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The continuance of this essential public service depends on funds contributed by charitably-minded Ontario citizens—the money can come from no other source.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN
67 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
CREATING PICTURE CHANCES



A "created" picture—the photographer spilled the milk, and the kitten did the rest. Develop natural situations to get more interesting shots.

IT'S fun to look for picture opportunities—but it's more fun to create them. And many of the finest picture chances are created deliberately by the photographer.

If you wait for things to arrange themselves for a picture, you're just trusting to luck, and you may have a long wait. But if you take a few steps to create a situation, you'll find it easier to get just the picture you want—when you want it.

For example, look at the picture above. Is there any point in waiting for such a situation to occur naturally? Not a bit. It's much simpler to spill the milk right where you want it—place the kitten where you wish—and shoot. A kitten knows what to do when he's face to face with milk.

There are many such occasions where a little arrangement is a big help. Use a bait to tempt a pet to the best spot for a picture. Give the baby an amusing toy—or place an automatic music-box beside him—and he'll pose, completely unaware of the camera. Provide some action for an older child to carry out—a doll to dress, a book to read, a model boat to work on. The action provides a theme or story which improves the picture.

In shooting outdoor scenes or landscape pictures, try having a friend stand in the foreground, looking at the scene you plan to picture.

Such a figure adds foreground interest, and directs attention to the scene beyond. In picturing snow scenes, tramp out a path leading into the scene where it will help the composition of the picture. Such devices often add better pictorial quality to your shots.

In taking action shots, don't trust to chance. If possible, arrange with your subject to have the desired action take place at a chosen spot. Then you can focus in advance, and be all ready to shoot. For example, to get a good shot of a sled sled, arrange for Johnny to flip his sled over at a selected spot near the bottom of the hill. This idea also works for many other sports—summer and winter.

Table-top photography is of course outright creation—you build the subject completely before shooting it. That's why "table-topping" is so much fun—it allows plenty of room for imagination and originality. Still-life pictures are also a matter of arrangement. . . . and your skill in composing the subject-matter determines the quality of the picture.

Never be a lazy photographer. Don't let well enough alone. Always try to improve the picture—or get a first shot of the subject as it is, and then try to arrange a better one. That's the way the finest pictures are made.

John van Guilder

LADY LUCK

By VIC YARDMAN
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

IN LIRIO, N. M., the name of Rufus Drake is a byword, a legend. There are numerous buildings named after him, a street, a park and a museum. Strangers are apt to get the idea that Rufe was once quite a figure in and about Lirio, and indeed he was.

His is rather a sad story, yet curious, too. I will repeat it exactly as it was told to me by Boris Avery, Lirio's oldest inhabitant and Rufe's one time closest friend.

Rufe Drake (Boris began) was a gold prospector. And his luck in finding color was the most astounding thing this side of the Rio Grande. He was old when he first took to the desert, past sixty, and inexperienced, yet five days after he'd been out he struck it. He came plodding into town with his samples and had them assayed. Then he recorded his claim and went over to the Silver Dollar to spread the news.

Within a month a mushroom town had sprung up near Rufe's strike. That was the beginning of Lirio. At first, of course, the settlement was composed mostly of tents and a few hastily constructed board shacks. But presently a more substantial and permanent town began to be erected, and one of the first all-wooden buildings of any consequence was Nate Paxton's El Ahaja.

El Ahaja was a saloon and gambling den. The reason I mention it is because it was here that Rufe Drake spent most of his time.

There was a reckless streak in Rufe, a sort of weakness, a quality of abandon that was in direct contrast to the rest of his character.

He loved gambling. The element of chance fascinated and intrigued him. Perhaps you can't understand or appreciate what that means. Perhaps you've never had the feeling. Well, let me tell you it's a worse affliction than either the drug or liquor habit.

Anyway, a syndicate bought out Rufe's claim. They paid him \$50,000 for it, and incredible as it might seem, the morning after the deal was consummated Rufe was broke. He'd lost every cent in the gambling rooms of the El Ahaja.

Every one felt sorry for the old boy, but Rufe would have none of their pity. He was old and didn't take life as seriously as some folks.

And so with a grudge provided by Nate Paxton (Nate felt worse than any one about Rufe's run of ill luck and would have returned some of the money if Rufe would have let him) he set out for the hills once more. Three weeks later he was back.

He'd struck color again, and this new strike was even richer than the first.

Well, another rush began, with Lirio as its base. Nate's claim was appraised at \$75,000 and the same syndicate offered him that amount of money.

He sold out and immediately headed for the El Ahaja.

There's no need to go into details of what happened. Rufe was as unlucky with the goddess of chance as he was lucky in finding color.

Two days later he was broke once more and Nate Paxton was \$75,000 richer.

You'd think this would have cured him. But it didn't. It made him worse.

He swore up and down that there wasn't any reason why he couldn't beat the games. The thing became an obsession with him. But he was broke again and there was nothing left to do but hit for the hills once more. A month passed and then Rufe showed up in town one day with his pockets bulging with samples of his new strike.

Well, it was hard to believe, because hundreds of other prospectors had traveled over the same territory without unearthing a glimmer of the wealth that Rufe revealed.

It was about this time that Rufe and I became acquainted. I was married at the time and my wife was ill. We had three kids and I'd had a tough break in investing in one of the mines, and was down and out. Rufe heard about it and came over to see me.

He insisted that I take a couple of thousand dollars to tide me over. (He'd received \$60,000 for his new claim. We got pretty friendly after that and I urged him to give up the gambling habit. But he only grinned and a curious glint came into his eyes.)

I saw that arguing wasn't any use, so I asked him why he didn't spend some of his wealth for a good purpose—such as donating it to public enterprises, before beginning his usual session at the El Ahaja.

He thought this over and decided it was a good idea. Lirio had grown tremendously in size and needed a public benefactor. So Nate built a school and a church and gave them to the town. Paid for the whole works in cash, but before construction on either one was complete he was broke again.

Well, a lot of things happened in the next few years. Rufe made another strike and the result was the same as before.

The thing got to be something of a joke. Folks might have been openly contemptuous of the old man's weakness if he didn't continue to spend a good portion of each of his fortunes for the good of the public. As it was I guess I was the only real friend he had, or the only one who tried to understand his obsession and help him fight it.

At any rate, five years later Rufe set out once more on a prospecting excursion and this time he took me along with him. He said the reason he hadn't before was because he feared that a second member of his expedition might ruin his luck. You see, he had become superstitious what with continuing to strike color and continuing to fail beating the games at the El Ahaja.

HEATING HINTS

By James Stewart

HERE is a daily heating schedule that will help you to get more satisfaction from the fuel you burn:

IN THE MORNING—In order to get heat up quickly, open the Ashpit Damper wide and close the Check Damper. Do not add fresh coal until the fire is burning briskly. And when you do put on fresh coal, don't forget to leave an exposed spot of live coals directly in front of the fire door. It

may also be necessary to shake the grates a little. This depends on whether or not they were shaken the night before.

DURING THE DAY—Rely entirely on the Check and Ashpit Dampers to control the fire. Never use the Turn Damper for daily regulation. Keep it as nearly closed as possible without hindering the free burning of the fire.

AT NIGHT—Before banking the fire shake the grates gently . . . until the first red glow appears in the ashpit. Wet the ashes and remove them. When banking the fire always open the Check Damper and close the Ashpit Damper. Never leave the Fire Door open when banking the fire.

And frankly I was a little afraid of the same thing myself.

But we needn't have been. We struck color.

I never forget the feeling. I wanted to cry and laugh and shout and weep all at the same time. For our strike was far bigger than any of Rufe's finds.

It took us three full days to trek back to Lirio with our news. And during those days I had time to think. The first excitement was over, my thoughts were rational once more and the thought came to me that my sudden wealth was due wholly to Rufe. And gradually a plan began to form in my mind. I decided to repay that old man for what he'd done for me if it was my last act on earth.

This time I didn't argue with the old boy. When he sneaked off a week later and headed for the El Ahaja I let him go. Later I strolled down to the saloon and as usual I found a crowd of curious thespians. Word had been spread around that Old Rufe was playing the games and they were there to see the show.

At four o'clock the next morning Rufe pushed his way out into the street. His face was white and there was a wild, fierce expression in his eyes.

In less than six hours he had gambled away nearly \$10,000. It was hard to believe. The crowd gawked at him. They grinned and shook their heads.

If ever an old fool lived it was Rufe Drake. I took him by the arm and we walked silently back to my cabin. Inside I lit a candle and brought out a jug of whisky. And then I sprang my surprise.

"Rufe," I said, "for once your luck has held good with the games. You're richer right now than when you started six hours ago."

"Don't rub it in, Boris," he swore fiercely and poured himself a drink.

"I'm not rubbing it in," I told him. "I mean it. You're not broke. You didn't lose your money." I paused, savoring this moment. I bought it with my share of the money this afternoon. It's deeded in your name. Nate has been having a poor run of luck himself lately, and he was only too glad to sell. Everything you lost, you won!"

Boris Avery paused in the telling of his tale and sighed. After a moment he went on.

"It's hard to believe," he finished, "but the Rufe realized he owned the El Ahaja and began to work as its proprietor, the place started losing money. Every son-of-a-gun with 50 cents in his pocket who went in there to play, came out a winner. Rufe's luck with the game of chance never changed. And the day after he set out for the hills again—and never came back."

No Kilts in Naples
A Scottish Highlander was banned because of his kilt from the streets of Naples, when the Orient liner Orion called with a party of Cameron Highlanders homeward bound from Egypt. He strolled into the center of the city, when a crowd, having never seen a kilt before, held up traffic debating loudly whether the foreigner was a man or a woman. Police intervened and decreed that he could not appear in the street, and must return to the ship by taxi.

Huge Sea Bean
A huge sea bean, so large that it might have come from the beanstalk of Jack the Giant Killer's giant, is exhibited at Chicago's Field museum. This type of bean, which grows to a length of four feet, is the fruit of a large woody climber, and is native to many tropical regions. Its seeds are often transported by the Gulf stream.

Exchange Privilege
Because of American shoppers' extensive use of the privilege of returning goods, large department stores must check off one day's sales in every eight to returns and allowances. The Twentieth Century fund, which conducted a study of the subject, found that the ratio tended to decrease with smaller stores.

Fox Fire
In damp woods and dark marshes a phosphorescent substance forms, commonly known as fox fire. When a dry spell occurs, accompanied by wind, oftentimes a mass of this formation rises and is carried gently along in the form of a cloud. It is luminous and presents a very weird and strange appearance.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
The sweet form in which tobacco can be smoked!

The Persian Kitten

By EMORY SMITH
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

SUSAN put down the curt letter with a stunned look on her face. She had thought her cup of troubles full when the bulk of her money had been lost in the disastrous investment that her son had insisted on making.

Since that failure she had been obliged to cut off many of her usual comforts and she was no longer young. She had her cottage and a small monthly income and that was about all.

Jerry, contrite at the result of his meddling, had been sending her \$10 a month. He earned \$200 in the city and he conveyed to her the impression of being extremely generous when he wrote the note that accompanied the check he sent her every month.

Now he was about to be married and he thought her would—no longer send her anything. "You ought to be able to manage with what you have. Marcia thinks you have quite a bit for just one person, mother. And, for—goodness' sake, let up on the pet cats. They use too much milk. Marcia dislikes cats extremely."

If we decide to visit you you must not have one about. Don't forget."

In that moment Susan's world seemed a topsy-turvy place of false values. Jerry seemed to have turned, almost overnight, from a gay, freckled and impulsive lad into a stranger who ordered her to give up her little animals.

Susan dropped the knitting that was becoming almost impossible because of her age-stiffened fingers. In the patch of sunshine on the hooked rug she had made lay an old scarlet ball. The once gay color was now a grayish-rose and the ball was one that Jerry had possessed. Susan wasn't looking at the Persian kitten that rolled the ball with playful paws and pretended fear when it approached her.

The old lady saw, instead, a fat infant with unsteady steps holding out his hands for help.

Well, Jerry was a man now approaching middle age. He no longer needed her. He was taking to himself a young and modern wife and—Susan was ordered to give up her dumb little companions. There must be some way. Before her daughter, Polly, died she had had some one to help her think. Polly had ideas and good ones. "You can find the answer to almost any question in the daily papers, mother. A glance through the want ads opens every unthought of avenue. Why don't you ever read them?"

"I wonder," pondered Susan, wishing with the old poignant ache that Polly had not left her alone. Polly, the beloved one, gone and Jerry—she brushed away a tear—thoughts like that were useless, they led nowhere.

"And," she muttered, unfolding a paper from the nearby city, "Jerry had a kitten. I've got seven cats here now because some of my friends are away on vacations."

In the column of advertisements devoted to cats and dogs, Susan found her answer.

"Wanted—A place in the country where I can leave my pedigreed Angora cat for three months while abroad. Only cat lovers need apply. Price no object. Write or telephone Mrs. James Jerrold, No. X, Walton place."

A few days later Jerry arrived. "I've been thinking over things, mother. How would you like to sell your cottage and enter a nice home for old ladies?"

Susan reached down and picked up her pet kitten. "Not at all," she said calmly. "Look, Jerry, this is a real Persian."

"Oh, well," he looked somewhat ashamed, but he'd plainly been sent out to push the proposition home. "Of course it's as you like. You see, Marcia won't keep house—that's why—"

"Why are you worrying about me, son? You don't need to. I'm making money and expect to make more."

"Not if you harbor all the cats of folks who go away and let you hold the bag," he exclaimed.

"The cat is out of the bag," Jerry smiled. "Remember that old story of the king of the Persians who lacked guns when unexpectedly attacked by foes? How he sent his soldiers into every alley and then advanced on his enemy, each soldier holding his cat behind him until the signal, when the snarling biting animal was flung full into the faces of the astounded foes. Well, I've turned my odd fancy for cats into an asset."

"Asset for the milkman, I suppose," he said puzzled.

"No, Jerry. I've sent in a standing advertisement for a city newspaper to carry and I assure you I'm not belittling myself by giving my care too cheaply."

"Mother, do you feel real well? A standing advertisement in a city paper? Who's to pay for all this? I can't. Marcia isn't satisfied now with what I can give her."

"Thanks, dear. I'm feeling fine. I've flung my cats into the face of poverty, and Jerry, I've got an income right now. I board cats when folks want to go abroad or on vacations and—I simply love to do it," she proudly declared.

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Every little child that's admitted to The Hospital for Sick Children . . . there were more than 9,000 last year . . . wears an imaginary tag that reads "Return to Mother in Good Condition."

For more than sixty years, this Hospital has been receiving the sick and crippled children of Ontario, treating them, healing them, and sending them home to grow up and become healthy, USEFUL citizens.

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Advances in medical science have increased greatly the scope and services of this

Hospital. New treatments have been discovered to improve . . . even cure . . . the crippled children once doomed to a life of misery. Great strides have been taken to reduce the horrible effects of Poliomyelitis. New cures have been discovered for Pneumonia and many other diseases.

All these wonderful developments, plus the increase in emergency accident cases, add to the operating expenses of the Hospital.

But nothing new has yet been developed that will add, in the same proportion, something to the OPERATING REVENUE, except, of course, the generous support of kindly Ontario citizens who make many sacrifices to send a donation to help The Hospital for Sick Children.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN
67 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

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