When your sweet tooth says
CANDY
Your wisdom tooth says
BARNARD'S

The Canadian Champion

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Your wisdom tooth says
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7.40 a.m.—Daily, flag.
2.42 p.m.—Daily, flag
8.15 p.m.—Daily except Sunday.

—GOING WEST—
9.31 a.m.—Daily, flag.
6.16 p.m.—Daily, flag.
12.43 a.m.—Daily except Sunday.

—SUNDAY—
Going East-7.40 a.m., 2.42 p.m., 9.31 p.m
Going West—9.31 a.m. 6.16 p.m.

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NOTICE!—In order to publish THE CHAMPION on time every Thursday, all copy for items of news and advertisements MUST be in our hands not later than WEDNESDAY NIGHT to ensure publication of same on Thursday. Please note this fact.

COUNTY OF HALTON
1937 - LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR - 1937

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov	Jan. 1938
1 Milton	Friday	8	5	7	25	17	5	7
2 Oakville..	Tuesday	5	2	4	22	14	2	11
3 Georgetown ...	Wednesday	6	3	5	23	15	3	5
4 Acton	Thursday ..	7	4	6	24	16	4	6
6 Burlington....	Monday	*13	1 *Wednesd'y	3	21	13	1	*12

May, June and September Courts will open at 9 a.m. standard time. All other Courts at 10 a.m. standard time.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. B. Knight, Milton; 2. J. H. Chambress, Oakville; 3. E. C. Taompson, Georgetown; 4. R. S. Ramshaw, Acton; 6. W. J. Stewart, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 8th June and 7th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 6th of April and 5th of October, 10 a.m., and so often at other times as may be required for the dispatch of business.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 11th January, 2nd April, 2nd July, 4th October, 10 a.m.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace

Fight Night at Flaherty's

By WALTER C. MORGAN
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

"'I'M MISTER Frank Rogers, the travelin' auditor,' he says. The first thing I'll do is to take care of your petty cash. In the meantime,' he says, 'you can get busy an' open the safe.' 'Wan minute,' I says, an' whin he turns he sees me wid a gun in me fist. 'You may be the auditor and you may not,' I says, 'but I'm the agent of this here railroad, an' you'll not lay hand on annythin' 'till I see your credentials. I'm no sucker, I says."

The sleek young man with the bullet head removed the cigarette from his mouth long enough to inquire:

"And did he produce them?"

"He did so, Alfie. An' wid that we shook hands, an' we've been good frinds iver since. Frank is up here from New York tonight, an' I have a date wid him. It's glad I am to have made your acquaintance, Alfie. My station is at North Elm street, an' I don't often get out this way, but I hope to meet ye again. We'll have wan more little drink. Wake up yer friend George."

It was Saturday night at Flaherty's, and Saturday night at Flaherty's is fish night. Mr. Donlin was enjoying himself. The men with him were barroom pickups.

Mr. Donlin tipped the waiter with a dollar bill taken from a bill-fold that appeared to Alfie to be moderately well furnished. He bent his head toward Mr. Donlin and whispered a caution:

"Easy, brother. Careful how you flash your roll around here."

Mr. Donlin beamed on him reassuringly. "Don't worry, Alfie, me boy, I am no sucker." He took off his hat and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief a shade redder than his face. "I'll be lavin' ye now," he said. "I must go to meet Frank."

Alfie rose with him. He stooped and whispered in George's ear, then followed Donlin to the street.

"I didn't want George along," said Alfie. "Just between ourselves, he's a kleptomaniac. Well, here's my corner. Friend of mine keeps this joint. Come in and have one more on me."

They entered and Alfie led the way to an unoccupied room back of the bar. A sturdy young woman with a bright, handsome face and a mop of red hair attended them. As Donlin raised his glass the door opened, and he peered into the bore of an automatic. Behind the gun was a masked face, and behind that a voice reminiscent of George said: "Stick 'em up!"

Donlin complied. Alfie made a quick nervous movement of his hand toward his hip. The gun shifted.

"Cut that, or it's wings for both of you. Get behind and roll him. Hand me the dough and no wise moves. Get me?"

Alfie went through Donlin's pockets swiftly. He produced the red handkerchief, the cheap watch, and about fifty cents in change, but the billfold was missing.

"Where's the stuff?" growled the bandit.

Donlin's features registered dejection. "Your friend George must have frisked me after all, Alfie," he said, "an I thought I was wise."

The girl who had left them appeared at the door and advanced fearlessly. The bandit lowered his gun and shrank away from her.

"I told you to lay off your racket in my place," she cried. "Give me that gun!" She wrenched the gun from his hand and turning it on him forced him to the door. "Now you bum," she cried, "scram!"

"I don't understand this thing," said Alfie. "If George frisked you, why did he come here to hold you up?"

Mr. Donlin was looking the gun over. He seemed to be interested in it.

"I think I can explain that to ye," he said, "but here, let me slip this gun into your pocket. I don't like to have it lying around; it's dangerous. Now, look. I'll show ye a little trick, an' ye'll know why George came after me."

He took off his hat and held it so that Alfie could see the bill-fold partly projecting from the sweatband.

"If there's wan thing no Donlin niver was," he began, "tis a—" He paused. For the second time in five minutes he looked into the bore of the gun, this time in the good night hand of the redoubtable Alfie.

"Sucker is the word," said Alfie. "Now hand over the roll."

Mr. Donlin smiled pleasantly.

"Ye've got me wrong, Alfie," he said, "an' ye're entirely lacking in the power av observation. If I know anything bout guns that wan won't shoot, but—"

His right fist crashed into Alfie's jaw and that enterprising young man dropped heavily to the floor. Mr. Donlin set his hat rakishly on one side of his head, grinned toothily at the girl, and bit the end of a cigar.

"I'm no sucker," he said as he strolled jauntily to the door.

Monkey Business

"The Confusion in this City, occasioned by Counterfeit Copper English Halfpence amongst us, is almost inconceivable; for notwithstanding the large Quantities of good Pence we have long had, there is now hardly any Sum offered, but there are Counterfeit Ones intermixed; and to such a Degree of Suspicion, is the Common People raised, that many good Pence, which have passed current perhaps for above 20 Years past are now refused."—From the New York Post Boy of December 3, 1753.

Oyster Does Not Rove; Gets Its Food From Sea

Oysters of some kind grow nearly all over the world in wide variety, but nowhere are they so big and satisfactory as along the northern part of our eastern coast. All these belong to one and the same species, which has among other distinguished features the combination of both sexes in one individual, whereas the European edible species is separately male and female.

In the spring, according to a writer in the Montreal Herald, depending upon the local favorable temperature of the water, there flows from each adult oyster the mingled microscopic spawn in uncounted abundance. The fertilized egg hits against something to which it can cling, and resting there develops into an embryonic form, rapidly matures, and secretes a tiny shell from which spreads the double (bivalved) shell that protects its front and back. In favorable circumstances this is fairly or typically rounded, but often takes an irregular or even straplike shape. This may take four or five years.

The oyster does not rove, clam-fashion, when in search of food or fun, nor does it skip on a sandy sea-floor as is the light-hearted way of the scallop throughout its frivolous career. On the contrary it stays at home and lets the sea take care of it. This the ocean does by incessantly pouring into its mouth between the narrowly parted shells water loaded with the minute vegetable and animal particles that throng in the surface-layer of the sea, and which constitute this mollusk's sole food.

Pearls of Great Price; Loved Through the Ages

Since earliest times and among many nations the pearl has always been a favorite jewel.

Love for pearls among the Greeks can be traced back to the time of Homer who wrote "Earrings bright with triple drops that cast a twinkling light."

Fragile, exquisite, delicate, feminine, enhancing the coloring and skin texture of the wearer. Modest, unpretentious, above all flattering, charming. This is why through all the ages men and women have loved pearls. Years are required to match a perfect strand.

In the Roman period pear-shaped pearls were most highly valued; in the middle of the Eighteenth century, round pearls were more esteemed. In the Nineteenth century, both were valued on the same basis.

It is sometimes stated that the pear-shaped and old Peregrina was skinned down to make the spherical Pellegrina. The history of jewels is fascinating, colorful and intensely interesting and pearls have always been loved and prized by rulers and merchant princes, from the Romans, the Byzantines, the Goths, to the French, the British and the Americans. The tales of Arabian Nights are filled with adventure for the love of pearls.

Angina Pectoris

Angina pectoris is one of the most painful diseases known to medicine. In common parlance it is known as "breast pang." This is its literal meaning: "Angina" means pain, "pectoris" breast, or chest.

Angina pectoris is the direct result of poor nutrition to the heart muscle— the body's strongest muscle. It may be brought about from poisons, long continued fevers, alcohol, or any one of scores of other sicknesses or diseases. The particular villains in the case are the coronary vessels. Through these vessels the all important heart muscle, with its millions of fibers, receives its nourishment from the blood. When the coronary vessels fail to feed sufficent blood to the muscle, spasms of pain result.

American Sapphires

While the precious sapphires are found in many sections of the West, only in one place, which consists of a series of gulches along the banks of Rock creek, in Montana, are they found where they are washed in paying quantities. Most of the stones are clear and colorless, and when seen in a heap they appear a very light green. Sometimes blue stones are found, and occasionally a yellow, pink or red one appears. The largest and best stones are sent to the jewelry markets to compete with sapphires imported from Burma.

Island of Tobago

The island of Tobago is probably the least known of all the West Indian islands. It lies almost unnoticed off the northeast corner of Trinidad. It is the only place in the world where birds of paradise can be seen in their wild state outside New Guinea. They live on a small island called Little Tobago, or Ingram island, which is their sanctuary, and few birds anywhere have such a home provided for them.

"Loan Sharks" Got 100% From Egyptians 109 B. C.

That ancient Egypt was afflicted with the equivalent of "loan sharks" is revealed by a papyrus in the Egyptian archeological exhibits at Field Museum of Natural History, on which is written a promissory note. The specimen, which dates from 109 B. C., is the oldest promissory note of its type known, and is known as one of the most important of such papyri because of its elaborate legal formulae, which are strikingly similar to those found in many modern legal documents.

Quite startling is the usurious rate of interest, 100 per cent, specified in the note, while other harsh terms specified in it make their own commentary on the social conditions of the time.

From a literal translation the following interpretation is made:

"I, the peasant-slave Ensnakkomnoy, belonging to the Zemi cemetery, have borrowed from the woman Nokhutes 22½ artabas of wheat. I promise to repay this loan with 100 per cent interest, making the total due 45 artabas of wheat. Further, I promise to repay this loan with good, undulterated, chaffless seed-wheat, measured by the same standard as was used in making me this loan; and I further promise to deliver the said wheat to the house of the woman Nokhutes in the Zemi cemetery without transportation charges, by the last day of the ninth month of the year 9 with no extensions of time to be granted. Further, whatever I do not repay in wheat by the aforesaid date I will repay within the following month at the rate of 60 pieces of silver per artaba. Further, as long as this note is in Nokhutes' possession I cannot claim, unless I can show a receipt, to have made full or partial payment. Further, everything that I now possess or shall acquire is herewith pledged to Nokhutes until I shall have discharged my debt in full. Further, if Nokhutes brings suit against me for failing to meet my obligation, I admit additional liability for my damages. Further, the agent of Nokhutes is hereby authorized to deal with me and I promise to follow his instructions unreservedly and promptly at all times."

Left-Hand Superstition Prevails in Many Lands

Because of a superstition that anything seen or done on the left foreboded ill, was to be shunned as unlucky, the left hand has been in disrepute for centuries.

A deep-rooted prejudice, use of this hand is confined by South African natives, for example, to all degrading acts. The Maori tribe of New Zealand considers it profane, uses it as little as possible. Romans had a word for it in the evil-sounding "sinister."

Conscious of an "ugly duckling" embarrassment in consequence of this perverse heritage, from 4 to 8 per cent of the world's population have, willy-nilly, served out their appointed days, often with no small shame to their right-handed betters. Far from being maladroit, balmy or queer, some have been great personages, states a writer in Literary Digest.

Many of Egypt's Pharaohs were left-handed. So were most of Rome's Caesars; the Biblical Benjamin, Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Michelangelo. Leonardo da Vinci was so completely left-handed he wrote a backward stroke readable only with a mirror.

Divining Rods Unreliable

Scientists can find no scientific basis for the belief that divining rods (whether of witch hazel, willow, ash, peach, elm or even wire or metal) are able to locate water. The Bureau of Mines has stated in a report that the divining rod is either a fraud, whether deliberate or unintentional or is based on some physiological principles of which at present we know little or nothing. If these water diviners in some cases are successful in locating water in a higher percentage of the tests than can be accounted for by mere chance, it is probably not because of some mysterious power in the rod but because the person holding it is a quick observer and has had considerable experience in finding water.

Fisherfolks' Superstitions

Breton fishermen believe that when a boy is born while his father is at sea he will grow up to be a good fisherman if the tide is rising at the time of birth, but if the tide is ebbing, he will perish by shipwreck, notes a writer in Pearson's London Weekly. In Brittany, it is believed that if a man dies at sea his wife will be warned by a drop of blood appearing on her hand or the sound of water dripping near her bed at night. When the death takes place at home, butter and onions are always removed from the house. In Scotland the keel of a new fishing boat should be laid down on a Friday, and when she is launched her head is swung round facing the sun immediately she enters the water.

A Safe Depository
•
THE BANK OF TORONTO
Established 1855
BT336W

Wet Spell

By EDWARD A. LAWRENCE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

THE little frame farmhouse looked like a shanty boat stranded in a sea of mud. It had rained, intermittently, for over forty days and forty nights, and it was still raining as if it would rain for forty more.

Jonas Smith, agriculturist, standing at the kitchen door, looked at what he could see of his eighty-four soggy ancestral acres and groaned.

"If a plow was put in hit," he brooded, "hit would go to Chiny."

He turned and stared morbidly at his wife, Martha, a brisk, fair-haired, blue-eyed wisp of a woman of uncertain age, who rolled biscuit dough on a square oak table and hummed "The Arkansas Traveler." She had been humming "The Arkansas Traveler," it seemed to Jonas, for a cool thousand years.

"Martha," he croaked, "if this yere rain keeps up another day, I'm ruint."

Martha determinedly rolled biscuit dough, but the humming ceased abruptly.

"You said thet before, and it didn't stop, and you hain't ruint—or are you?" Her quick blue eyes stared coldly. "You said in the summer of thirty if it didn't rain, you'd be ruint—go on out to the barn, Jonas. I'm tired of lookin' at you, an' tireder of listenin' to you."

The barn was a gloomy cavern, draughty and damp; it smelled of cows, sheep, horses, and kindred odors. At the far end the hired boy, Sam, leaned on a pitchfork and listlessly contemplated a pile of hay. A short, unlighted cobpipe sagged from his loose mouth.

Jonas' dull countenance brightened. He stamped up, looked skyward, spat.

"If this yere rain keeps up another hour," he said abruptly, "I'm ruint."

"Them people out West yonder," Sam said, "air a-prayin' fer rain."

"Pray an' be damned!" Jonas rasped. "—Well, I didn't mean that, exactly." He chewed vigorously. Suddenly, he stiffened. "Where's Rannie?"

Sam removed his pipe and pointed with it toward a V-shaped, whitewashed edifice, about which a few chickens stood and clucked feebly.

"Fixin' them there trap nests of his'n. I keep a-tellin' him hit—"

In the chicken house a sixteen-year-old counterpart of himself was tinkering with an institution that looked like a death house cell in miniature.

"Well, Son, uh—"

"Ma's pet rooster got et up by a possum or somethin' last night. I found hit an' buried hit an' put a rock on hit. I buried hit near the rose bush by the hedge."

"If this yere rain," Jonas exploded, "don't stop mighty slap damn quick, I'm a ruint man, Rannie, a ruint man."

Rannie hammered.

"Jory invited me to her birthday party tonight, Pop. Can I borree the car?" He quickly added: "This rain shore is fierce, ain't hit?"

But even as Rannie looked, the door became suddenly empty.

Jonas, fuming and muttering, started back toward the barn, saw Sam, and veered away.

The head of a spotted grey horse rose over the hedge. Jonas and Ol' Tom exchanged a long sad undestanding look. The head disappeared and Jonas heard the sound of grass being torn up and masticated. He turned toward the house.

The kitchen was warm and cosy. Martha banged the stove lid down, and threw a left over stick of wood in the box. Jonas sat down in a splint-bottom chair and put his feet against the bright nickel rim of the stove. The rain rattled on the window and hissed as it ran down the pipe into the fire. He shifted about uneasily, looked somberly out of the window at the barn and henhouse and silo, jumping about like a mirage.

"I tell you, if this yere rain—"

His eyes rose and locked with Martha's bright blue ones. His wavered, fell.

"As I was sayin,'" he continued, with an apologetic grimace, "if the crops was out, this yere rain would shore make 'em hump; hit shore would," he meditated grimly. "But," he added, his voice rising combatively, "they ain't out—an' this rain will be a-fallin' on my coffin."

Martha smiled as she picked up the steaming enameled coffee pot and a huge, cracked platter of fried chicken.

"Dinner's ready," she said.

The Coldest Place

The coldest place in the northern hemisphere is not the north pole, which lies near the center of the Arctic ocean, but a spot in northern Siberia. On the other hand, the south pole easily holds this honor for the southern hemisphere. It is as far from the equator as is geometrically possible, it is a high altitude, and it is at the center of a small continent. The hottest places on earth are not on the equator, but in certain North American and African desert regions.

Against Sunday Recreation

About a century ago, when people had to work from dawn to dusk six days a week, America had many fanatics who bitterly fought any form of Sunday recreation. One of them, a Hoboken millionaire, says Collier's Weekly, so detested having picnickers enjoy a certain park near his home that he tried to buy it, for a million dollars, so he could lock its gates on Sunday.

TITE-LAP ROOFING
The permanence and low upkeep cost of this metal roofing makes it one of the most economical on the market. Tite-Lap Galvanized Roofing gives greatest covering capacity. The end lap is so tight it is almost invisible; positively excludes driving sleet, rain or snow.
Send roof and rafter measurements for free estimates.

RIB-ROLL ROOFING
This durable roofing has extra rigidity that makes it particularly good for roofing over a light framework. The secret of its strength is: *the ribs are only five inches apart!* The most copied roofing of its kind on the market. Be sure you get the genuine, economical "Rib-Roll Roofing"!
Ask your banker for details about re-roofing on the Government-backed Home Improvement Plan.

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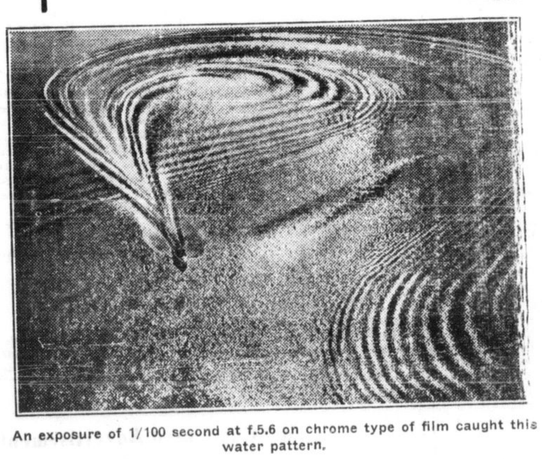
Incorporated 1855
BT1137

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
PATTERN PICTURES



An exposure of 1/100 second at f.5.6 on chrome type of film caught this water pattern.

NATURE has a mysterious way of creating patterns, designs. She seems to abhor plainness as much as she abhors a vacuum.

Consider that every cell that is the substance of matter is fashioned in some kind of pattern. The snowflake has a pattern. Liquids crystallize in patterns. The wind arranges snow drifts in patterns as it does the sand on dunes and deserts. The tide goes out and leaves the sea bottom rippled with designs. Calm water disturbed makes rhythmic designs on its surface. Shadows make patterns. Leafy boughs against the sky, moss on the rocks, tiger skins, wings of birds—what is there unadorned with some kind of pattern? Nature is full of them, evidences of a seeming purpose to maintain rhythm, beauty and order in the universe. Man imitates them, consciously or unconsciously, in the structures he builds, the materials he fabricates and the order in which he places things.

Have you ever thought of patterns, nature's and man's, as subjects for a camera hobby? Some camera artists have made prize pictures of patterns. It's a way to obtain new pleasure from the world about you. It requires, first, skill in seeing patterns. They are so common that only the exceptionally obvious ones, like those in sea sand, are likely to be noticed by a person not looking for them. These we call *curious*, but gaze up through a skyscraper in the course of construction or go down to the waterfront and study the patterns that the masts and rigging of ships make against the sky. Watch for shadow designs made by ordinary objects, such as a picket fence or a cartwheel. These are the kinds that only the purposeful observer is likely to notice. For him, patterns that may be caught with a camera are everywhere. Plump a stone into a pool or spill a box of matches on the table and you have one made to order for you.

Go pattern hunting with your camera. Taking such pictures challenges your photographic skill and you will find that both your album and your mind will be enriched thereby.

140 John van Guilder.