

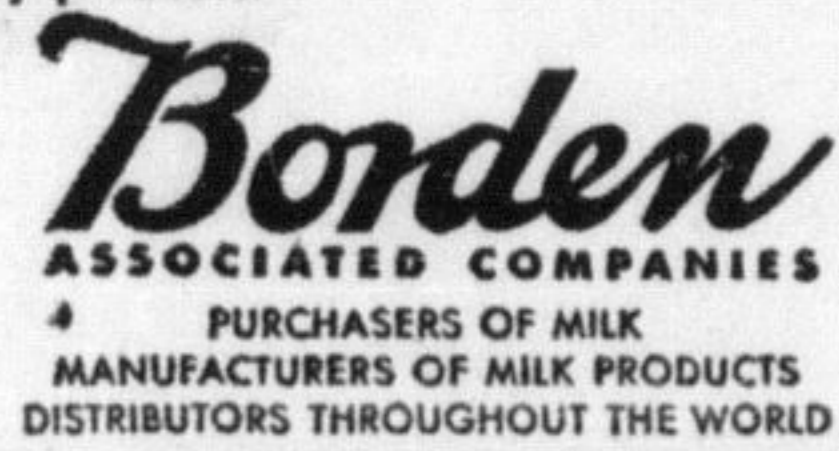
Winter doesn't count when you have a TELEPHONE

What if a big blizzard does rage for days and the roads are blocked and you're snowed in? You are never alone—if you have a telephone. All winter—and all year—long, it serves you. You can chat with friends, call into town, and enjoy any number of pleasant contacts with the world about you. And in emergency, your telephone's a sentinel, ever ready to call the doctor, the vet, or other needed aid. You and your family need the telephone.

NEW LOW RATES for farm telephone service are now in effect!

SANITARY HANDLING BUILDS Confidence IN MILK

Sanitation safeguards health. Mothers know this, doctors preach it. Milk sales depend on it. Clean milk sells more milk. Eighty years ago, Gail Borden wrote out rules "for the production of clean milk," which became the basis of many of today's regulations. Borden, since its founding in 1857, has taken up and helped along every advance in sanitation—in order to protect the public health and to sell more milk products. Farmers have cooperated wholeheartedly. As a result of improved sanitation, more dairy products are being sold every year. Today, Canada is consuming more milk and milk products and produces more milk than ever before. The dairy farmer is realizing on this public confidence in dairy products.



The SNAPSHOT GUILD DECORATIVE SILHOUETTES



Since the puppy is likely to move, a photographic flash bulb, which gives an instantaneous flash of light, was used in making this silhouette.

PHOTOGRAPHIC silhouettes are a source of decorative pictures—and camera fun—which every snapshot enthusiast should try. The arrangements are simple—a white sheet stretched over a doorway, or division between two rooms, with a strong light behind it and the camera set up in front.

By arranging his subjects in front of this brightly illuminated sheet, the clever photographer can construct any number of imaginative or story-telling pictures. Costume snaps are particularly interesting in silhouette, and there are possibilities for many humorous pictures of the "it-can't-be" variety.

For instance, a juggler can be pictured keeping a dozen or two balls or bottles in the air at one time, or a camper can be pictured with two skillets, flipping a dozen flapjacks at one shot. In both these pictures, the objects to appear in the air would be cut from black paper or cardboard and placed on the sheet at proper points.

The sheet must be stretched evenly, as wrinkles will show in the pictures. Lighting behind the sheet should also be as even as possible. Five feet is a suitable distance from lamps to sheet.

The Girl Who Was Afraid

By EDITH LOCKETT HOSMER © McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

DRUELLA ENLLY was afraid of life, though she never admitted it even to herself except in moments of deep reflection. She feared that her lack of courage would cause her to fail miserably in a critical moment. You see, one of her great-grandfathers had been a deserter in the Civil War, and though the Enllys had done some noble deeds that dishonor had been lived down and almost forgotten. Druella herself never quite forgot the wretched story.

Now, everyone agreed that Druella was a lovely girl, and most of all John Hallen. That was what worried Druella—having John, a returned war hero, think her so wonderful when she believed herself to be a silly coward.

"You don't know the real me," she had parried when he had urged her to marry him. But that had made him smile fondly at her and urge her the more. She was thinking of all these things now as she entered the old farmhouse which was her home.

"Here she is to speak for herself, Mrs. Dana," her mother said.

"Well, it's a lot to ask you, Druella," began Mrs. Dana, a neighbor, "but, you see, my husband's father is very ill and we must go at once if we want to see him. Of course, it's impossible to take the children, and you're the only one I'd feel safe to leave them with—" begged the woman.

It was not until the children had quieted down for the night that she noticed how still the house was, how ghastly the shadows seemed, and how comforting the lights. She did little needless tasks to occupy her mind, then she slipped upstairs to look at the children. Ann wanted her doll and James wanted a drink, and the baby wailed to be taken up. Irresistibly drawn to the cuddlesome babe, she gathered him up in her arms and, humming softly, went down the stairs.

As she reached the bottom step and turned to go into the living room, she became aware of a presence, a feeling that she was not alone. Her heart pounded violently, fear enveloped her. And then she saw seated at the table a strange figure. Though the object wore the clothes of a man, it did not appear to be quite human. It looked almost as if it were part man and part beast. Its head and face were covered with a growth of unkempt hair and its eyes moved wildly about. Druella wanted to scream, but her throat was parched with fright.

"Come in, girl," the thing commanded.

She wanted to run, to drop the baby, her thought but for herself, but she felt a tiny hand tighten its grasp on her finger, and suddenly she, herself, seemed no longer important.

"What can I do for you?" she asked in a voice remarkably natural.

"Ye can get me supper and clothes," barked the stranger.

"Why, of course," she conceded, "but let me first put the baby to bed."

"No," bellowed the caller, with evident suspicion. "Put the brat on the sofa there."

Without protesting further, she did as he commanded, then hurried to the pantry. He dogged her steps and with his eyes followed her every movement until at last she placed the food before him. She quivered every time he reached for the blunt knife she had given him. Suddenly he arose, and going over to the sofa, bent over the baby and put his gnarled hands about its tiny throat.

Druella rushed to him. She would have fought, though against his brute strength it would have been a futile battle. It was brain, not brawn, that must win, she realized. "Don'taken the baby," was all she said. "Let's go upstairs for clothes for you."

It seemed black hours before he released his hold on the infant, who only smiled in his sleep. Then the girl and her visitor went up the stairs.

"If you'll step into that closet and pick out what you want," invited the girl. Her tone, so natural, took the man off his guard, so that in his hasty eagerness, the cunning one forgot his suspicions.

Druella's mind had planned every movement, and with a bang the closet door closed, and she turned the key in the lock. There was not a moment to lose, for the door was already quivering against the rage of the madman, and she rushed to the telephone to summon help.

It was not until the wanderer had been escorted back to the hospital and John had come that Druella found time to give way to tears.

"I was so afraid at first. Why, it was only when I forgot myself that I seemed to get the courage to go on," she explained, half to herself. "Brave little one," murmured John fondly. "That's all the courage is—forgetting one's self."

The baby in Druella's arms clung tightly to her finger—a symbol of all the trusts that might come to her, but Druella only smiled and opened her eyes very wide, as if she wanted to meet life face to face. She was no longer afraid of anything!

Relax

The average person storms, frets and worries too much. Most of all we live under too great a tension. We would do well to copy nature, whose operations are silent, serene and imperceptible. It has been said that man's misfortunes come from his not knowing how to live quietly. One who can keep tranquil and calm in the midst of turbulent circumstances is the possessor of a peace whose value is priceless.



Newfoundland Dog One of Several in Large Class

The Newfoundland dog is one of our larger breeds that originated in North America, although there is reason to believe that its ancestors were brought to the American coast by European fishermen, notes a writer in the Chicago Tribune. A Newfoundland male in excellent condition may weigh up to 140 or 150 pounds, which easily takes him out of the lapdog class and puts him among our largest breeds.

As in the case with many breeds, the way the Newfoundland developed is a matter of conjecture. Some say he descended from the boardhound. But it is pretty generally agreed that the breed developed in Newfoundland, and it also is pretty certain not one but several breeds were involved in its evolution. Whatever his origin, the Newfoundland is a courageous yet gentle, intelligent, and loyal heavyweight among dogs. He is a real working dog, as much at home in the water as on land.

Besides the Newfoundland, there are other large dogs. For example, both the Irish wolfhound and the Scottish deerhound are in the big class. The Irish wolfhound sometimes is referred to as the biggest dog in the world, but he has to win the title on height and length and not so much on weight, since there are other breeds which may weigh more than an adult male wolfhound. For example, a St. Bernard may weigh more than 200 pounds—even up to 220 pounds.

Circus Animals Sulky When Denied Dainties

Circus animals all have their peculiar likes and dislikes, and their keepers must know these to keep them in good humor. The tigers and lions, for instance, are just as fond of catnip as the tabby is, and they're like sulky children if they don't get any, notes a writer in the Washington Star.

The elephant is fond of coal. It's just like rock candy to him. In fact, he must have a certain amount of dirt every day or he doesn't feel well. Elephants frequently suffer from colic, but that's because of the peanuts people feed them.

Another odd thing about the elephant, which maybe you never noticed, is that his hind legs bend backward instead of forward. And that funny little tail—it isn't such an insignificant thing as it seems, for it has so much strength in it that an elephant can knock a man over with one blow of that little rope-like tail.

One more thing about the circus animals that most people don't know—why the trick horses that the bareback riders use are white. Maybe you thought it was just for looks, but it isn't. The performer likes to put powdered rosin on the horse's back, as this keeps him from slipping when he's standing up on his steed. And the rosin doesn't show up on a white horse.

"Father of History"

Herodotus, called the "Father of History," was born at Halicarnassus, a Dorian city of Asia Minor, B. C. 484. In his youth he became disgusted with the tyrannical rule of Lydamis, and abandoned his home for the island of Samos, upon which he acquired the Ionic dialect, which he used in writing his history. After remaining there some time, notes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, he began his famous travels, visiting Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Babylon and northern Africa. Returning to his old home he assisted in the expulsion of Lydamis and the establishment of a new ruler. The latter, however, became nearly as tyrannical as the former, so that Herodotus again looked abroad for a home. Hearing that a colony was about to leave Athens for Italy, he joined it and settled, B. C. 443, at Thurrii in that peninsula. At that place he lived the remainder of his life, writing the history which has been a lasting monument to his name. It is not known in what year he died; but it is supposed that he lived to be a very old man.

An Epitaph

The following beautiful and comforting inscription, appearing on the tombstone of Benjamin Franklin, was written by Franklin himself and indicates the spiritual stature of the man:

The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, For it will (as he believes) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.

Bullskin Township

In Fayette county, Pennsylvania, there is a township by the name of Bullskin. "It does not appear that a good reason exists why the name Bullskin was bestowed upon the new township," states the "History of Fayette County, Pennsylvania," edited by Franklin Ellis, "but there is a tradition that some of the early settlers from Virginia selected it to commemorate the place of their nativity in that state. Another account says that one of the pioneers north of the Youghiogheny river killed an animal of the bovine species of such extraordinary size that its skin, he claimed, would have covered the entire country. From this circumstance the name was applied to that neighborhood and later to the new township."

Remarkable Swiss Canyon

The Tarnina gorge near Ragaz Spa is one of the outstanding examples of erosion in the Swiss Alps and at the same time more or less mysterious, since the hot spring which has brought fame to the resort flows from a crevice in the rocks at the rate of 3,000,000 quarts per minute, at a temperature of 93.5 degrees Fahrenheit. No change whatsoever has been noticed in all the centuries during which the spa has been visited.

Uncle Cy's Appetite

By MARION E. LEIGHTON © McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

UNCLE CY, dressed for a tramp to the "sugar camp," stood with his hand on the doorknob and watched Sary as she rummaged in the cupboard.

"Where in the world"—She pushed dishes aside and peered into the darkest corners—"Where in the world! Cy Morrill, what have you done with that other mince pie?" Cy grinned foolishly. "Now, Sary," he defended, "you know I was pretty hungry when I got home from th' Corners last night."

Sary placed hands on hips and gazed at him in exaggerated asperation. "I declare! I never saw such an appetite as you've had since you've been tramping over to that camp! You better stay home or else git a cook."

"Guess you can feed me a spell longer, Ma," he grinned. "Be back in an hour or two. S'long."

On the morning following this incident the little village of Hill's Corners was awakened from its mid-winter repose by a startling story in the papers. The story was accompanied by an excellent likeness of a young man in his late twenties who was known to the authorities as "Slim" Barker, alias So-and-So, alias Something Else, very recently wanted for robbery and attempted murder in a nearby city. Slim had successfully eluded the officers and was believed to be headed for some remote section of Maine to bury himself in a snow-drift until the incident was forgotten.

The Red Hot Stove club assembled at the general store and, barring a brief recess for "dinner," remained in session the entire day. That picture on the front page was an excellent likeness of Liddy Baker's estranged son Sam, and Liddy was one of the most respected "widders" of the Hill's Corners community.

Everybody who had known Sam Baker before he quarreled with his mother two long years ago recognized the likeness at a glance. Everybody but Cy Morrill. "Poor Liddy," mourned Sary. "She'll never forgive Sam now."

"Sam never done that robbery nor nuthin' like it," defended Cy. "Liddy didn't understand how to manage Sam. That boy would do anything for me—or anybody else that's needed help. A feller like that ain't goin' to rob a murder anybody."

"Still, there's his picture," observed Sary.

"Huh!" snorted Cy. "There's more'n one pea in a pod!"

It was snowing softly that evening when Cy hitched old Bess to the sleigh and departed for the Corners to get a Saturday supply of groceries. As he glimpsed the lights of the village a shrill whistle came to his ears.

"Train's late t'night," he muttered. "G'long, Bess!" The locomotive came to a panting stop at the crossing just in time to hold them up.

Cy's keen eyes caught the movement of a dark figure as it crawled from the rods of the second car back and limped painfully toward him out of the storm. The figure stopped with a startled exclamation as old Bess loomed directly in his path.

At that opportune moment the fireman on the locomotive opened the firebox door and the resultant glare plainly exposed the stranger's features to the searching gaze of Uncle Cy.

Both moved at the same instant. Uncle Cy, displaying remarkable agility for a man of sixty, was out of the sleigh and upon the other in two jumps. The station agent held his lantern aloft and stared across the track as a shout for help came out of the storm. The half-dozen men who were headed for the postoffice heard it also. Investigation showed Uncle Cy seated astride the prostrate form of a struggling captive who was trying his level best to be gone. The victim was immediately turned over to the sheriff, and identified as Sam Baker.

One hour and thirty minutes later the crowd that was still milling about the sheriff's office to get a peep at the prisoner was effectually parted by the efficient elbows of Uncle Cy. In his wake came Sary and closely following was the "Widder Baker," clinging to the arm of a slim young man, as if fearful of losing him in the crowd. That same crowd gasped as it recognized the "Widder's" escort as Sam Baker.

"Ye see, sheriff, it's like this," grinned Cy, when he had attained his objective, "I been feedin' Sam up in my camp fer a week, waitin' for th' proper time to take him home to his Ma. Gosh! But wimmen is obstinate! I had her almost ready to forgive him when this picture bobs up in th' paper an' it's all off."

"Sam, here, an' this feller 'Slim' is alike as two peas, but you study 'em close an' you can pick out Sam all right."

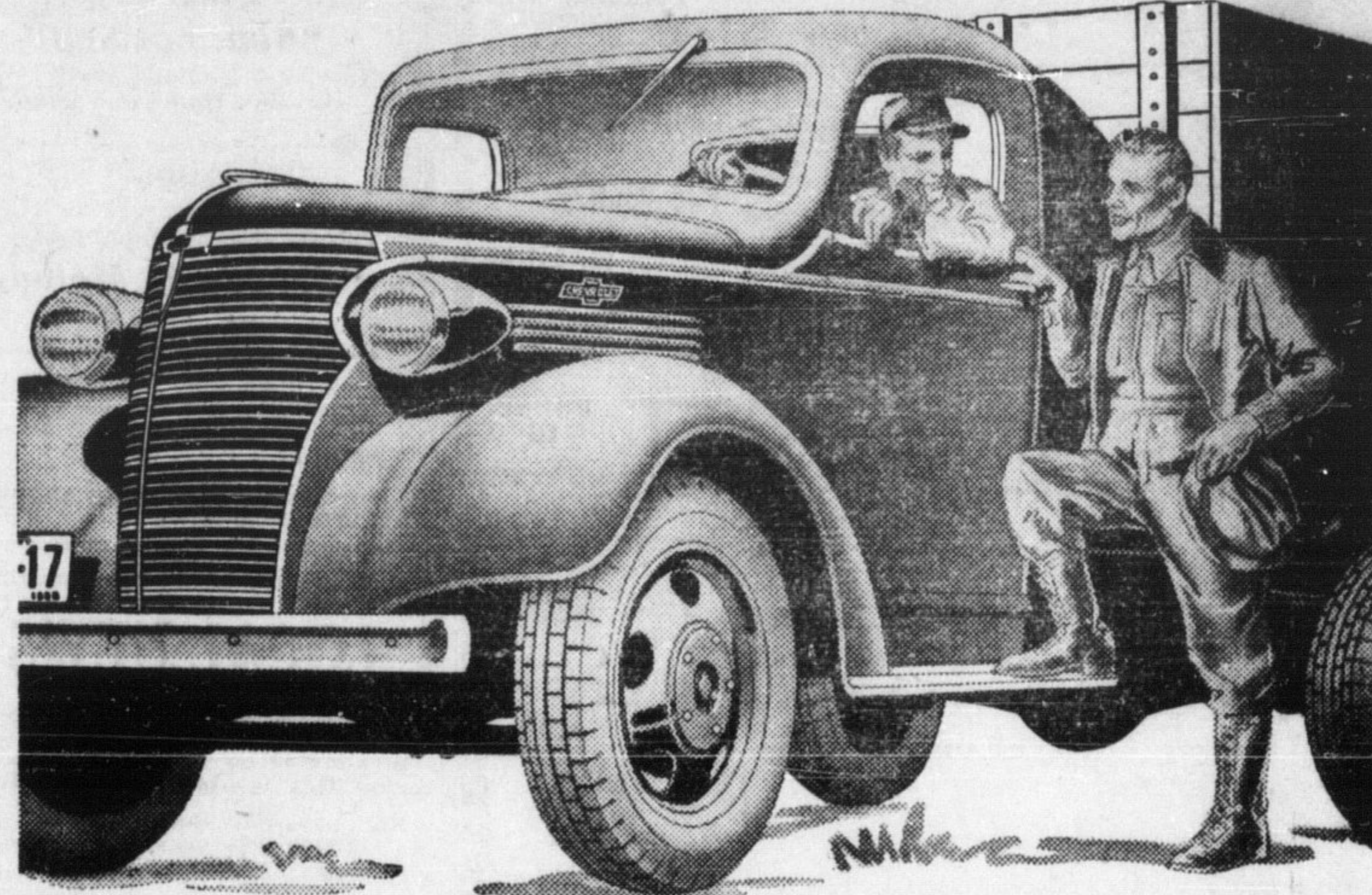
Sary poked him in the ribs. "Cy Morrill! That's where all my grub's been goin'—to feed Sam. I thought you had an awful appetite all of a sudden."

"He has," broke in Liddy, softly, "An awful appetite for helpin' his neighbors—bless him!"

Doubling Trouble

You must be firm with worry and realize that worry never yet solved anything—and never will. It only begets more worry, and those who are its wretched victims simply "double trouble, and trouble others, too," asserts a writer in Tit-Bits Magazine. Trouble, after all, presents a problem to be solved—a crisis to be met and passed. To examine it as coolly as possible, to see it in its true perspective, to contrast it against its true background and not the background of a fearful imagination, to sit down and map a course of action, to be practical, and sensible, to be positive—not passive and negative—do these things . . . and very often you find that the thing you were worrying about has ceased to be.

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