

# The SNAPSHOT GUILD

"STOPPING" ACTION



Speeding train, taken at box-camera shutter speed. Not blurred, because moving almost directly toward camera.

THE best way to get clear, sharp action pictures is to use a camera with fast shutter action—and, of course, a correspondingly fast lens. However, many of us don't have fast cameras. So, to take pictures of real action, showing fast-moving objects without blur, we must utilize several simple tricks.

The first trick is—shoot moving objects when they are coming almost straight toward or straight away from you. An object appears to move much slower when receding or approaching and, in a picture, is less likely to blur.

A second trick—move the camera so that the speeding object is kept centered in the view finder as you shoot. This trick is especially good with boats, motorcycles, and racing automobiles. The background is

blurred—but the moving object will be sharp. Of course, the camera must be moved smoothly and steadily, and a little practice is necessary. You will find that with a little practice, pictures taken in this manner are very effective.

A third trick—snap action during momentary pauses. These occur in most sports. A player is moving rapidly—he halts for just a fraction of a second, to turn or change direction—and in that split-second you get your picture. You must keep alert to catch these pauses—but they're worth it.

Take a couple of rolls of film and try a few action shots, using the tricks I've described. You'll be surprised at the things you can do with your simple box camera or inexpensive folding model!

John van Gulder



**They're laying RIB-ROLL Roofing and right over the old shingles, too!**

With Preston "Rib-Roll" and "Tite-Lap" metal roofing there is no muss of old shingles lying around and no danger of exposing your building while re-roofing.

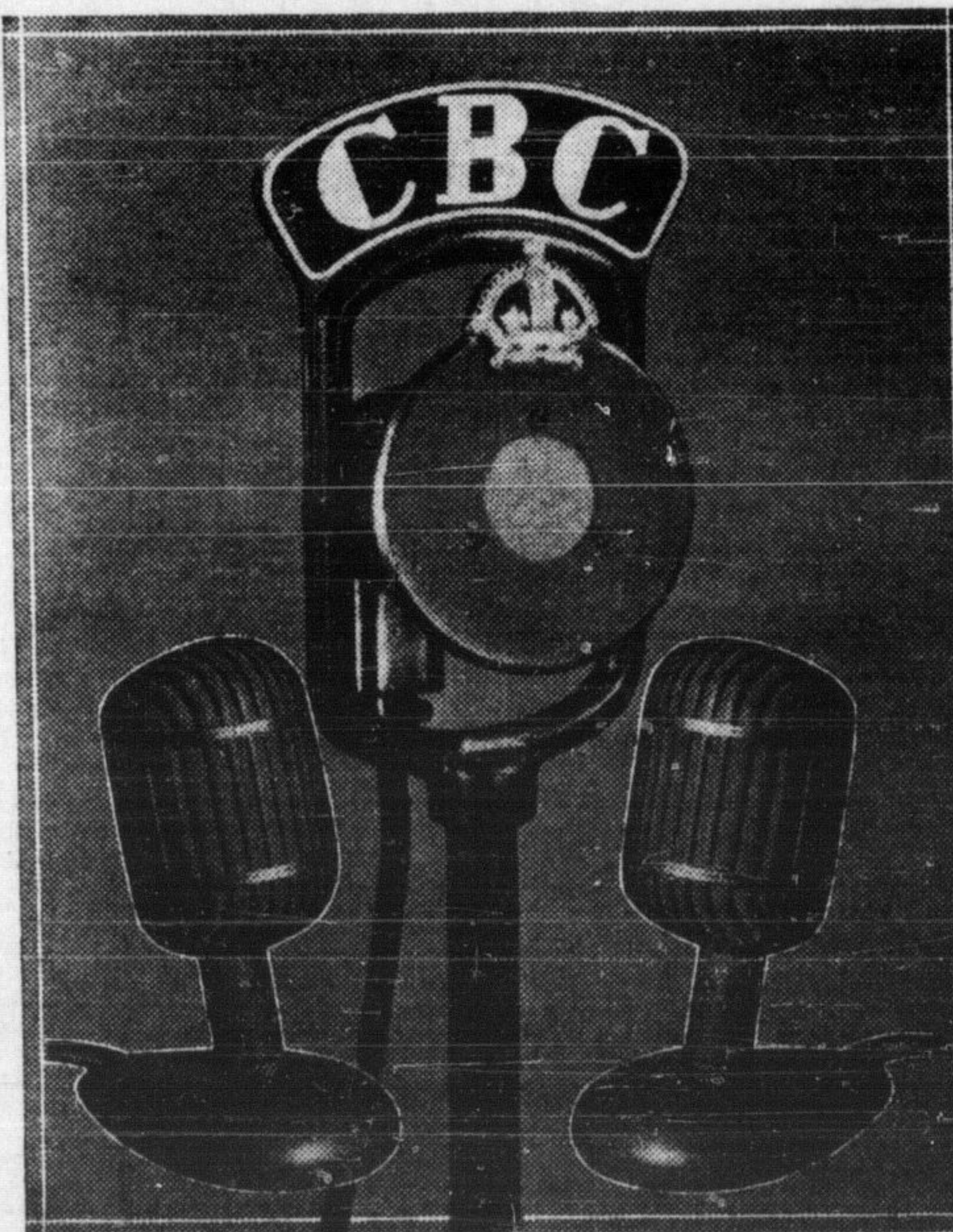
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GUELPH STREET PRESTON, ONT. Factories also at Montreal and Toronto

## The King's Microphones



THROUGHOUT the Empire the voice of His Majesty during the Royal Visit to Canada will be heard through these microphones. They have been produced by the Northern Electric Company, to the specifications of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The microphone bearing the Royal Crown is one of many produced for use across Canada during the tour of Her Majesty, and is especially designed for reduction of wind noise for use out-of-doors. The two oval shape microphones are gold plated and of the new Cardioid type which will be used to broadcast His Majesty's message of greeting on arrival at Quebec and on the occasion of the Empire Day Celebrations from Winnipeg.

Advertise In The Champion

## Tom's Interest

By JOHN MARSHALL  
Associated Newspapers,  
WNU Service.

"PLEASE, please return my money if you found it. If you knew how much it means to me you would. One hundred dollars in five-dollar gold pieces in a little chamois bag, lost between Ninth avenue and East Twentieth street and Seventh avenue subway station at Twenty-third street, last night. Please, please return to Miss Vail—West Twentieth street, I need the money awfully."

Tom Blake read the advertisement in his morning paper through twice. Funny way to word an ad. And funny, in a way, to need the money badly enough to write such an ad.

Poor old thing—probably some old maid and her life savings. He worked up quite a story about her. Maybe she was on her way to an old ladies' home and that was her entrance fee. Maybe the money belonged to somebody else. Maybe she'd have to slave and slave to get another hundred again.

As Tom folded his paper and pushed back his chair after his breakfast in his favorite restaurant he had made up his mind. When he reached the street, he turned left, in the general direction of West Twentieth street, instead of right, as he should have done if he had been going to his office.

"Nobody," he thought to himself, "is going to return that money. She'll never know."

He went to his bank, put through a little transaction, and then went on to the address given in the advertisement.

It was, as he thought it would be, an inexpensive rooming house. He pushed the button marked "Miss Vail," and as he heard steps coming to the door he pictured to himself the weak, fading old lady who would answer him. But of course it wasn't a weak, fading old lady. It was a charming young one.

"Is Miss Vail at home?" he asked.

"I'm Virginia Vail," said the young lady.

"Then perhaps it's your aunt. The old lady who advertised about the lost money."

"Oh!" The voice of the girl was excited. "You didn't find it!" She pulled him inside the hall. "Tell me—you didn't, did you? It's my money!"

"Here it is," said Tom, pulling a stout paper envelope from his pocket and presenting it to the girl. "Twenty five-dollar gold pieces—your see?"

There was a puzzled look in her eyes. "I was carrying an umbrella. And I had some parcels—and that's how I came to drop the bag."

"Yes—so I owe you another chamois bag. I'll send you one as soon as I can get one." Pretty well done, mused Tom, as he watched the girl's utter happiness and relief. But as Virginia told her story Tom found that he was just as happy as she was.

"You see," she said, "I just had to have that money back, and I thought if I wrote that kind of ad whoever had my money would have to return it—I mean, even if it was somebody like you—not somebody poor or a thief. And here it is now."

Virginia had come to New York a few days before with her precious hoard of savings by herself from her hard-earned salary.

"You see," she said cheerfully, "I'll live on it until I can find a job here."

From those first dark, chill moments in the lodging house hall, Tom knew that Virginia was the girl he was going to marry. But he didn't tell her so for several weeks. And then, because her funds were getting low and New York didn't seem as anxious to give her a job as she was to find one, they were married without any long preliminary engagement.

It was the first anniversary of their wedding and they were just beginning to know the secret sweetness of true companionship that was to increase with time. For Tom and Virginia were truly happy.

"I have something to show you," said Virginia that morning. "It's an anniversary present to you. It's a secret, too, that I've been keeping all this time. It's your secret from me, too, and the fact that you kept it showed me from the first that you were as big and generous as I thought you were."

She held out her hands, with the little chamois bag—Tom had bought it the first day and returned to her with it that evening—containing 20 five-dollar gold pieces.

"I've known from that day you brought them to me that they weren't mine. A woman returned mine before you came back that night—and I gave her a reward, too. There were lots of things—at seven in the evening when you found them—when I lost them. And the lost chamois bag. And everything."

"There have been so many times when you might have been unreasonable—when you might have told me about how generous you'd been, just to have the last say—and you never did. And so, you see, it's been a sort of test—and I never needed it. There isn't any interest, Tom, for your year's use."

But Tom had his interest.

Coast of Historic Memories

Torquay, on the south Devon coast, is visited by many travelers Protected by the oval-shaped Lyme bay and facing due south, it is advantageously placed. In the vicinity are architectural relics of note, among them Tor Abbey, founded in 1196. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, one of the galleys was brought into the bay. This coast of historic memories has many interesting villages and nooks for the wanderer—Teignmouth, at the mouth of the Teign, Newton abbey, and Dawlish with its picturesque cliffs. Paignton is another well-known place. Exeter is not far away, with its cathedral of notable Norman towers, the ancient city wall, the Guildhall, and the Chevalier's house once occupied by Charles II.

## French National Anthem

Composed by an Engineer

The famous song "Marseillaise," the French national anthem, was written on the night of April 24, 1792, by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, a French captain of engineers who was a musical amateur.

The mayor of Strasbourg, where de Lisle was then quartered, had expressed the need for a good marching song and this was de Lisle's patriotic response. The name was given to it later because of the enthusiasm with which it was sung by troops setting out from Marseilles for Paris. De Lisle had simply named it "War-song of the Army of the Rhine," notes a writer in the Detroit News. A royalist rather than a revolutionist himself, he was later proscribed and had to leave France for Switzerland. Some time before his death in 1836 he was decorated with the Legion of Honor and awarded a pension.

According to "Immortal Songs of Camp and Field," under the monarchical governments in France, the song was always held seditious, because of its extraordinary influence upon the French people. The first time since the Revolution that it was not regarded as treasonable by those in authority was at the opening of the World's fair in 1878. In 1914 the body of de Lisle was exhumed and taken to the Invalides in Paris, to await interment in the Pantheon.

## Roman Dog Lovers Gave Groups Only Two Names

The Romans divided their dogs into six groups, although the two sets of groups do not correspond exactly. In Rome there were Canes villatici (house dogs), Canes pastores pecuarii (shepherd dogs); Canes venatici (sporting dogs); Pugnaces or bellicosos (pugnacious or war dogs); Nares sagaces (dogs which ran by scent); and Pedipes celeres (swift dogs which ran by sight).

In the United States, observes Margaret Kidder in the Los Angeles Times, we have a sporting dog group in which are the bird dogs; a hunting group, including both the scent and the sight hounds; a working dog group, which takes in the shepherd dogs and the dogs that the Romans termed war dogs; a terrier group, which had no counterpart in Roman times; a toy group, which unaccountably was missing in Rome since tiny pets were very popular among the ruling classes, and a non-sporting group, which no doubt includes some of the breeds that the Romans listed as house dogs.

These two groupings are as nearly as possible the natural divisions of dogs according to their roles in the general scheme of things. Certain breeds have shifted groups during the past 2,000 years, but this usually has been due to structural changes that came about after many generations of selective breeding.

The tract of land known as the District of Columbia, which is co-extensive in area with the city of Washington, was acquired by the federal government in 1789 from Maryland in pursuance of Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution, which provides: "Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding 10 miles square) as many, by cession of particular states, and the acceptance of congress, become the seat of government of the United States." Maryland, in 1788, and Virginia, in 1790, passed acts together to cede 10 miles square for the seat of government of the United States. But in 1846, the tract of land south of the Potomac ceded by Virginia was upon petition of the inhabitants, re-accepted by congress to the parent state.

## Exhibit of Crystallized Gold

The finest mass of crystallized gold in existence is owned by the American Museum of Natural History and is on exhibition in the hall of minerals and gems. It was found in the Mother Lode district of Nevada county, California. The specimen weighs three and three-quarter ounces and has a lace or sponge-like structure, making a good size handful. The gold took this form when the rock in which it was originally a minor adulterant cooled and crystallized. The rock substances solidified at a much higher temperature than the gold, and the liquid metal finally geysered in one place under heavy pressure. The cooling process was long and slow, giving the gold a chance to crystallize. Nuggets of gold so formed are common, but the crystalline form of gold is rare.

## Cacao Tree an Evergreen

The cacao tree is one of those plants which does better in a foreign land than its home country. Native to Latin America, it is cultivated chiefly in West Africa. An evergreen, says the Washington Post, it bears buds, flowers and seed pods, all at the same time. Oddly, they grow on the trunk bark, not on branches or twigs. Though the tree is called "cacao," its bean is named "cocoa." The two drinks, chocolate and cocoa, are both made from it, their only difference being in richness. Cocoa beans go through many roasting and curing processes before ending up in a cup, but their original growers, American Indians, merely dried them in the sun and ate them "as is."

## How Some Spiders Travel

With some spiders the method of traveling is a novel one, for when quite small it will let out a length of silken line from its body and this floats in the breeze. When sufficient is released the baby spider is lifted and carried a mile or more to a new haunt, says London Tit-Bits Magazine. You will often see a spider waiting patiently in the center of its web for food, day following day and no fly entering the trap, but the spider appears to grow and thrive. Certain spiders, after a good meal, are able to store a supply of food in their bodies, and the large garden spider has been known to live for 18 months without touching any outside food.

## Associations

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS  
©McClure Syndicate,  
WNU Service.

MARY was very keen on any thing bordering on associations, whether it was her sister's baby's first rattle or an erstwhile sweetheart's old Christmas gifts. She was always collecting material mementoes as also she harbored a hundred and one little brain memories.

It was quite natural, then, when Mary had the pleasure of her first trip to England that she should make a straight journey to the little Sussex village where her parents had courted and wed. For Mary was that somewhat choice blend of the human tree which divided its characteristics nicely between English parentage and American birth. Her parents had rather a sweet romance in the fact that they had as young members of the village circle each laid a cornerstone in the parish church in which later they were married. Their names carved in the dull red stones were as plain as the day upon which they were cut, and Mary was so thrilled when she saw them that she nearly wept.

"Laid by Mary Anne Smith, July 9, 1897," was on the base of one pillar, and "Laid by John Cromer, July 9, 1897," was on another. That was the day they had met, and from then on the world for them had been a wonderful place, for love encircled them with its glorious wings.

Mary dropped onto her knees in one of the pews and felt a tremendous wave of emotion spread over her. After her prayers she sat back and could picture how dainty her sweet mother must have looked in her bridal dress standing beside her handsome young husband—there at that lovely altar.

She wondered if there was a chance that the same rector would be in charge. She supposed not. However, Mary heard the gentle steps of an elderly minister padding along the small corridor and she went out to chat with him.

He beamed at her out of kindly eyes.

"I remember all young lovers whom I have married," he said upon hearing her story, "and I've been here thirty odd years. Come my dear," he said, "and I'll show you your parents' names."

They were standing inside the tiny vestry room with their heads close together over the great register when a young fellow bounded in from the fine old rectory gardens.

"Oh, Dad!" he shouted, then stopped swiftly. "I'm sorry—I didn't know there was anyone with you." He stood half smiling and half wondering, for Mary was indeed a lovely person to discover in close proximity to one's own father.

"This young lady," said the old rector beaming at his big son, "is Miss Mary Cromer. She has come all the way from America to see the church in which her parents were married. Miss Cromer, this is my son, Tom Walker."

The two young people shook hands shyly but apparently very warmly.

"I was wondering," said Mary wistfully, "if there was the slightest little thing I could have from the church—as a memento. If there isn't anything, I will just take a tiny stone from the gravel path or a few leaves from one of those lovely trees."

A moment that might have become awkward was interrupted by the approach of the rector's wife—a sweet, white-haired mother whom Mary loved at once.

"I sent Tom to bring you in to tea but—" she too then noticed the stranger. "I'm so sorry—I thought you two were alone."

The rector again went through the ceremony of introducing Mary—this time to his wife, and added, "This young lady is wanting some small memento from the church to take home to her parents, but I don't know what it could be."

"My dear," smiled Mrs. Walker, "only last night you and Tom were speaking of having new offertory bags. I'm sure Miss Cromer would love to have one of the old ones—they were in use when her parents attended service together."

"Oh, exclaimed Mary joyfully, "I should simply love it. Is it one of those sweet little bags with handles on each side? We don't have that kind in America—I think they are so quaint."

The big son was silent all this time but his heart leaped joyfully when he heard his mother insisting on Mary coming in to share the tea hour in the old manse drawing room.

"My dear, you take Miss Cromer and get her one of the old collection bags. We might forget it later."

It took Tom a long while to produce the gift for Mary, but, as a matter of fact, Mary didn't mind in the least. When they entered the drawing-room for tea the old rector and his wife exchanged happy glances.

When Mary mailed the lovely old memento to her parents she told them all about her visit and how she had been taken right into the family as if she had always known them, and her following letter confirmed his state of affairs. The next was all of joy, for Mary was going to stand beside young Tom at the very same altar at which her parents had taken their holy vows.

## At the Camel Market

Before buying a prospective camel purchaser examines the teeth to determine the animal's age. Marks of a good camel are good teeth, a good hump, which means plenty of reserve energy, and foot pads that are solid and not cracked by heat or rocks. Camels have even stomachs and can travel even to nine days in winter without drinking water.



STILL PIONEERING

**Leadership** demands constant pioneering—discovering and developing the new and better method of doing the things we have to do.

Time was when the introduction of a new implement was a memorable and historic event, but these were the early days in the application of mechanics to farming operations. Today, changes succeed each other with greater rapidity and even the most revolutionary innovations are accepted with little acclaim.

Not in any period of the ninety years of Massey-Harris history has such skill been employed in the designing and developing of machines for the farm as there is today. The Company's engineers, in their extensive field experiments, are constantly testing new ideas and developing, under actual conditions, machines and attachments specifically suited to the requirements of the territory for which they are intended.

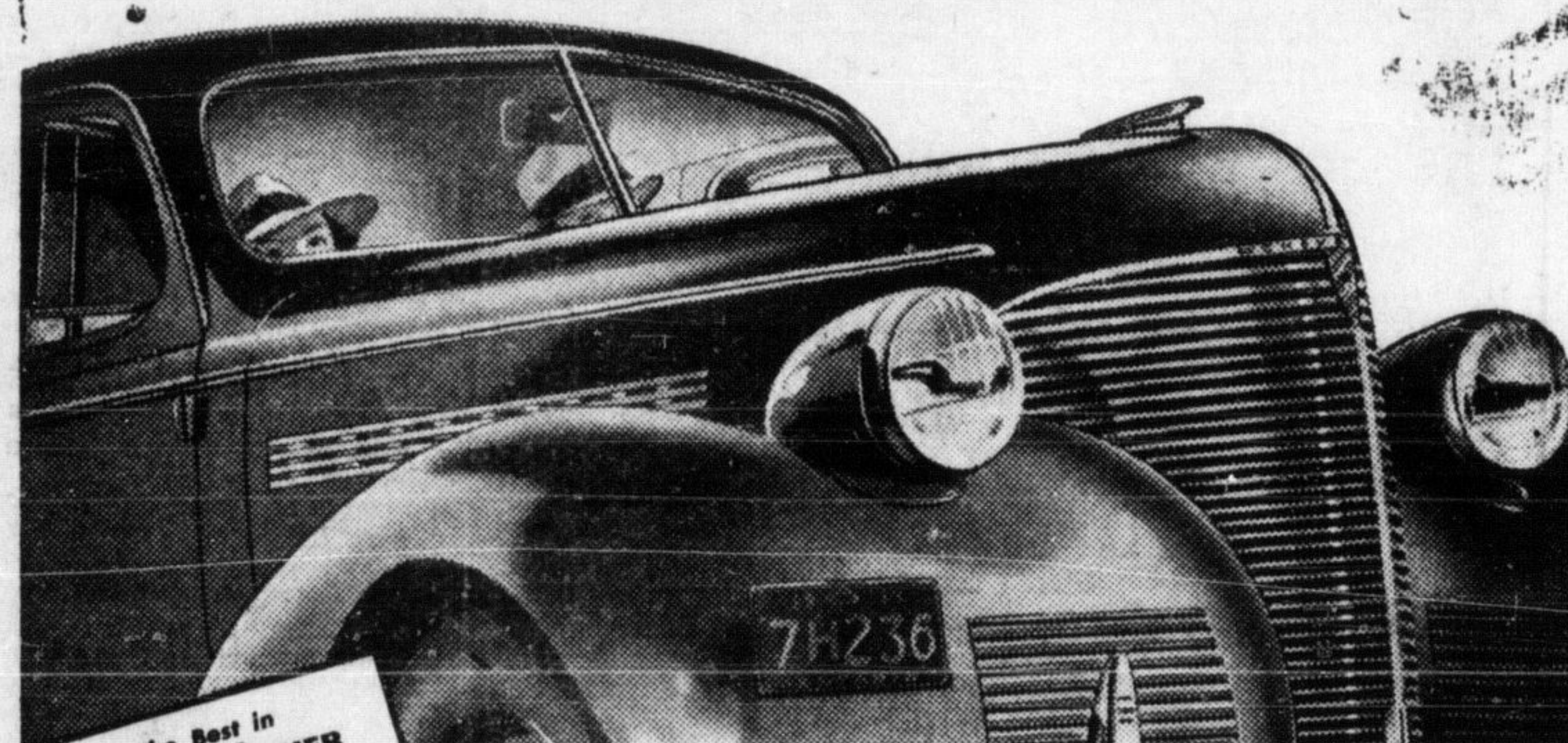
Thus, whether it be a one-handed walking plow to be used by a native, and even perhaps drawn by natives, on the South African veldt; a power-driven mower to cope with the luxuriant growth of grass on an English meadow, or the One-Way Disc Seeder developed to help the farmer on the prairies of Western Canada combat soil drifting, it is the result of definite scientific research by the Company's field engineers.

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