

# The Food Shop of the World

## Address by United States President Significant for Canada. Growing Demand for Foodstuffs from this Country.

Preparation must be made also for the time, fast approaching, when we are to be one of the greatest of the agricultural business countries.

If President Coolidge of the United States had broken his famous silence to utter such sentiments before the recent Presidential elections, he might have been defeated. He used them with emphasis in a recent address before the Association of Land Grant Colleges. Twenty years ago there were a few publicists and speakers in the republic raising their voices in similar warnings. Then the big self contained and progressive nation laughed tolerantly. Some of its people may be smiling at Mr. Coolidge now. But the close study of conditions on this continent do not.

The President elaborated his point. "In a few years," he said, "the natural increase of population, and the inevitable tendency to industrialization will place us among the nations producing a deficit rather than a surplus of agricultural staples. It may not be generally known but even now we consume more calories of food in this country than we produce."

What a prospect for Canada! What a revolution in the history of the United States is here sketched in a few words. Nor is this all. Despatches from London a few days later intimated that the British government had under consideration the appointment of an Imperial Economic Committee whose primary duty would be the bringing of the food commodities of the Dominions more prominently before the home country consumers than now. That would involve improvement in marketing conditions, and better systems of handling foodstuffs so as to avoid waste and loss.

**A Case in Point**

The next decade or two may be earmarked in history as that of Canada's opportunity, to recognize and expand, to become the food shop of the world.

A steamer laden with Canadian flour made from Canadian wheat, left Fort William this fall for a direct voyage to Hamburg, which

she expected to complete in twenty days. The fact that a few years ago we were at war with Germany, Austria and other countries has not blinded them to the excellence of Canadian foodstuffs. They are in the market with Britain and the allies and associated powers, for Canada's produce of the farm and the ranch.

Canadians of the present generation have seen some remarkable fluctuations in the export of the country's natural products to the United States, due to tariff laws and regulations. None of these have brought such hardship as was experienced by our sturdy forefathers in the sixties when the reciprocity agreement was abrogated, or some subsequent tariff wall erection familiar to most readers. They could not harm Canada to the extent that was possible in the past, because this country years ago became a world wide trader whose diverse interests are not at the mercy of any other single nation. As a matter of record Canada's principal exports to the United States for twelve months ending September, 1924, totalled \$413,816,435.

Partisans may be left to the arguments that the word tariff almost instantly provokes President Coolidge's given the word at large one reason why, so far as his country is concerned, it must look to the "fast approaching" day when it will be a buyer of agricultural staples. And where will that country look for them first if not to Canada?

**Our Apples in Demand**

The prospect of becoming a unit in the world's food shop is one to which every province in Canada can look with confidence. There is not one province in which agriculture, using the word in its broadest sense as inclusive of cattle, sheep, horses, and fruit raising, has not a place of major importance. Take apples as an illustration. The Maritime provinces, Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia are all apple exporters. The Wembley Exhibition taught Canadian apple exporters two things, first, the necessity of careful packing, second, that there is practically no limit to the overseas mar-

ket. Concerned over the fact that Canadian apples were often sold at a loss in Britain because they arrived in a bruised condition, a special side packing was used for the boxes of apple exhibits sent to Wembley. This kept them from any contact with the boxes with the result that they were in as good condition when the exhibition closed as they were when taken from the orchards in Canada nearly a year before.

Orders aggregating in value thousands of pounds were taken for Britain and several European countries, and Canadian officials express the confident view that the present overseas apple trade will be easily doubled.

There is a disposition in the urban centres of Canada to picture the United States markets as absolutely closed to most of the products of our farms and ranches. But in spite of tariff walls the imports of animals and animal products from Canada during the last fiscal year amounted to \$55,800,000 while agricultural and vegetable products reached a total of \$51,355,000 a combined amount of \$107,155,000. This is an increase in the last two years, in spite of the additional height of the U. S. tariff wall. In the same period the exports of like products to Britain has been about three times the amount to the republic. The growth of the cattle trade to the Old Land since the removal of the embargo is an inspiring story, and a case in point as illustrating the hope of rural Canada, the home of our basic industry. Apart from its steady growth there is another bright feature of the cattle trade—not a single head from Canada has ever been found to have any suspicion of the foot and mouth disease which is again devastating British herds. The market which this country is building up in Britain for its cattle promises to be one of the most valuable adjuncts to the total of trade that the Dominion is developing.

Incidentally it is worthy of note that the popular conception of the West as a "wheat mining" area only is giving way before the knowledge that it is also becoming a cattle and sheep raising section and a dairying country. The latest successes of Manitoba heavy draft horses at Guelph, Toronto and elsewhere, following the triumphs of the West with Percherons and Belgian horses, and beef cattle and butter, are a fair warning to Ontario and the Eastern provinces that future expansion in live stock, and horse raising as well as in dairying is not to be confined to them.

It is not to be supposed that the only requirement to Canada be-

coming the food shop not only of Britain but of a great part of the world, is for her farmers to increase production of grains and root crops and the raising of live stock. Even the most casual newspaper readers has had opportunity enough to learn that the farmer has had as rough a stalling during the past few years as many of the industries in the urban centres. The latter rejoice with the farmers at the evidences of returning good times for

the country's basic industry. A good deal remains to be done, however, before it can be said that Canada stands ready to take full advantage of such opportunities as

those which Britain and the United States are offering to her. The former country is already a big customer. It took from Canada in September last and trade with it is expected to be a still greater volume.

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## CANADA UNLIMITED



Let Them All Come.

Let Them All Come.

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## "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"

BY AHMED ABDULLAH

Based on Douglas Fairbanks' Fantasy of the Arabian Nights, by Elton Thomas

By this time the Prince of Persia was drawing near to Shiraz, leaning back as was his habit, on the heaped, silken pillows of his litter; helping himself liberally to sweetmeats and sugared pistache nuts; listening drowsily to a little slave girl curled at his feet, who was crooning him to sleep with a lulling Afghan love song:

"Since my sight fell on those dark eyes of thine, Never can I forget those lovely eyes of thine. Of the hawk's are they? The peacock's or the falcon's? Or of the soft-eyed antelope? The glances of thine eyes? As the lambs crouch hidden in the pasture, From the shade of thy tresses look those gentle eyes of thine. As the armed trooper stands, his lance in hand beside him, Thus stand the long lashes round those warring eyes of thine. As one who has drunk wine, thus intoxicated is my being Whether they be Frieris or Dervishes or even Hermits, On each one's heart they feed, those cruel eyes of thine. Yet whatever thou wouldst gaze on, look well upon me, O Fathma! while there is power of seeing in thine eyes . . ."

So the litter—with the Prince by this time sound asleep and snoring loudly through his nose, like a guttural and raucous accompaniment to the little slave girl's drowsy piping—reached the Bazaar of the Badakhani Merchants; and the Prince kept on sleeping and snoring although there was a great stalwart soldier who preceded the litter made the air ring with defiant and rude shouts as they cleared the way with:

"O thy right!"—yelling as they brought down their long, brass-tipped staves with full force. "O thy left! O thy face! O thy ear! O thy heel!"—suing the swing of their sticks to the part of Asian anatomy which they were striking—"O thy back, thy back, thy back! Give way, ignoble and unmentionable ones! Give way, sellers of unclean filth! Give way, leprous sons of burnt fathers!"

But, in spite of the soldiers' abuse, the merchants, knowing of old the Prince to be an extravagant spender, crowded about the litter, pushing and jostling each other, heaping their treasures of jewels and brocades and embroideries and perfume and costly rarities that the snoring potentate's small, fat feet, vociferously clamoring that he should look, touch, buy:

"Behold, Protector of the Pitfall! Only a thousand Persian gold pieces for this priceless emerald! See! It is flawless and cut in the form of a Kashmiri parrot! Only a thousand gold pieces—and I am losing money on the transaction—may I be father to my sons!"

"Behold, O Heaven-Born! A pink turmaline from Tartary as big as my head! Its touch is guaranteed to cure fever, dyspepsia, whitlows, and the pain of sorrowing hearts! Call me a Jew, a Christian, a bath servant, a cut-off one, if I lie!"

"Look, look, look, O Great and Exquisite Moon! Look, O Healer of the Scales of Benevolence with the Strength of Thy Hands! This brocade—look, look—it was woven by the daughter of the King of Germany as a ransom for her father, captured in battle! The diamonds with which it is encrusted—look,

look—they are the tears, crystallized by the will of Allah, which she shed while weaving the extraordinary fabric!"

"Look!" "Buy!" "Look!" "Buy!"

The pulling, bartering symphony rose ever more shrilly until the Prince, at last awakened by the tumult, sat up, opened his eyes, rubbed them, and dismissed the merchants with a promise to look at their wares some other time. Today he could not. For he was awaiting Hakim Ali, that descendant of the Archangel Ishrafil and the Kurdish vampire, who had been notified of the Prince's coming by a swift messenger galloping ahead of the caravan.

Hakim Ali, in spite of his—to say the least—peculiar, mixed ancestry, was a good, one hundred per cent Persian patriot and eager to do all in his unhalloved power so as to help his sovereign lord. He came now, crippled, naked but for a beggar's loin cloth, and carried in the arms of two slaves. His was not a very prepossessing exterior. His eyes were yellow flecked with green, his hair was red, and his face brown—unpleasantly so, resembling in color, texture and outline an over-dried cocoon. His body was emaciated and ribbed like a bamboo frame, and from his mother, the Kurdish vampire, he had inherited

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### NERVOUS HACKING

Cannot be cured by a glass of water, but will disappear under the healing and soothing effect of

### CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

Every user is a friend

birds' claws that took the place of hands and feet. From her, too, he had inherited the neat, furry little tail, very much like a goat's, that he whisked from side to side to drive away the flies and mosquitoes and that he used to gesture with as mere humans use their hands.

And violently he gestured with his tail when the Prince told him about Zobeid and his overwhelming love for her.

"Bah!" exclaimed Hakim Ali. "Your words are as wind in my ears! Personally I disapprove of women! The Lord God created them only so as to prevent life from being as charming and agreeable as it might otherwise be."

"I do not care for them. These seven centuries or so have been a confirmed bachelor."

"But"—objected the Prince—"I love her."

"Did not the Prophet Mohammed—"

on Him the salute!—say that Allah has not left any calamity more hurtful to man than woman?" came the other's pious quotation.

"Doubtless the Prophet—on Him the blessings—was right. But still—I love Zobeid. For the sake of one of her precious eyelashes would I commit the many sins. And so I want her to be my wife."

"By my tail! Almost a woman's reason!" exclaimed Hakim Ali impatiently, scratching his nose with his left hind claw—"that is to say, no reason at all!"

But the Prince of Persia was stubborn in his resolve. He implored the other to help him find the greatest treasure, the most exotic rarity on earth, adding: "There is no price I would not be willing to pay for it, including the revenues of all my kingdom, and all the jewels of my ancient dynasty!"

Hakim Ali laughed. "My lord," he replied, "you will not have to pay one millioth part of it."

With his tail he pointed at a bazaar booth where a mass of Persian, Bokharam, and Turkish rugs was heaped up for sale, precious, silken masterpieces of the weaver's art, gay with

fiery crimson and cherry-red and lilac subtle as a spirit flame, with serpent-green and emerald-green, with amber like the bloom of grapes and the dead-gold of autumn leaves, with black and silver as a fervid summer night that is flashed by lightning and with delicate yellow as the seedling of a pea.

"Rugs? Bah!" objected the Prince. "All the world has rugs."

Again Hakim Ali laughed. He pointed to the corner where, carelessly, negligently thrown, was a threadbare, worn, drab-colored square of carpet with a fair fringe all round.

"Look at it!" he said.

"What about it?"

"Buy it. Ten silver pieces will be enough."

"Because"—Hakim Ali lowered his voice—"there is nothing rarer in the Seven Worlds of Allah's Creation."

And then, when the transaction had been finished through the Prince's majordomo who, incidentally, bargained the rug dealer down to six pieces of silver and deducted twenty-five per cent from this sum as his personal commission, Hakim Ali whispered into the Prince's ear the secret of the rug:

"Not one of these foolish Bada-shani merchants knows its value nor

its hidden mystery. You see"—talking in a flat, sibilant purr—"it is the magic carpet of Isfahan—the flying carpet of Isfahan!"

(To Be Continued.)

**SORE THROAT**

IS A COMMON AFFLICTION WHICH MAY LEAD TO A SERIOUS CONDITION, SIMILAR TO A COUGH OR COLD, IF NOT TREATED AT ONCE. DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL IS FOUND IN

**DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL**

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**National Dry Goods & Clothing, General Store, Verona, ONTARIO.**

### New Hair Creation Turns Bobs Into Formal Coiffures



**TRANSFORMED**

**CHICAGO**—Women who have sacrificed their hair for the bob and shingle need not suffer that long dreaded "growing out" period, according to Armand Blatt, originator and creator of hair fashions for women.

"Bobbed hair no longer conforms to the latest styles in dress," said Mr. Blatt. "It is still accepted for morning or for sports wear, but the smart well-groomed woman will never appear at a formal evening function with short hair. Wigs and extra hair pieces, such as curls, coils and swirls are being adopted for evening wear. They are pinned on so skillfully that they cannot be detected from naturally loose hair."

"The newest hair creation is the La Renee, which is not only beautiful and natural looking, but

**BOBBED**

feature, for it assures one of comfort as well as safety. It is a well known fact that more bald men would wear toupees if they were sure of having them remain firmly in place.

The new hair creation is inexpensive. Any girl can afford one for evening wear. It is invaluable for the business woman who has a limited amount of time in which to beautify herself for an evening function.

The wearing of extra hair, has of course brought back the fashion of hair ornaments and fancy hair combs. These are more elaborate than they ever were, being shown in Chinese jade, jeweled with rhinestones, pearls, and jet. Exotic earrings to match these handsome hair ornaments are also beginning to put in a popular appearance."

**LA RENEE**

transforms a head of cropped hair into the latest coiffure in a few moments. This convenient hair device has a hidden comb which holds it firmly on the head, and prevents it from slipping or falling off. All women will recognize this comb arrangement as an outstanding

### USE SULPHUR IF SKIN BREAKS OUT

Just the moment you apply Mentho-Sulphur, burning or broken out skin, the itching stops and healing begins says a noted skin specialist.

This sulphur preparation, made into a pleasant cold cream gives such a quick relief, even to fiery eczema, that nothing has ever been found to take its place.

Because of its germ-destroying properties, it quickly subdues the itching, cools the irritation and heals the eczema right up, leaving a clear, smooth skin in place of ugly eruptions, rash, pimples or roughness.

You do not have to wait for improvement. It quickly shows. You can get a little jar of Rowley Mentho-Sulphur at any drug store.

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See us for all kinds of Carpentry work. Estimates given on new houses and alterations. Have your hardwood floors cleaned with our low floor shining machine.

**Facts About Optometry**

By **R. Arthey, Optometrist**

148 PRINCESS STREET NO. TWENTY-SIX.

When reading what indicates that reading glasses are needed? The paper is held too far from the eyes.

What is the correct reading distance? About 16 inches.

Then a person who cannot see clearly to read ordinary print at that distance strains the eyes in attempting to read without glasses?

Yes, the power that the eyes have lost can be restored by glasses.

(To be continued.)

### "Back was Very Painful I am now Well Again"

Mrs. Wm. Walker, Webbwood, Ont., writes:

"I was sick for several months with my stomach. I had pains in the back, and how I used to dread wash day, for my back would pain so that I couldn't lie down when night came. I also had gas on my stomach, and my appetite was so poor that sometimes I did not care whether I ate or not. The doctor gave me medicine, of which I took a number of bottles without benefit. At last I started to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and although I have only used three boxes, I am quite well again."

**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

25 cts. a box of 33 pills, Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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**CATARRH OF THE BLADDER**

Each Capsule 100 mg.