

THE FOOD PROFITEERS ARE TOO STRONG FOR MR. HANNA

Government's Food Controller Admits That He Can Do Nothing--Sir Joseph Flavelle Makes Fine Profits on Bacon and Dodges Taxes in Three Countries--Hanna's Good Intentioni Have Thus Far Accomplished Little for the Consumer

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottaw Oct. 4. — Up to date food control in Canada has been a ghastly joke. Food Controller Hanna has just issued a statement, a remarkable example of clear thought and wrong conclusion, in which he says he can do nothing about it. To fix prices would be to bring about commercial ruin — that is Food Controller Hanna's verdict. He promises us other kind words to the same effect ever and anon. We must make up our minds to starve until the war is over and then some.

The food profiteers are too strong for Food Controller Hanna. Even if he were disposed to do anything they wouldn't let him do it. The Food Trust is probably the strongest trust in Canada, and Sir Joseph Flavelle, the guide, philosopher and friend of the Borden Government, is the key-stone of their system of pillage. Food Controller Hanna is the paid representative in Canada of the biggest trust in the world — the Standard Oil Company. It is not the custom of one trust to buck another — consequently the Standard Oil does not quarrel with Cold Storage. They are both in the conspiracy to get all the traffic will bear. The most Sir Joseph Flavelle and his friends will get from Controller Hanna is a love tap.

Hanna a Bluff.

Not to put too fine a point on it, Food Controller Hanna is a bluff. He has given his services for nothing. His services are commensurate with the salary he gets. It is true that Food Controller Hanna, in pursuit of the thrift which he advocates for the nation, has two assistants in his office at four thousand dollars each, neither of whom knows anything about food control but Food Controller Hanna doesn't get any money himself. All he gets is the advantage of being in a strategic position where he can tell the public from time to time that absolutely nothing can be done about it. One almost wishes that Mr. Hanna would take money for his services — then we might expect action. Ever since Sir Joseph Flavelle, our greatest gratuitous patriot, was discovered making four profits on bacon and dodging taxes in three countries, the average Canadian has his suspicions of the high minded gentlemen who come forward and offer to do something for nothing.

Better Than Flavelle.

Food Controller Hanna is several shades better than Sir Joseph Flavelle. He doesn't take profits, but he enjoys privileges — the main privilege being to stop the hands of the clock from moving forward. Food Controller Hanna's specious negatives stand between the food pirates and destruction.

Food Controller Hanna's idea of food control is really self-control. From time to time he issues a manifesto full of kind words. He tells the people to draw their belts tighter and face starvation cheerfully. What if bacon does

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Besides beautifying the hair at once Dandarine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair — fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandarine from any drug-gist or toilet counter, and just try it.

cost fifty-seven cents a pound? Do without it. Chew gum instead. Gum increases the flow of saliva and aids digestion. If there is nothing to digest it stands to reason that it will aid digestion that much more. Gum will soon be ten cents a package instead of five.

At one stage of the game Food Controller Hanna mentioned spinach and other green stuff as a substitute for real food. The net result of Mr. Hanna's good advice was that spinach at once became worth its weight in silver. He also recommended tomatoes — tomatoes now are sixty-five cents a small basket. Everything Food Controller touches turns into gold. He is, so to speak, a Midas, only it works the other way around. Food Controller Hanna also held out the hope that potatoes would be cheap because so many society women were using their limousines to go out in the country and do potato patching. Unfortunately, the society crop of potatoes has been a complete failure, the hills showing either nothing at all or a collection of puny pebble-like atomies that looked like a bunch of misguided peanuts. It seems that the ladies let the bugs get ahead of them and soon deserted the uncongenial task of knocking the horrid things off, for lemonade and an easy chair on the clubhouse verandah.

The Price of Potatoes.

This has caused the real potato growers to buck up and talk again of four dollar potatoes, although the crop is an enormous one and a fat profit could be made at a dollar and a quarter. In fact a dollar and a quarter has been mentioned as the right price, albeit timorously and under one's breath, because the Government doesn't like to do anything that will frighten anybody. As for Food Controller Hanna, he doesn't seem to have heard anything about potatoes at all. The chances are that the potato pirates will do their worst again. Nothing will be done until the general election is over, which will be in December, or at the latest next January.

Food Controller Hanna has not only neglected to fix the price of potatoes, but also the price of bread. The price of bread has done nothing but go up. In fact, going up is the best thing it does. Meanwhile the quality goes down. Controller Hanna was foolish enough to suggest war bread which is made largely of bran. War bread is now the same price as white bread. Controller Hanna's good intentions have accomplished nothing save to make the bran mash too expensive for the lower animals. Who would think of feeding his horse bran at eleven cents the small loaf?

Canned Vegetables.

Food Controller Hanna's latest embargo was on canned vegetables. The public must not buy them. They are reserved for the army. If the people want canned stuff they must do their own canning. They must can all they can and what they can't eat they can can. A merry dance the Food Controller leads us—right up to the can can. The canners will sell all their stuff abroad and at war prices. They can do this with perfect impunity, because our forty per cent. tariff prevents us buying cheap from the United States. The home market will be intact whenever the canners choose to come back to it.

The Fish Diet.

Some weeks ago Food Controller Hanna breathed the word "fish." Fish as a substitute for something more solid. Fish as a pleasant change from the high priced beefsteak and roast beef on which the people had been fattening too long. Fish, it is true, does not stick to the ribs. It does not stay with you like the red meats. It does not keep the head and tail erect like a steer in corn. It is here a moment, then gone forever, as the poet puts it. But it is famous as a brain-nourisher. People after eating one small whale have been known to read Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, and what's more, to understand it. Above all fish was plentiful, and until Food Controller Hanna mentioned it, comparatively cheap. Food Controller Hanna thought that the people would do well to go to fish. And

go to it they did, with results not unlike the misadventure of Old Mother Hubbard, who is justly celebrated as the person who went to the cupboard. When the people went to the cupboard they didn't exactly find it bare of fish, but they found that fish had become a great luxury. It approximated sirloin steak in preciousness.

The Canadian Hen

For my part I stick to beefsteak. It costs a little more, but not enough to drive me to fish. I prefer eggs at sixty cents a dozen, which they are right now, owing to the efforts of our cold storage friends. I am going to keep on patronizing our own Canadian hen, who is laying for me like mad—not only for me, but for the British Empire and freedom and democracy and many other noble things. The Canadian hen is all right. She is patriotic. She does not mind the wear and tear. But she has fallen into bad hands. What the cold storage brigands do with her innocent product is a shame. Still reckon me with the hen. I can keep track of her. I don't know where that fish may have been, or how many dead men it has been nibbling.

Not even to please Controller Hanna, not even to save the British Empire, and guarantee democracy to my great grandchildren, will I desert the respectable Canadian hen for the irresponsible fish. Not even Controller Hanna is rash enough to fix the price of fish or put a new brand of fish on the market with the Union Jack worked into the pattern shall I give up my eggs my bacon or my good thick beefsteak. That is to say I won't give them up as long as I have the money. I have a dollar or two yet that the cold storage pirates haven't grabbed, but I don't know how long I can last. If the Borden Government is re-elected the high cost of living will be such that I shall look on dying as a happy release. Meanwhile, coffins and tombstones have gone up fifty per cent.

Baron Rhonnda can fine a man \$27, 600 for charging too much for potatoes but Food Controller Hanna doesn't pull any of that rough stuff in Canada. It isn't done here. It's bad form.

Evidence Comes Out

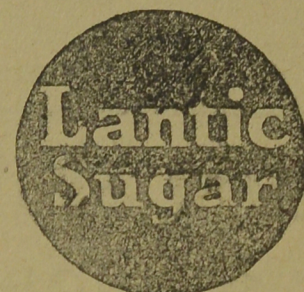
The chances are that the Borden Government will throw Sir Joseph to the wolves. The Royal Commission which was appointed to whitewash him has failed to keep the evidence from coming out. The British Government has got wise to Sir Joseph and has stopped buying his bacon. The next step down for Sir Joseph will be his detachment from the chairmanship of the Imperial Munitions Board. Meanwhile there is a rumor afoot that Sir Thomas White will be Canadian representative at Washington. This means that the Borden Government aims not only to get rid of Sir Joseph but also of his protegee and accomplice the Finance Minister, Sir Thomas White. They are too hard to carry.

Bled the Country

If public opinion is any criterion, the Borden Government will get rid of Sir Joseph too late. He has bled the country for three years, and is full of plunder. Bacon—Sir Joseph's bacon—will be the issue at the next general election—not conscription. The votes of five hundred thousand women, mostly poor women, the wives, daughters, mothers and sisters of the soldiers, will not save a Government which is hand in glove with Sir Joseph Flavelle the man who takes every dollar they can scrape together for food to put into the mouths of their little children. The man is at the front, earning his dollar ten a day, with blood and toil. The woman at home finds that dollar worth only fifty cents, largely through the efforts of the Borden Government and its profiteering friends. How will these five hundred thousand votes go? You have one guess.

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POTATO QUEEN OF AROOSTOOK

Woman Who Superintends the Handling of a Crop of 20,000 Bushels.

Recent Boston papers contain illustrated articles on potato digging in the county of Aroostook, Me., featuring the part being played by women. One illustration depicts Mrs. J. B. Williams driving a span of horses attached to a potato digger. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Boardman Williams, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Brewer, daughter of Mrs. J. T. Brewer, of this city, is also shown at work in the field. Concerning the senior Mrs. Williams a Boston paper says:

"Mrs. J. B. Williams, 'Potato Queen of Aroostook County,' who spends the 'off' season on Broadway and at Palm Beach, not only is superintending the

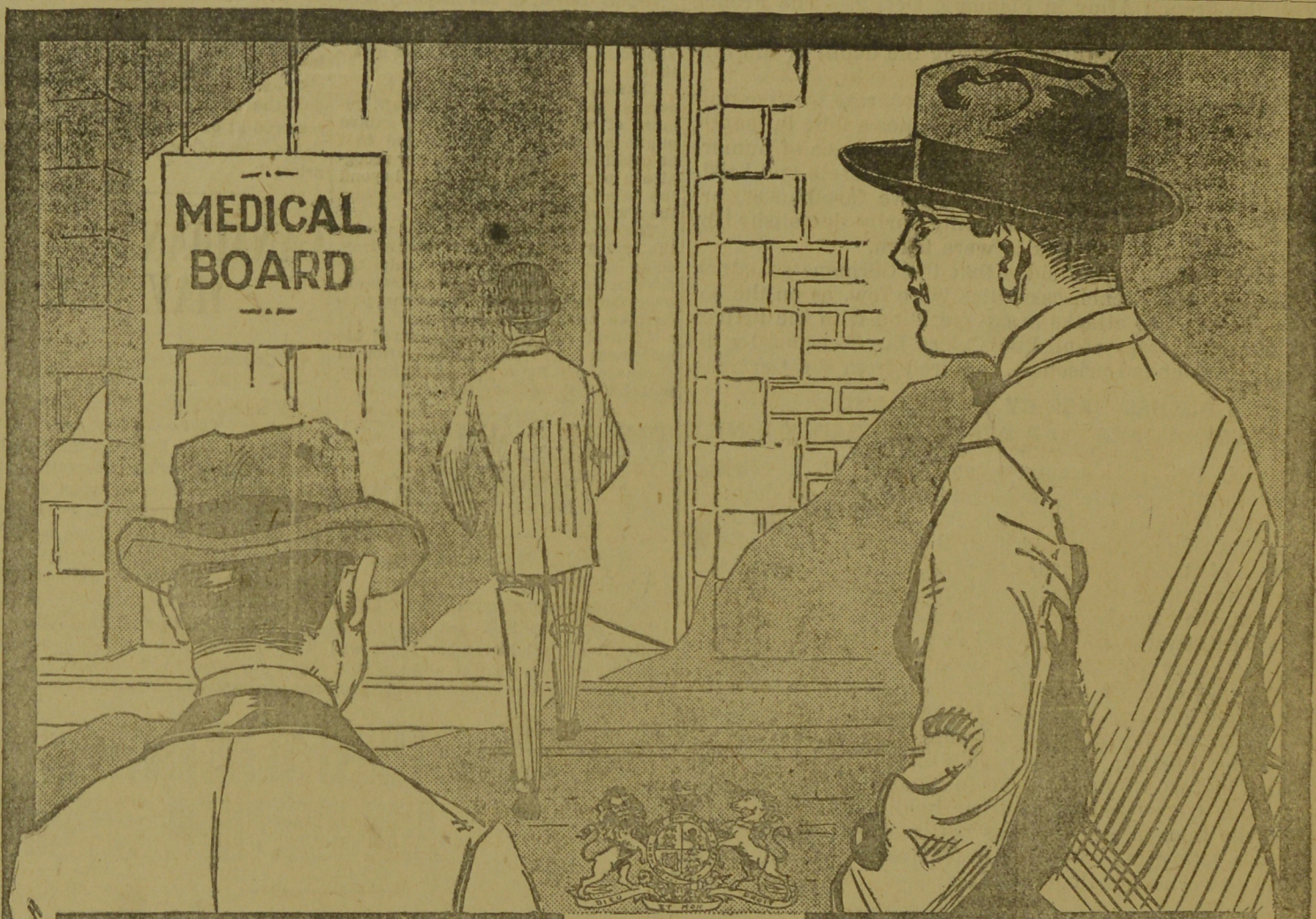
handling of her crop of 20,000 barrels, but takes a hand in the actual digging. She made a fortune last year.

"There are many interesting personalities among the potato growers of Aroostook county. Some of them, who are now rated at several millions, were humble farmers when the Bangor and Aroostook railroad was run into Aroostook county twenty years ago and the potato Klondike was opened to the country.

All the digging is done by machinery, and the most scientific methods are employed to handle the crop. In Caribou is located the great factory of Ralph Pitcher, who condenses thousands of tons of potatoes and other foods every year. At the present time the factory is working at top speed to fill contracts to provide evaporated potatoes, beets, turnips and other vegetables for the soldiers of the Allies."

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CANADA

Medical Boards are Ready !

Medical Boards are now ready to examine all men who apply as to their physical fitness for military service. These boards are established throughout this district.

Upon examination, the medical board will classify each applicant according to his fitness; into Category A if he is fit for service in overseas fighting units; Category B if fit for service overseas in Army Medical Corps, Forestry Battalions, etc; Category C if fit for service in Canada only, etc.

Only men whose medical examination places them in Category A will be included amongst those required to join the colours in the first instance; the man placed in any other category will remain at home until men in the category to which he has been assigned are called to the colours. The men placed in Category A may still apply for exemption on any ground.

Men between the ages of 20 to 34 inclusive, who were unmarried or widowers without children on July 6th, 1917, are strongly advised to report before a Medical Board at once. This is the quickest and surest way for them to find out their status under the Act.

Parents and employers are also urged to have those in whose cases they are specially interested visit a Medical Board and undergo examination. The methods of examination are simple and will result in no discomfort or inconvenience.

Now is the time for employers to obtain facts of the greatest value to them in making their calculations. The Medical Boards will determine how many of their employees will be left at home for physical reasons and how many will be selected for service unless an application for exemption be made with success.

Issued by The Military Service Council.

THERE ARE MEDICAL BOARDS IN THIS DISTRICT AT

Fredericton, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Newcastle, N. B. S. John N. B.
Moncton, N. B. Pictou, N. S. Sydney, N. S. Yarmouth, N. S.
Truro, N. S. Charlottetown, P. E. I.