil stove that saves time, labor and worry—that cooks all recipes to the height of perfection.

The Long Blue Chimney Burner on every stove makes clean intense heat. It concentrates it all directly under the utensil—no waste! And because the combustion is perfect there is no smoke or odor.

The New Perfection does everything a gas stove does—is as easy to regulate. 3,000,000 are now giving satisfaction to just so many housewives.

Burns Imperial Royalty Coal Oil, the most economical and efficient oil fuel.

Ask your dealer about the New Perfection. Have him demonstrate at your convenience the advantages of the Long Blue Chimney.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

## NEW PERFECTION THE ALL SEASON OIL COOKSTOVES

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED Power - Heat - Light - Lubrication Branches in all Cities



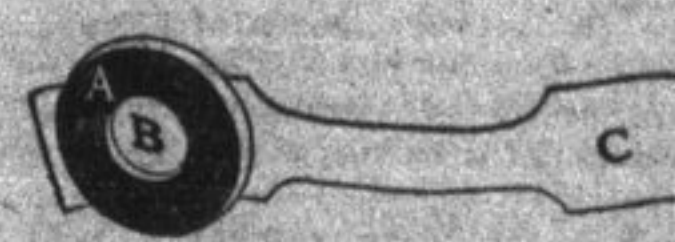
## NR Tonight - Tomorrow Feel Right Get a 25c Box

T. H. Sargent, Druggist, Kingston, Ont.

## The Man Who Banished Corns

Blue-jay was invented by a scientist of distinction. By a man whose lifetime has been spent in the study of surgical dressings.

This is a master's method—correct, complete and efficient. And the millions of people who know it, never think of enduring a corn.



### All in One

The first step is to stop the pain. This is done by removing all pressure—by the soft protecting ring marked A.

The next step is to gently cause the corn to disappear.

This is done by the remarkable B & B Wax, which no corn can resist.

This bit of wax—marked B—is centered on the corn. It cannot spread. So, unlike old-time methods, it acts on the corn alone.

C is rubber-coated adhesive. This snugly wraps the

application, protecting everything.

You apply this Blue-jay in a jiffy. The corn pain stops at once. The wrapping is comfortable and you forget it.

In two days you remove it and the corn can be lifted out. Only rare corns need a second application.

This is the scientific way, the easy, sure and right way to end corns. You will never return to any wrong method when you try a Blue-jay once. Try it tonight.

## B & B Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely 25c—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, LIMITED Chicago, Toronto, New York Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products (1078)

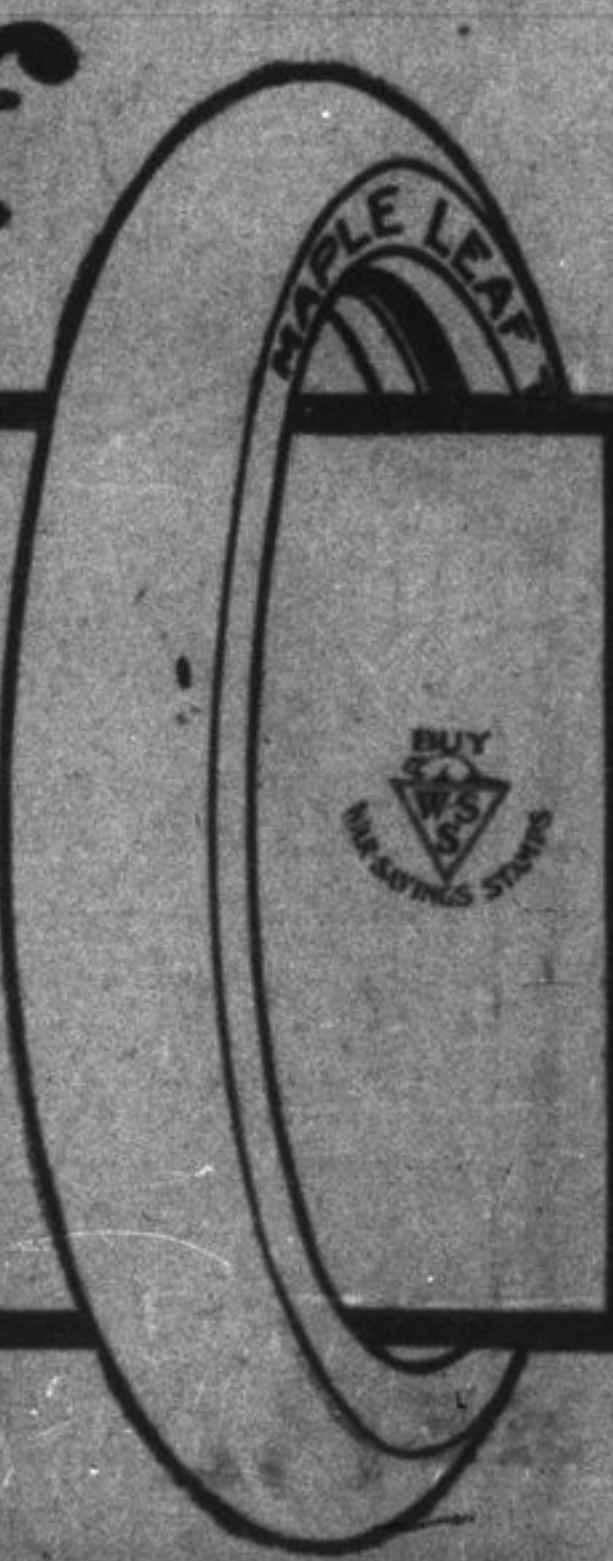
## Maple Leaf TIRES

The lasting economy of the sturdily built Maple Leaf Tire solves the tire problem for car owners.

There is good sound reason for Maple Leaf stability—it lies in the choice of materials, skilled workmanship and practical experience in bringing tires to perfection.

Ask your dealer for Maple Leaf Tires

The Maple Leaf Rubber Co. Limited, Montreal.



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