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CHECK the HYDRO Thrift Plan details below—and see for yourself how easy it is to own the electric range you've always wanted! This attractive plan is every woman's opportunity to say goodbye to kitchen drudgery and cooking failures... to start enjoying a brand-new life of better meals and better living—today.

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The **Local Hydro** Installs **Service to Meter FREE OF CHARGE**

MILTON HYDRO COMMISSION

Let **HYDRO** do the drudgery

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Protect your crop, stock and implements with **TITE-LAP METAL ROOFING**. Falling sparks, driving rain, swirling snow—they'll all roll off a Council Standard Tite-Lap roof like water off a duck's back. It is good for a lifetime and is sold by us with a 25 year guarantee. And this Company is well able to live up to every clause in that guarantee. Ask your banker. **STATITE Led-Ned Nails** These modern drive-screw nails with steel-tipped heads are more drawing force than ordinary barbed roofing nails. Ask for them by name. **Manufacturers of the famous Proctor Steel Truss Bars, Tite-Lap metal roofing and saws and poultry equipment.** **Eastern Steel Products Limited** 84 Guelph Street, Preston, Ont. **Factories also at Montreal and Toronto**



This MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREVENTED... ...by a Telephone CALL July... August... September... 3 months, 3 important valuable months before this farmer can work again. Had the doctor treated his burned arm immediately after the accident, there would have been no infection... But there was no telephone to call a doctor. This farmer has learned a lesson. He has a telephone now—and has thus insured his home and family against emergencies. **LOW RATES FOR FARM TELEPHONE SERVICE**

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Moment Musicale

By ADELE THANE
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WNU Service.

HE WAS clothed in a threadbare suit of black linen, rusted with age and creased with promiscuous sleeping. The sickly light flickering through the dust-filmed globe of a gas street lamp made moving bluish circles upon his broad, bent shoulders and the worn brim of his felt hat. He pushed forward a soiled left hand.

SHORT STORY

"Two bits, miss, jus' two bits," he whined. I stared at that cracked, palsied hand and down at the other hanging by his side with a terrible stillness, and wondered about them. They were not proletarian hands, stunted with sin, flabby with excess, wizened with rapacity. They had not been created to pander and beg. They were meant for finer, bigger things: the chisel, the brush, the baton.

"Al, miss I am poor—poor." Then in a wheedling tone, "Jus' two bits." I reached for my pocketbook. "What will you do with it?" speaking aloud a subconscious thought. My eyes followed the shaken extended forefinger down the narrow alley to the dim end where it rose to meet the accentuated brilliancy of a myriad electric lights.

"But that is the Opera house!" I cried in astonishment. "Yes, I go to hear—him!" The thin arm lifted slightly upward. Clean-cut against the night sky, in titanic letters seemingly writ with fire, a name glowed steadily for a moment, burned out, then flamed with a brighter vehemence, only to die again.

I sucked in my breath. "Malte-Brun!" So swiftly did I turn, the old man fell back a pace. "Wait!" I called. I clutched at the arm nearest to me. It was chill lifeless, paralyzed. I fumbled in my purse. "Here! Take it! No don't thank me. I'm going with you."

All the music lovers of the city had gathered in the colossal auditorium to listen to those consummate symphonies which the fingers of only Malte-Brun could entice from the soul of the piano, and when the tall, gaunt maestro stepped out upon the stage, they gave him tumultuous welcome. I was aware of the old man hitching forward eagerly as the maestro seated himself before the keyboard. The sudden quiet was cloven by the majestic opening chords of Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession," and into the mishapen face, fixed so intently on the distant hoary-haired musician, came a look of infinite calm, altering and making of it the face of a thirsty child whose parched lips have at last tasted the soothing cool of spring water.

Throughout the recital he sat thus, until the final number, a brief composition by a Conrad Rahbek, called "Disillusion." Then he stiffened. The work was all.

I shall never forget Malte-Brun's rendition of that weird selection. The agony and grief of humanity since creation was packed into those limited measures, the sobbing of strong men, the screams of mad men, the curses of Godless men, and the prayers of dying men. I was like some one dead when it ended. Speech froze in my throat.

Outside the snow was falling with that undisturbed, feather-like tranquillity which emanates an imaginary warmth. I threw back my head and let the downy flakes brush my throbbing temples. Fingers plucked at my sleeve, long fingers, tapering and sensitive. I started guiltily. I had forgotten my companion.

"Now I go," he murmured in a husky voice. "That last piece... it was—" I choked. "You liked it, miss?" "Did not you?" He made no reply, but dropped his wrinkled lids over his pale blue eyes, mechanically smoothing his breast-pocket. Finally he spoke. "I—I'd like to give you somethin', miss," he faltered, "somethin' for 'n'ight. It's no good to me no more. Once—I thought—"

He glanced over his twisted shoulder into the foyer of the Opera house. It was dark now. He swallowed noisily. "Funny," he went on, "the dreams I dream when you're young. You know." He commenced to shout hoarsely. "But don't let them git you, miss, DON'T LET THEM—GIT—YOU." He straightened. "Ah... forgive... I forget... Here, miss. Take it, with the blessing of God and a beggar... Goodnight."

And he was gone, the snow weaving a silblent white curtain about him and blurring with a motherly tenderness the ugly outline of his warped form.

WOULD YOU BE MISSED?

How good a citizen are you? Did you ever sit down by yourself and ask yourself this question? Because it will be worth your while to do so. And not kid yourself about the answer.

You may think you are a model citizen. You may bridle up and think the above question absurd.

But—let's get down to cases—do you pay your taxes and your bills when they should be paid? Or do you impose on everybody by putting these things off as long as you can?

Do you spend money on things you could do without, more than the really belongs to those who have trusted you? Are you really fair to these people?

Are you one of those who thinks "the world owes you a living" you don't earn? Do you carry your own load like a man?

Do you break the speed laws, and thus put others in danger?

Do you accept an offer and then fail to discharge its duties? Are you a drag on efforts to make your town a better place to live in? Do you support bodies which try to help the general good as far as you are able? Or do you lie back and let George do it?

Nobody can object if you don't contribute when you can't afford to do so. But the men and women who carry on are probably as busy as you are, and in fairness you should give at least your time and your suggestions.

Just how good a citizen are you? How much would you be missed if you passed out tonight?—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Farm Business

By Co-operatives

Farmers' co-operative business organizations in Canada occupy an important position in the marketing of the agricultural products of the country, as is shown by the summary of their finances and volume of business made by the economics division, marketing service, Dominion department of agriculture.

During 1937 the economics division received returns from 1,024 farmers' business organizations which were active in 1936. These organizations had 2,963 branches, making a combined total of 3,987 places of business in the marketing of farm products and the purchase of supplies for farmers. Shareholders and members financially interested numbered 396,918, and patrons were estimated to number 451,231. These organizations range in size from the small club serving local needs to the large association with a Dominion-wide field of activity.

Sales of farm products amounted to \$157,031,405; sales of supplies \$16,363,966, and other revenue, \$531,746, making a total business of \$173,927,117 in 1936, an increase on the previous year of \$15,761,552. In comparing the volume of business in the marketing of farm products, the co-operative marketing associations with 357,798 members transact twelve times the business handled by purchasing organizations, which have a membership of 33,167.

Within the marketing group, the grain and seed co-operative associations, which include the wheat pools of Western Canada, have the largest membership and investment and exceed all other commodity groups in volume of business, which is estimated at \$110,826,433 for the year under review. A membership of 190,576 grain growers contributed to this business through 2,156 co-operative marketing agencies.

Dairy co-operative associations numbered 146 with 428 depots and a membership of 49,796. Live stock shipping and marketing associations numbered 115 with a combined membership of 46,719. With regard to fruit and vegetable, a large part of the crop was marketed through 129 co-operative agencies, with a combined membership of 12,710 fruit growers. There were 57 poultry producing associations with 280 places of business and a membership of 34,868.

Teaching Pupils How to Chat

Practical, to the point of teaching pupils how to hold an informal conversation, is the new course of study for grade 8 in Ontario public and separate schools. The outline for grades 7 and 8 has just been issued.

It is the course in English that includes the lessons on how to chat intelligently and interestingly, and the lessons are described as follows: "Exchange views and opinions; deferring to the opinion of others; practising the art of listening; observing the amenities." There are lessons based on the use of the telephone, "dramatized conversations," or placing in order or making an appointment.

All this is in the section on "creative expression," which touches on story telling, play writing, verse making, writing imaginary letters, diaries or letters, working on the school magazine, debating, interviewing, relating an anecdote, taking part in a meeting, to make plays out of prose stories and narrative poems; to dramatize historical events, to make original plays which includes planning the action, arranging the stage setting, writing the dialogue, rehearsing and reviving.

"The purpose is not to produce Shakespeare or Carlyles, but merely to permit ordinary boys and girls to express their ideas in correct and pleasing language," says the program.

Reading of at least six books under supervision is part of the course, plus "free reading" of at least six more. Memorization of verse or prose passages is required, to a minimum of 200 lines. There is stress on speech training, accurate pronunciation, pitch, volume, inflection and quality.

In grade 7 there is provision for teaching the pupils to avoid slovenly speech and treatment for stammering.

CANADIAN MARRIAGES INCREASE 12½ PER CENT. DEATHS 8½ PER CENT.

An increase of 8½% in the number of deaths in Canada during June, compared to June, 1937, was recorded by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. There was virtually no change in the number of births and an increase of 13½% in marriages.

The report, covering sixty-seven cities and towns in Canada, and a population of over 1,000,000, showed there were 7,227 births registered, compared to 7,218 in June last year; 4,122 deaths, compared to 4,150, and 5,089 marriages compared to 4,521.

To Let.—Water-heated, 8-roomed brick house, by Aug. 9 next. Apply in first instance to Mrs. E. R. Timbers, West Mary St., Milton. 3t

First Comes Pride

By ADELAIDE R. KEMP
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WNU Service.

THE kitchen, with its unwashed breakfast dishes, presented a dreary prospect. Monica, by dint of coaxing with bits of paper and chips, brought the dying fire to life. Accustomed as she had become during the past year to this mode of housekeeping, it did not take her long to get supper for her father and herself. He was unusually silent. During the quiet meal, memories flooded through Monica's mind. Recollections of that ghastly period of time when she and her mother had counted the awful days while her father waited behind prison bars for them to pass came to the front. She had bravely struggled through storm and sickness teaching the little school, but life had proved too hard for her mother.

Suddenly her father spoke—"I've sold out, Mona."

Walking around to his daughter's chair, he laid his hand on the bent head with a sudden pitying touch. "I'm through with the old moonshine—honest, poor little Acushla. Things are going to be different. I'm going to Canada to work. You can get another school where you are not known."

So at the end of the term, Monica left Silver Ridge for a sea town far up on the Maine coast. The months passed, and there was no word from her father. Still her heart held a song, for she and the young doctor of the place had become great friends.

SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Riding along in the breezy sunlight one late October afternoon, John said, quite unexpectedly, "Tell me about your home, Monica."

Monica was startled into the remembrance of the old tumble-down farmhouse. "My home?" she stammered. "Why, it wasn't—I was poor."

"I didn't mean that." There was a note of tender pity in the strong voice. "You never talk about yourself. How long have you been alone?"

"Not very long," Monica looked out over the sea, shimmering through tears. "Mother died last year, and dad, dad left me in April."

Suddenly John gathered Monica in his arms. "Dear little orphan," he whispered, "I love you."

Held close in his arms Monica could not tell this wonderful lover of the old disgrace.

With the coming of the winter months, John was unusually busy, and could not be with her so much. One especially bitter night, with the rest of the household retired early, Monica sat in the old armchair before the open fire thinking about him and their happy wedding plans for June. Outside, the wind whimped through the snow already drifting against the window panes. Suddenly she sprang to her feet. What she heard was not the moaning of the wind. With hands outstretched, Monica staggered to the door and opened it.

"Acushla!" "Dad!"

With trembling hands she helped her father across the threshold. Tenderly leading him to the couch, she unfastened the buttons of his worn overcoat. Wiping the snow from his face, she arranged the cushions under his head and bent closer to hear what he was saying.

"Don't be frightened, Mona. I'll be all right soon."

When she brought him a steaming cup of milk and a blanket her father made a feeble attempt to raise himself on his elbow.

"Dear daddy, drink this. I've just called a doctor, a friend of mine."

"No, no, Monica!" His voice was filled with apprehension. "I'm going away in the morning."

Monica held the cup to his trembling lips. "Drink this, dear. We'll talk later."

He looked at his daughter almost wildly. "I'll not disgrace you again, poor little Acushla." He lay down and closed his eyes.

At John's touch upon his arm, Monica's father woke. He would not talk, however. Monica had told John nothing over the telephone save that she needed him for someone who had just come through the storm. When the patient was drowsing again, John turned to the trembling girl by his side.

"Come, sweetheart, you need a hot drink yourself. Come into the kitchen. The old chap'll be better tomorrow, although he couldn't have travelled much farther. We'll have him carried to the hospital."

Monica suddenly leaned over the quiet figure and smoothed back a lock of gray hair, pressing a tender kiss on the wrinkled brow. She raised her eyes to John's astonished gaze.

"No, John," she said. "He'll stay with me. He's my father. I've let you believe wrongly all this time," she continued, "because I was ashamed of him."

Monica was quietly gathered into the shelter of John's arms. Their lips met in a tender kiss.

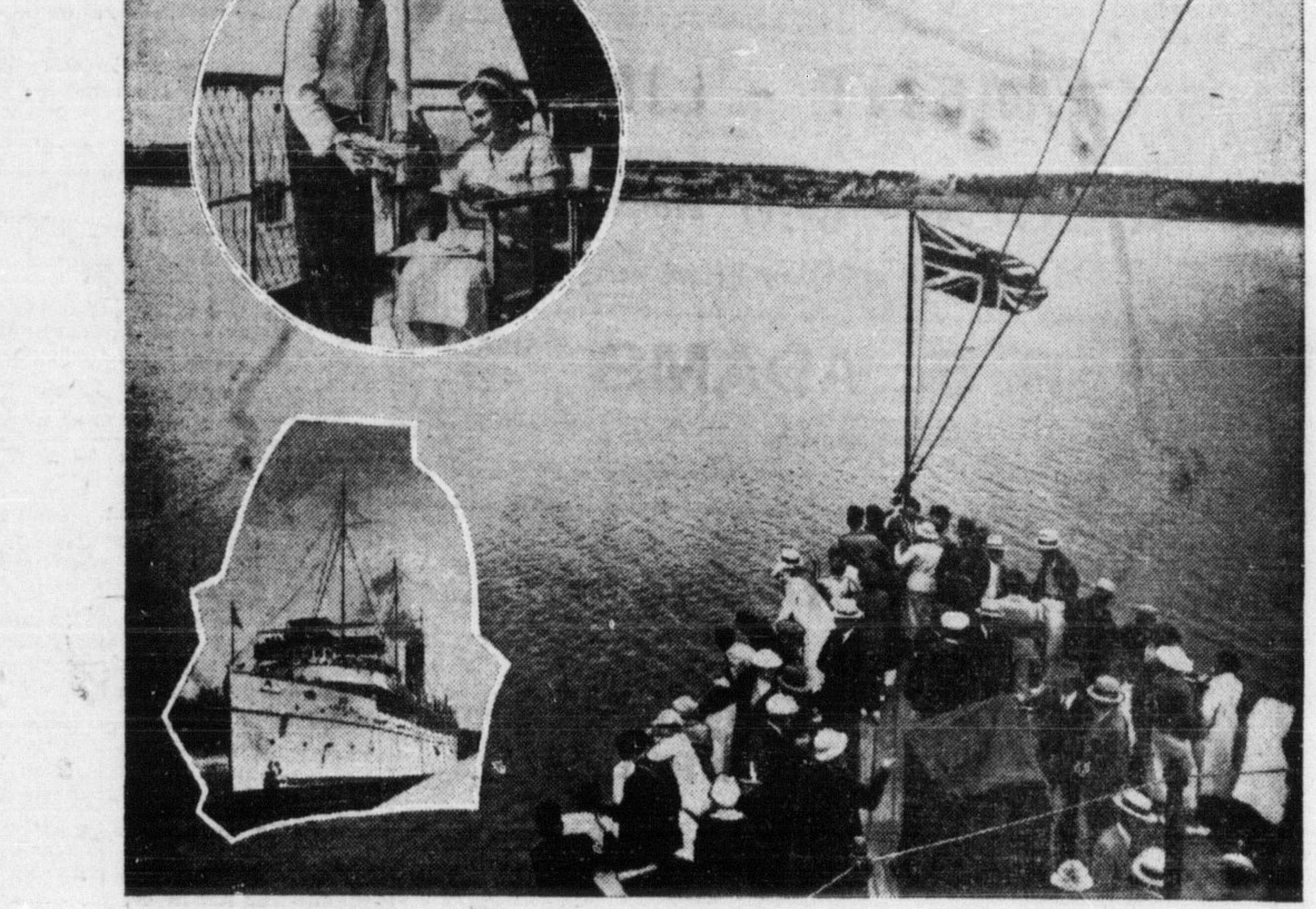
World's Smallest Republic

San Marino, high in the Italian Apennines, area 22 square miles, population 13,000, is the world's smallest republic and one of the most ancient. The republic, which consists of a craggy mountain about 2,200 feet high, on which is the town, and some circumjacent territory, with four or five villages, is entirely surrounded by Italian provinces, but has maintained its independence since the Fourth century, and coins its own money, as well as maintaining diplomatic representatives in various foreign countries. The legislature of the republic consists of a senate of 60 members elected for life. Administrative functions are in the hands of two regents, or presidents, who are chosen every six months.



Walking with the traffic on the Highway THIS MUST STOP!

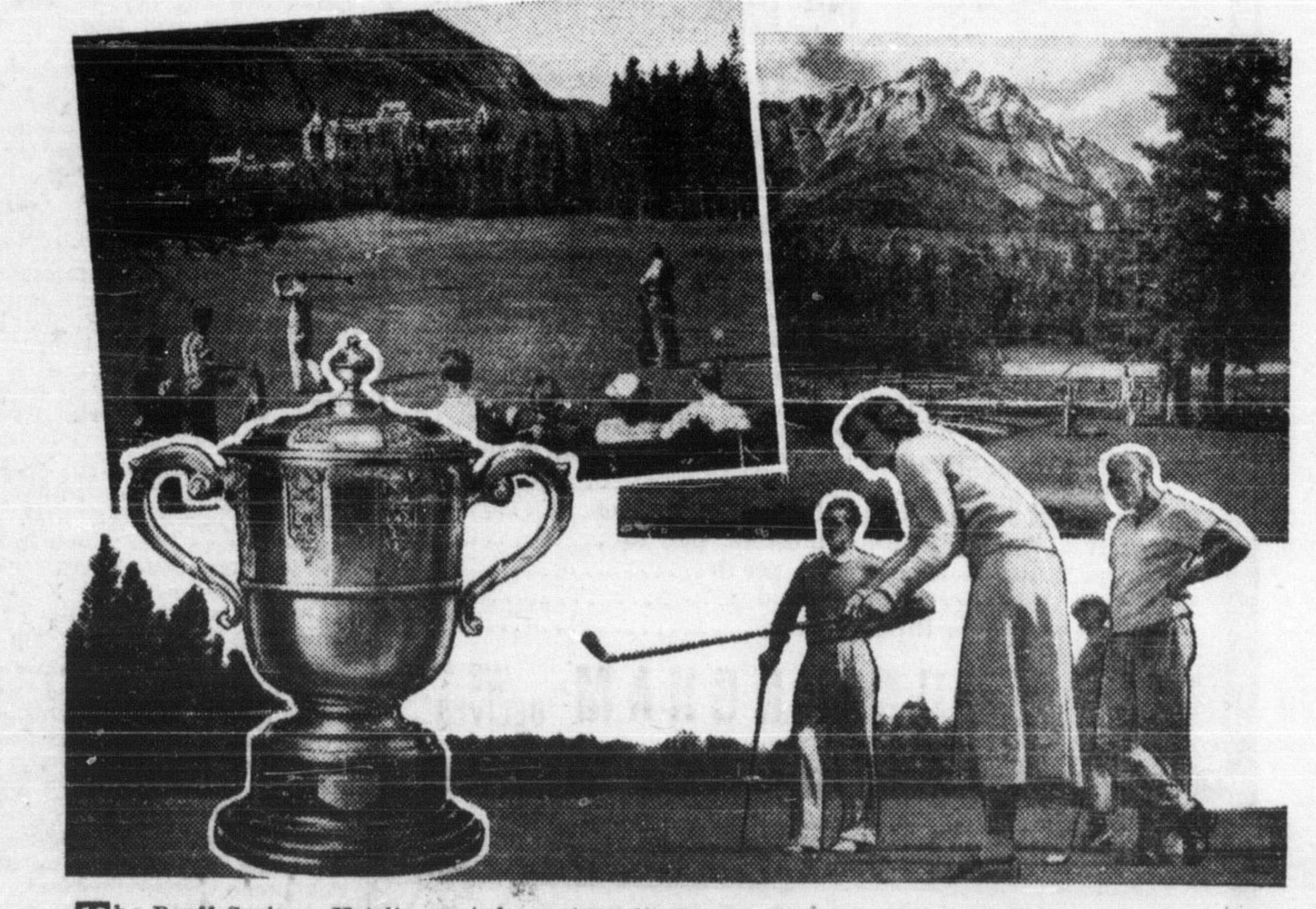
If there is no sidewalk or path and you must walk on the Highway, walk toward the traffic, not with it! When you walk toward oncoming traffic, you can watch every car as it approaches, and the driver can see you. Don't risk your life needlessly, especially at night. Walk on the left side, and keep close to the edge of the road.



Cruising on The Great Lakes

Canada's unique inland sea voyage across the Great Lakes is a delightful holiday outing in addition to being a pleasant and interesting alternate route on a cross-Canada trip. More people every year are returning to the Canadian Pacific Great Lakes Steamship cruises for a holiday that possesses attractions out of the ordinary. The 542-mile trip is along a magnificent lake and river shoreline, and is sometimes completely out of sight of land. Leaving Port McNicoll, the boat threads its way over a historic Indian water route through beautiful Georgian Bay; strikes out into Lake Huron, second largest of the Great Lakes, 307 miles long and 101 miles wide; winds through St. Mary's River, the international boundary; passes Sault Ste. Marie, and emerges into Lake Superior, the world's largest lake. Shipboard pleasures which contribute to the charm of the trip are the change of air, refreshing coolness, magnificent scenery, and complete rest. The steamers are equipped for deck sports, including quota, shuffleboard, and deck golf. Dancing and music entertain the evening hours. The two Canadian Pacific steamers "Keewatin" and "Assiniboia" are back in service groomed for the most exacting of up-to-date travel demands. In addition to the regular winter check-over they were modernized in other ways, several staterooms in each being luxuriously renovated and additional reading matter being supplied for the libraries. The schedules make it possible to take an enjoyable week's return trip from either end of the lakes, with overnight stops at destination. Special boat trains connect with all arriving and departing steamers. In addition, attractive all-expense tours at very low cost have been arranged to provide pleasant combinations of rail trips overland and steamship cruises across the Lakes, with leisurely stop-overs at famous vacation resorts. The weekly excursions of the "Manitoba" leaving Port McNicoll Mondays for Port William, returning Saturdays, are also proving very popular this year.

Golf Week in The Canadian Rockies



The Banff Springs Hotel's annual golf week is set for August 22-27, and the contest for the long list of cups and prizes will be waged in a mountain setting so beautiful as to make the old adage, keep your eyes on the ball, doubly difficult of fulfillment. Golf week at the Banff Springs course will see many notable U.S. and Canadian amateurs with a sprinkling of British and European entrants, fighting it out for the Edward Prince of Wales trophy, put up by former King Edward VIII, and the Willingdon Cup for men. Associated Screen News cup and the Brewster trophy and a host of other coveted awards for women. As such a social as a golfing event, Banff's golf week is the signal for a round of informal entertainment centred at the baronial Banff Springs hotel, beneath the terrace of which the great golf course winds down over the Spray River for 6,640 yards of unrivalled fairways and greens. A "golfer's hall" in the big hotel ballroom Saturday night brings the week to a close with presentation of cups and prizes. The spectacular Banff Springs course has its fairways laid along the valley of the Bow River into which the rushing Spray dumps its green waters beneath the towering first tee. Unmatched for beauty, the course also ranks among the world's best for its length, trickiness and general smartness of design. Pictures above show the Edward Prince of Wales Cup and views of the course.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Try It and See