

# Farmers And Financials Optimistic

### Return of Canadian Dollar to Par and Gigantic Wheat Crop Some of the Reasons.

Canadian current events carry two features which are absorbing the attention of economists and government officials.

One is the reaching of par by the Canadian dollar in the money centre of the world, New York, and the other is the gigantic wheat crop of the west and the effect it will have on business in this country.

No one knows just how to view the fact that the Canadian dollar is now as good as the much sought American dollar. Some believe it will be a good thing for Canada, while others claim the Americans will now seek to buy from countries where their own money is at a premium.

There has been a very noticeable falling off in the exports from Canada to the United States the last year, but nothing in comparison to the drop in imports from the states.

Recent United States tariff legislation has virtually put the Canadian farmer out of business so far as the American demand is concerned, and he has been forced to seek other markets. In so doing the Canadian farmer has cut down his imports from Uncle Sam, until now his dollar is of the same value as the dollar of his American neighbor.

Up till the present, the cry has been general in the dominion that every patriotic Canadian should do all in his power to bring his dollar back to par, and the people have been told once this condition was re-established, good times would be started on their merry way here.

But the condition having arrived, the wisecracks who seemed to know it all a while ago have suddenly become dumb, and there is a fear on the part of the masses that Canada has lost an advantage instead of gaining one. So long as an American importer's dollar was worth all the way from \$1.05 to \$1.10, he was induced to come to this country to make his purchases, but now there is no such inducement for the Yankee buyer in Canada.

What will be the effect on the wheat crop? Had the difference in exchange continued this fall, the American grain buyers might have thought it worth while to come here and make huge purchases, depending upon the increased value of their dollar to make up some of the duty that has been imposed by Washington on wheat imports. Of course, it is argued in some quarters that the American millers must have a certain proportion of Canadian hard wheat to bring their flour up to a proper standard, and must pay any price that prevails.

But how about general wheat exports? The opinion here is that American speculators who have in the past come to Canada for supplies for the European demand, will now go to South America and other countries for grain. This would be the worst that could happen to the Canadian wheat grower. More mature opinion is that the Americans will largely buy as usual, but that the price of Canadian wheat will come down to make up for the American duty. This latter opinion is borne out by the generally accepted idea that the Canadian farmer is going to have to be contented with 75 cents a bushel for his wheat this year. That is, the wheat will sell around a dollar a bushel, but after elevation and shipping costs are paid there will be only 75 cents left to pay the cost of production, labor, seed, etc.

And the question naturally arises, where will the wheat grower stand after he has sold his grain? Most of them have notes in the bank and very many own mortgages, the principal and interest of which are overdue probably for two or three years. Will there be money enough from the wheat crop to straighten out the liabilities and leave the farmer with a clean sheet for the next year? Those who know the situation, say such cannot prove to be the case.

At present wheat prices, it will take two crops such as that of 1922 to lift the farmer out of the rut. So that so far as the west is concerned, Canadians may as well make up their minds that there are several lean years ahead, and lean years in the west do not augur well for a resumption of normalcy among the industries of the east.

Of course, conditions in the dominion are vastly better than a year ago, numerous factories having reopened this year after a shutdown of from one to three years. There is also a feeling of greater confidence among the farming public and the businessmen, owing to the fact that the Americans seem to have "done the worst" so far as high tariff against this country is concerned, and yet Canadians are able to live and do business at the old stand.

### NOT ALWAYS A SIGN

As usual, Mrs. Subbbs enlivened the dinner table conversation with an account of the new servant.

"I don't know much about her yet," she said, "but she is good-natured and harmless, at any rate."

"How did you find that out?"

"By her singing. She is always singing at her work."

"That's no sign," said Mrs. Subbbs. "A mosquito does that."

More Strategy.

"Do you ever suspect Mr. Jibway of running around with other women?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Jibway. "You don't let him know it, do you?"

"I take particular pains to let him know it. When I want a check on a source of suspicion is worth a pound of pleading."

Somebody to Pick On.

"I understand Mr. Peckton has taken up golf."

"Yes, and it has made a new man out of him."

"The exercise?"

"Not exactly. After years of subjection in the home, it would do your heart good to see the way he worries a caddy."

A Correct Diagnosis.

"This is no girl-and-music show," said the irritated person to his friend when the curtain went up. "Best if I don't believe it's Shakespeare!"

"But the box-office man said it was just the thing for us."

"Yeah! He thought we needed sleep."

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SWEET

"The sweetest girl I ever kissed," said gay young Malcolm.

"Used powdered sugar on her face instead of talcum."

Mixed Spelling.

"If you and I and eve and eye and yew and aye (dear me) were to be spelled u and I, How mixed up we should be!"

What Didn't Go Together.

Prison Visitor—And what brought you here, my man?

Convict—Well, madam, my father said when I was a boy that he hoped I would marry beauty and brains, and I wanted to please him.

Visitor—Yes.

Convict—I committed bigamy.

Splendid Opening for Trade.

Indignant Wife—I wonder what you would have done if you'd lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows?

Indolent Husband—I should have opened a store and sold handkerchiefs.

Only Way to Reach Him.

"Mr. Jagby has a telephone in his cellar."

"It's a house phone."

"What's the idea?"

"Mrs. Jagby occasionally likes to exchange a word with him when he's about the premises."

Unsolicited Advice.

"Do too many cooks spoil the broth?"

"I've never experimented with broth," said Mr. Bibbles, "but too many solicitous neighbors who regard themselves as experts certainly do muss up the home brew."

Fried Out.

Quizzer—You trust your office boy with a good many important secrets. Is he reliable?

Whizzer—He caddled for me all last season and no one in the club ever questioned the scores I turned in.

Wrong Track.

The dean had a hardbolloed freshman on the carpet. The dean decided to take a fatherly attitude.

"If you were in my place," he asked kindly, "what would you do?"

"I'd resign,"—Wesleyan Advance.

Blocked.

Bug Explorer—My, I'll never be able to cross that desert.

Mary's Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb. Her father shot it dead. And now it goes to school with her. Between two hunks of bread.

Success.

Marie—Is that young architect, who has taken a liking to you, successful in his calling?

Gertie—Not yet, but he will be if he keeps on calling.

Evidently.

"What's Tom doing?"

"Sowing wild oats."

"In these days? I call that dry farming."

Might Need a Stadium.

Mr. Wedleigh has been awarded an honorary degree by a fresh-water college.

"So I heard. He must have been honored in that way before."

"Yes?"

"I understand he's sending out 'feelers' among the trustees to find out how much it's going to cost him."

Just Like Us.

Mrs. Beetle—Henry, won't you please hook my shell up the back!

# Cannibals Inventors of Turkish Bath, Says Singer



Frances Arms, Thru English Melody Traces Witch Doctor Ritual to Present Day Institution

New York City—The well-known Turkish bath, dear to the heart of the over-plump, isn't really Turkish but African if you trace it back to its origin, Frances Arms, pretty ballad singer, surprisingly announces.

Miss Arms, who is strong on history and also the owner of a remarkable collection of ancient and priceless parchments, got interested in the Turkish bath discussion through "Coal Black Mammy," a ragtime song, which she sings and declares to be the dancing, shuffling melody she has ever heard.

English Composer.

The composer of "Coal Black Mammy," contrary to all tradition is not American, but an Englishman, Laddie Cliff. Mr. Cliff, also a historian, went back for the theme of his song to these original African

It is easier to prevent ill habits than to break them.

# FOUR MUSKETEERS ARE ON THE ROAD

### From Toronto to Kingston These Gallants Tramp to Get in Shape For Rugby.

Alexandre Dumas has long since passed to the eternal beyond. It is doubtful whether his "Three Musketeers" will ever die while there are books and people to read them.

But Canada, Kingston and Queen's University can boast of "Four Musketeers", all alive and in the flesh, who are at the present time on one of their exploits.

A well known Kingston citizen, motoring to Toronto to keep a social engagement, was surprised to see, outside the city of Toronto about thirty-five miles, four stalwart young men headed in the direction of Kingston. As his car drew closer and flushed by the quartet's one of the wayfarers, tall and fair of mien, with orange-colored hair showing beneath his cap, struck him as a familiar figure and the motor was reversed and the trappers overhauled.

The motorist found Canada's Four Musketeers on the road and recognized in them John L. "Red" McKelvey, Curley Lewis, John Lansbury and McKelvey.

John Lansbury, who was engaged at work for Queen's University earlier in the summer, can be classed as an artist, a scientist and an athlete. He is the merry-maker of the musketeers, the waller-away of dull hours. Lansbury has become well-known throughout the country for his cartoons and sketching work and is a very popular entertainer along other knees, as well.

"The Four Musketeers" should arrive in Kingston during the last of this week or on Monday at the latest in time for the first turnout of the rugby squad. They are all members of the third year in Medicine.

All honor to them and their object and good luck to them in their studies and their play in the coming season.

Canadian Co-eds Are Not Keen on English

Unstinted praise for American college women and disappointment with English college women is expressed by Canadian delegates who have returned from the Conference of University Women's Clubs held in Paris.

The former are described as "charming, cultivated women—and they do not smoke." The latter smoke incessantly and are aggressively feminist and sex-conscious," according to the delegates.

One delegate said it would be unfair to generalize about the whole body of Englishwomen from the representatives they saw at Paris. Many of those she met in England were cultured Christian women, who deplored the modern habits which were growing up around them.

"I used to think that I was a modern woman," said Mrs. W. T. Haljam, a Toronto delegate, "but when I saw of modern women in England, I am very glad to be old-fashioned."

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of dispatch and skill, but neither of them ever learns their master's trade.

A good sentiment is all right, but a good practice is better.

# SMILES FOR EXHIBITION VISITORS.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE

"Are you going to send your boy back to college?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "The wisest men have admitted that there are a great many things they don't know. To succeed, a man must have faith in his own ability. Josh has arrived at a point where he thinks he knows everything worth knowing, and I don't want to spoil his self-confidence."

It's Always a Woman.

"How did the pay-roll bandit happen to be captured?"

"Poor team work."

"Eh?"

"The bandit who was ordered to keep the engine of their motor car running for a quick getaway, while the other two bandits held up the cashier and grabbed the pay-roll, got interested in a passing flapper."

Not Pushing Himself.

"Did you interview many prominent people while you were in Washington?"

"Why, no," replied the modest citizen. "I remarked to a rather imposing doorkeeper that I thought it was a hot day, to which he agreed, but the only other important person I conversed with during my stay was a hotel clerk."

The Boomerang.

"Why is it you never get to the office on time in the morning?" demanded the head clerk angrily.

"It's like this," explained the tardy one; "you kept telling me not to watch the clock during office hours, and I have got out of the habit of watching it at home as well."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Comfy!

Doctor: I can't make out your wife's case at all, sir. She seems to have lumbago, rheumatic joints and gout, a sprained neck and a curved spine.

Billsback: I know what it is, Doc. She was reading in our cosy corner and fell asleep.—Wesleyan Tales.

His Mistake.

The Accused—Judge, it ain't no crime to be poor. Besides, I work mighty hard sometimes findin' jobs for my wife.

The Judge—You're right. It is no crime to be poor, but it is to run an

# SMILES FOR EXHIBITION VISITORS.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Prof. Bug—Ah, this must be the Red Seal.

Breakers Ahead.

Her every wish is law to me. A lawyer's obligations. Reason we shall wed, and I foresee The legal complications.

Received With Cheers.

"Here's a man who says Shakespeare bores him stiff."

"It takes courage to do that."

"Nonsense. Anybody who made a similar statement before a crowd of movie fans would probably be offered a little hospitality."

Practical Proof Demanded.

Angeline—I don't believe you were sincere when you said you'd die for me.

Edwin—Indeed I was, dearest.

Angeline—Then why don't you let me drive the car when you take me out motoring?

In Due Time.

"You can't act until you have had your dinner."

"But how do I know that I shall ever suffer?"

"Oh, you'll suffer when you see an other actress getting a little applause."

Out of the Question.

Florence Footlytes—Why did you turn down that millionaire's son?

Tottie Twinkletoes—He expected me to elope with him when he hadn't made arrangements beforehand for publicity.

Knew His Man.

"Hallo, Jobson, what are you doing here this time of day? I heard you had a permanent job."

"I think I have. Buips & Co. have hired me to collect the bill you owe them."

Defined.

Mr. Cheerio—Why worry over what you owe? Cheer up. Be an optimist.

Mr. Bloobody—My good fellow, an optimist is a man who hasn't enough credit to borrow trouble.

Blocked.

Bug Explorer—My, I'll never be able to cross that desert.

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A WINNING COMBINATION

# TOYE'S BREAD

and

## KINGSTON'S BIG FAIR

SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR.

You can't miss it—Enter the main door and turn to the right—entering the right wing of the building. It's the Booth with the Red, White and Blue. GUESSING CONTESTS every hour of the day, with real honest-to-goodness prizes. Big demonstration in wrapping Bread. Come one! Come all! Follow the crowd too!

# Toye's Bread Co.

LADIES ARE CORDIALLY WELCOME AT OUR REST ROOM