

# The Canadian Champion

When Your Sweet Tooth Says  
CANDY  
Your Wisdom Tooth Says  
BARNARDS

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Your Wisdom Tooth Says  
BARNARDS

VOLUME 80.

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No. 11

## CANADIAN CHAMPION

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## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

(All Trains Run on Standard Time)  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**  
—GOING EAST—  
7.41 a.m.—Daily, flag.  
1.02 p.m.—Daily.  
8.45 p.m.—Daily except Sunday,  
—GOING WEST—  
9.31 a.m.—Daily, flag.  
6.16 p.m.—Daily.  
12.23 a.m.—Daily except Sunday, flag  
—SUNDAY—  
Going East—7.41 a.m., flag, 1.02 p.m.,  
9.31 p.m. flag.  
Going West—9.31 a.m. flag, 6.16 p.m.

**CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY**  
—GOING NORTH—  
8.04 a.m.  
—GOING SOUTH—  
7.15 p.m.

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## Think You Are a Poet?

### Then Try Out This Test

Are you a poet? Here's a test cited by Sister Mary Madeleva, president of St. Mary's college, Notre Dame, Ind. The test concerns the moon crescent sometimes visible in the early morning, says the Syracuse Post-Standard. If it's "a thin crust of a moon" to you, you have something of the poet within you. But if it reminds you of a "toe-nail" then you aren't much of a poet.

That every worker may have within him a poet was Sister Madeleva's contention. She decried Plato's philosophy of the ideal republic, with its triple division of the population into philosophers, the "choice souls," the merchants and soldiers "to take care of the philosophers economically and defend the country," and the slaves "to do the work."

That reduces most of the world to a condition of slavery to support the philosophers," she said, pointing out that such a view was contrary to the viewpoint of God. "The worker becomes a collaborator with God in creation," she claimed. "The level of work is lifted from slavery to a deity plane. The worker has the opportunity of contacting God in his work. The poet in the worker goes a step further, to fashion what he sees into a thing of beauty."

Quoting from Jacques Maritain that "Poetry is to art what grace is to moral life," she claimed there was "no finer tribute paid to poetry, and no greater stimulus for reading or writing poetry, for grace establishes us in friendship with God, gives to everything we do a supernatural quality and value."

## Farmer's Account Book

### Reveals Eye to Thrift

A New England farmer's account book of the 1830s reveals the price of meals and the watch which housewives kept on boarders' appetites. In the autumn of 1834 the charge for the school mistress was a fraction over four cents a meal, room rent apparently included: "To boarding school Mistress 10 days, \$1.43;" and "To boarding Mistress one week, \$.92." A farm hand's meals cost more than twice as much—from 8 1/2 to 9 1/2 cents, room rent excluded, each entry stating specific "meals of victuals," says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

That housewives kept a sharp eye out for second and third helpings as well as the difference between a woman's and a man's appetite is shown by the varying prices of the farm hand's meals. "To 38 meals of victuals, \$3.17;" the entries dated August 25, September 1 and October 13 read. But on September 29 the charge was one cent more for one meal less, and on April 27 the rate was all of cent a meal more: "To 38 meals of victuals, \$3.62." It may be deduced that just preceding September 29 and April 27 the farm hand had a more than usually hearty appetite for pancakes and apple pie.

## White for Hospital?

White is the characteristic color of hospital interiors, physicians' examining rooms and biological laboratories. Plumbing fixtures, uniforms of nurses, coats of doctors—everything is white. If the Zeitschrift fuer Aerztliche Fortbildung is right white will cease to be the color of medicine and surgery. Why? Because, whatever merits it may have in revealing dirt, white has optical disadvantages. It has been definitely proved that doctors, when engaged in performing long operations, suffer from eye-strain because of the all-pervading white. One German hospital has experimentally painted its interior gray blue and is now studying the result.

## Silver's History

Originally a trading post colony of the Netherlands, New York's first silversmiths were mostly of Holland Dutch birth or heritage, and although by 1660 New York had become an English colony, the silver made by its craftsmen retained the Dutch flavor, both in design and ornamentation. Gradually this was modified by the influx of English and Huguenot craftsmen. The result was pieces of silver with a distinction all their own. In form and ornamentation they were a mingling of both the Dutch and English traditions with slight touches of the French, reflecting the presence of a tightly knit though small group of Huguenots. Because of these three influences, New York silver until the middle of the Eighteenth century and, in some cases, almost to the outbreak of the American Revolution varied distinctly from that being made in the other English colonies.

## Marble Table Tops

From Elizabethan England come records of marble stone table tops in 1588, although it was not until the early part of the Eighteenth century that marble appeared as an important furnishing feature in England. Its use in Italy most probably predates this, since the natural resources there and the architectural character of the furniture would both encourage the use of marble.

## Giants' Causeway

There is no natural phenomenon anywhere to compare to the Giant's Causeway, on the northern coast of Ireland, with its piled masses of hexagonal rocks, a gigantic and fantastic honeycomb in stone. It is one of the wonders of the world. No highway by the sea surpasses in grandeur the magnificent coast road which leads to it.

## ON SECOND THOUGHT

By J. A. WALDRON  
© George Matthew Adams.

THE varied lights, the garish colors, the vocal buzz and the jazz were there. As the evening wore loudness increased, and here and there the gaudieries natural to the class that had made the Great White Way a naughtily descriptive phrase were noted.

John Blount and his wife, from the hinterland, like so many others who have made this metropolitan locality profitable to caterers and their hangers-on, were guests. They had finished a dinner in some details strange to them and, seemingly bored by each other, were watching the mildly exciting scene from a small table that had two empty chairs opposite them. While the Blounts were sipping mild drinks ordered to insure their places—for although they took no pleasure in each other's company they found entertainment in the place—a waiter placed another couple at the table.

As the four began to scan one another a surprise developed. Blount blushed as he sought recognition in the second woman's face and bowed to her with an air of embarrassment.

The other man also showed confusion, for Mrs. Blount had recognized him, and he smiled weakly as he held out his hand to her.

A clumsy introduction followed, initiated by the women, who nervously in turn made the men acquainted and included each other by incidental gestures.

The newcomers were the Ramsays.

And then embarrassment settled on all four. Blount and Ramsay eyed each other guardedly, with a suggestion of antagonism, yet tried to make conversation on subjects not related to the situation. The women, more adept, disguised a possible hostility under superficial smiles, and chatted amiably.

But the immediate matter absorbed the men, and Blount returned to it.

"Seems we know one another—in a fashion," he said, "or rather that I know your wife and you know mine!"

"So it seems," replied Ramsay wearily.

The women saw that the situation rested with them.

"Oh, I knew Mr. Blount in Chicago, ages ago!" said Mrs. Ramsay.

"Yes," confirmed Blount, "we met in Chicago."

"And I knew Mr. Ramsay in Pittsburgh," volunteered Mrs. Blount.

"The lady is correct," Ramsay admitted. "That was the place, all right." And then to Blount: "So you're from Chicago?"

"Not lately. Used to live in the Windy City, as they call it. We're from Kalamazoo. That's my headquarters if I have any steady place. I've made a little money and like to look around. Do you like Pittsburgh?"

"Oh, I don't live in Pittsburgh now," returned Ramsay. "Located in Kansas City. I've got a few iron men, too. We're here on a little vacation."

"Same here. We all come to the big town."

"New York's all right, eh?" Ramsay cracked a smile.

"For a few days—yes, but not permanently unless you've got loads of money. Millions. Nothing less will do here. I'll take Kalamazoo for mine with my stake."

"What's the idea? A man can get along all right here on a fair income."

"Perhaps—in a way. As a piker, I'd rather be a big toad in a smaller puddle, as they say."

The women had failed to negotiate mutual subjects, and tried to seem satisfied with things as they were, but unsuccessfully. Mrs. Blount was timing the music with an air meant to be unconcerned. Mrs. Ramsay, who had her vanity case out, was inspecting her latest powdering, forgetting that it was but a minute old. She seemed to omit Mrs. Blount's detachment. Women have subtle ways, but these two could not summon ease and talk.

The band crushed freshly, mauling an old dance melody into approved jazz.

Ramsay pulled himself together. "Perhaps you'd like to dance?" he ventured to Blount, indicating Mrs. Ramsay as a possible partner by a nod.

"I don't dance," replied Blount. "But Mrs. Blount lives on it. She's been ragging me about it. Want to renew old acquaintances?" he asked his wife.

"Do I? Why not? It'll be a pleasure I hadn't expected!" Mrs. Blount was on her feet at once.

"It's my middle name—dancing," said Ramsay, swinging around and taking Mrs. Blount's hand. "Excuse us, please!"

And the pair slipped into the dancing throng, while Mrs. Ramsay and Blount were a bit flustered at the suddenness of it.

But Mrs. Ramsay quickly recovered presence of mind. She took the seat Mrs. Blount had vacated. It was nearer Blount.

"So you're married again, John?" And she hitched a little closer, nuzzling the passing dancers.

"It appears you'll have to plead guilty too, Mary!" Blount encouraged her proximity by feeling for her hand.

"Yes. I married Ramsay a year ago. It seems an age!"

"So?"

"You know I took my maiden name when you and I were divorced, and moved to Kansas City."

"And he doesn't know you were married before?"

"Why should I have told him?"

Now she moved a little nearer. "I think he's a little jealous of you—thinks you're an old beau of mine?"

"Think so?"

"Yes. And you were a little jealous of him. You both showed it."

"But isn't dancing with my wife a funny way for him to show jealousy?"

"There are various ways of showing jealousy. You used to know a lot!"

"Some of my guesses were wrong. Mary. I admit that in sorrow. I used to be more foolish than I am now."

He looked at her admiringly.

"Gee! You look good to me!" Mrs. Ramsay's gratification sent the blood to her face. She tried to hitch a little nearer.

"Do I look as good to you as Mrs. Blount does?"

"Better! Beyond words. No comparison. But I wonder where they knew each other?"

"Pittsburgh. Didn't you hear?"

"I mean I wonder how well they knew each other?"

"Pretty well, I should say! Ramsay is a thirty-third degree philanthropist."

Mrs. Ramsay looked again at the passing dancers.

"Just see 'em!"

Blount looked. Mrs. Blount and Ramsay glided past. They danced with the grace and intimacy of professionals—or lovers.

"They're enjoying it all right! Did Ramsay ever tell you he had been married before, Mary?"

"Yes. But I had to corkscrew it out of him. No detail. He may have been married more than once when I met him. He admitted having been divorced. But he wouldn't tell me who got the decree. When ever he's angry he's a nagger. Says his first wife was more congenial than I am. And that she was better looking."

"She must have been a peach then!"

"John! Don't flatter me!"

"I'm not flattering you! As I've said, you look good to me!"

"Do you think Mrs. Blount is better looking?"

"I haven't said the contrary? And I mean it. Tastes differ, of course. You used to say I was homely—when you were angry!"

"John! Please don't! We say things we don't mean when we're angry. I always thought you were an upstanding man. And you and I were so congenial—when you weren't jealous of me!"

"Then you and Ramsay aren't congenial?"

"Not so congenial as we used to be, John—honest!"

"Do you mean that?" Blount sighed. "Seems like old times—good old times—Mary, to be sitting here with you!"

He squeezed her hand. Her fingers closed on his. She hitched a little closer, looking furtively at the passing dancers.

"To tell the blessed truth, John—dear John—I've wished many times—"

"And I wish now. I know what you're thinking! And I wonder! Do you know, Mary, I feel like picking you up and running away with you!"

"John!" She sighed and looked again at the dancers. "John! If we only could!"

Their hands remained locked. Both scanned the dancers. Mrs. Blount and Ramsay were not in sight. In fact they were not dancing. They had just emerged from the cloak room with their wraps.

"Isn't it lucky, Billy, that I always keep my check? It's a habit with me." Mrs. Blount was excited, and looked behind her nervously.

"A commendable habit, I'll say!" responded Ramsay. "Things are coming our way!" And then to the porter: "Did you get a cab?"

"Right outside, sir."

They hurried to the street, both looking behind and entered a taxi.

## Famous Istanbul Mosque

### One of Largest Churches

St. Sophia mosque in Istanbul, Turkey, is undoubtedly the world's best example of Byzantine architecture; but, from the outside, it might be mistaken for a factory or warehouse. (One of the world's largest churches, it shoots 180 feet skyward and its dome is 107 feet in diameter.) Inside, the effect is more favorable. The 126 pillars—stolen from the temples of the ancient gods—lend an air of immensity, even if of nothing else. Eight serpentine columns were plundered from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and eight of porphyry from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. The building job required 10,000 workmen; the total cost—including the gables—was something like \$60,000,000.

There are 500 mosques in Istanbul, and all are interesting—if you like mosques. In most of them you have to don slippers and shuffle around in an awkward attempt to keep them on. If you lose them your feet desecrate the sacred confines. In St. Sophia this practice no longer holds; the building is now a museum.

Of far greater interest to most tourists (especially the women) is the Seraglio palace, boasting, as it does, of such items as the Persian shah's throne, of massive gold and set with rubies, and a collection of sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds so large and perfect that no one has ever been able to compute their worth. The women, and even the men, likewise are taken in by the Grand Bazaar, which is a city in itself and which, covered partly in an arcade, is a maze of streets, lanes, and alleys.

## Joan of Arc's Real Name

### Was Jeannette, Is Claim

"Joan of Arc" is a literal translation of the French "Jeanne d'Arc." Although the French heroine was known as "Jeannette" in the countryside around Domremy on the Meuse, where she was born in 1412, she is referred to in contemporary documents as "Jeanne." She was called "Jeanne d'Arc" by the French and English because they were under the impression that she derived her surname from a village named Arc in the vicinity of her birthplace. The only village or town in France called Arc is many miles south of Domremy and evidence produced by several antiquaries indicates that the name of "Jeanne's" father was "Jacques Darc," and not "Jacques d'Arc," as generally supposed. Therefore it is probable that the heroine's original name was "Jeannette" or "Jeannette Darc," or, in English, "Joan Darc." In the French army she was first called simply "La Pucelle" (The Maid), and after she raised the siege of Orleans she was known as "La Pucelle d'Orleans" (The Maid of Orleans).

## Miracles Still Happen

Some 3,300 years ago peas were deposited in the tomb of Tutankhamen, the Egyptian king, as food on his journey. Behind the wall that seals the grave, which is watched over by the goddess Isis, the mummy of the ancient Egyptian ruler has been discovered in a costly sarcophagus. Alongside the mummy were the gifts bestowed on the illustrious king as everlasting sustenance for him on his journey. An English professor inspected in his own home the seemingly valueless and desiccated seeds of 3,300 years ago, and wondered if by chance they might be made to germinate. He gave a few of them to a skilled gardener, with instructions to plant them. And the result was an almost supernatural event, for these peas, 3,300 years old, sprouted and developed into magnificent plants on which an excellent crop matured. They have blue pods and green kernels.

## Taj Mahal Is Tomb

The Taj Mahal, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, was built by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jehan at Agra, near Delhi, India, as a tomb for his favorite wife. To build it a vast army of Hindu workmen labored for 22 years, and with its neighboring palace and mosque, the cost is reckoned to have been between \$20,000,000 and \$50,000,000. It is of white marble, 130 feet high to the top of the huge dome, which surmounts the eight-sided building. This is supported on each side by two slender minarets and is surrounded by Persian gardens. The walls of the interior are covered with floral designs, loved by the Persians, picked out in onyx, jasper, carnelian and other semi-precious stones.

## Europe Uses Most Fertilizer

Consumption of fertilizer in the United States is at the rate of five pounds per acre per farm. Nations of Europe rank far ahead of this country in fertilizer use. Holland uses 99 pounds of chemical plant food per acre annually, Belgium 80 and Germany 67. Then come Denmark with 40, Norway with 29 and Sweden with 22 pounds. France uses 21 pounds per acre, Italy 17 and Great Britain 12.

## Eternal City

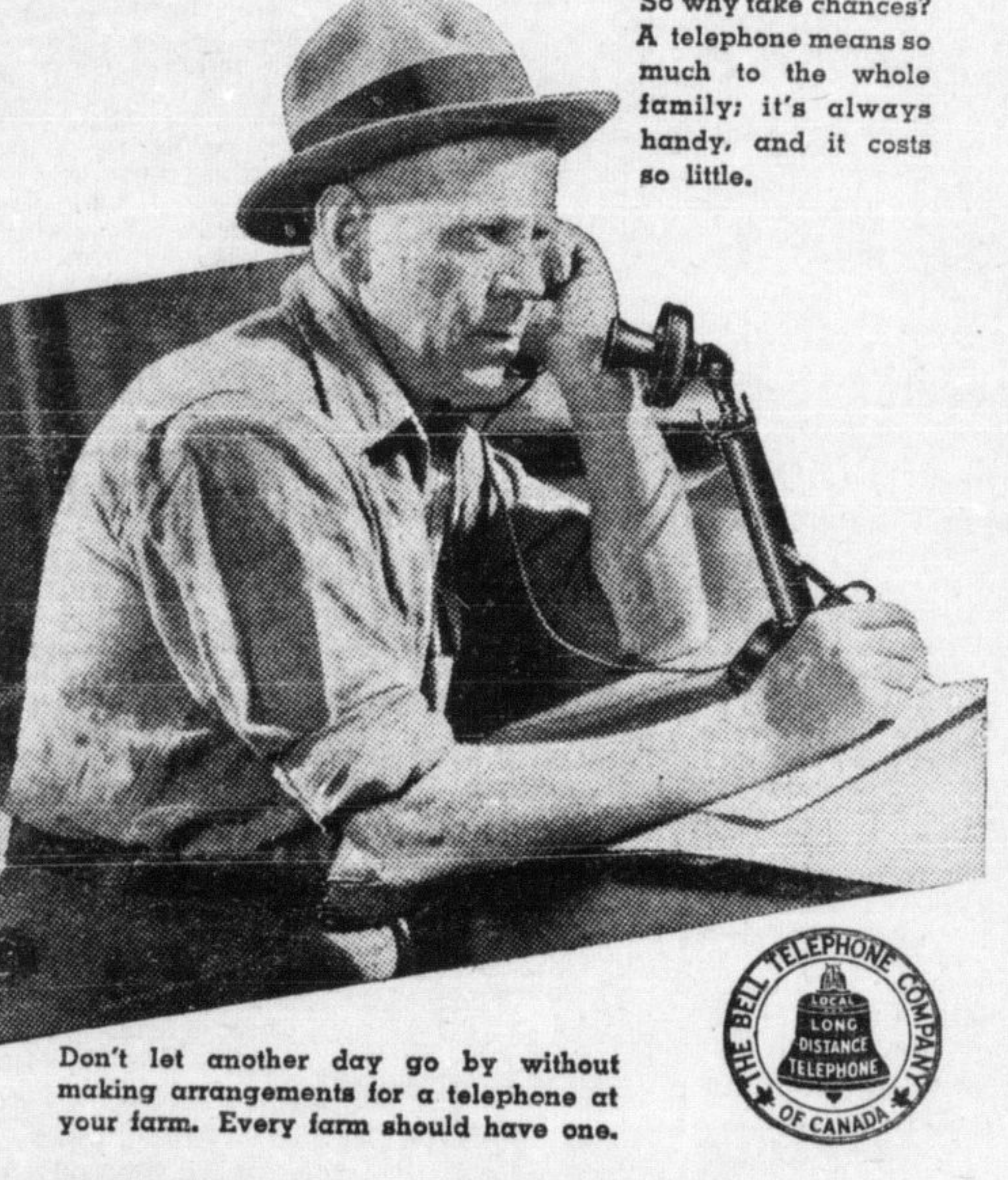
Rome was known as the Eternal City among the ancient Romans, because the people thought that no matter what happened in the world, no matter how many other empires might rise and fall, Rome would go on forever. In Virgil's Aeneid Jupiter tells Venus that he will give the Romans an eternal empire.

## "It Pays to Deal at Days"

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Don't let another day go by without making arrangements for a telephone at your farm. Every farm should have one.

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1 Milton	Friday	6	3	5	23	8	10
2 Oakville	Friday	10	7	2	27	12	7
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	4	1	3	29	5	3
4 Ayr	Friday	5	2	4	29	7	9
5 Burlington	Monday	11	8	3	31	11	6

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

Names and Addresses of Clerks—L. B. Knight, Milton; J. John Chambers, Oakville; R. E. O. Thompson, Georgetown; R. S. Ramshaw, Ayr; W. C. Biddford, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury 6th June and 9th December, on opening days at 11 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 4th of April and 31st of October, 9 a.m. and so often at other times as may be required for the dispatch of business.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 5th January, 6th April, 6th July, 6th October, 10 a.m.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,  
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