

When Your Sweet Tooth Says  
CANDY  
Your Wisdom Tooth Says  
BARNARDS

When Your Sweet Tooth Says  
CANDY  
Your Wisdom Tooth Says  
BARNARDS

VOLUME 81.

MILTON, THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1940

No. 21

## CANADIAN CHAMPION

PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING  
At the Office of Publication,  
MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—\$2.50 a year, \$4.00 paid in advance.  
To SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except as the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to the subscribers is not sufficient.  
To SUBSCRIBERS in the United States \$3.00 a year, \$4.00 paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Business Cards of ten lines or less, \$8.50 per annum. The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted until further notice, and charged accordingly. A special notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual company, institution, or firm, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births, marriages and deaths, 50c, memorial 50c—10c, line extra for post, 7c. Transient advertisements, 10c per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wanted, which will be inserted at 50c for the first insertion, and 25c for each subsequent insertion.

BRIGHT & WHITE,  
PUBLISHERS.

## MEDICAL

**DRS. STEVENSON AND FREED**  
M.D.; L.M.C.C. M.D.; E.M.C.C.  
Physicians and Surgeons  
Phone 2W - X-RAY  
Office hours—8:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.; 7-9 p.m.  
Coroner, C.P.H. and Guelj Surgeon.

## CAMPBELLVILLE

**DRS. FREED AND STEVENSON**  
Phone—Milton 235-r-3.  
After 10 p.m., Milton 2W  
Office hours—8:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.; 7-9 p.m.  
Sundays by appointment only.

## DR. G. E. SYER

Physician and Surgeon  
Office—James Street.  
Phone 385.  
Office hours—9 a.m. to 12 p.m.; 7 to 8:30 p.m.  
Coroner, M.O.H.

## DR. WARD REDDICK

M.B. (Tor.)  
Physician and Surgeon  
Phone 178  
OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.; 7 to 8 p.m.  
and by appointment.

## LEGAL

**DICK & DICK**  
W. I. DICK, K.C.  
(County Crown Attorney)  
KENNETH Y. DICK, B.A.  
Barristers, Solicitors  
MAIN STREET - MILTON  
RESIDENCE 46 OFFICE 112

## T. A. HUTCHINSON

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.  
OFFICE—Next door Champion Office,  
Main Street—Milton  
Telephone 54.

## GEORGE E. ELLIOTT

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public.  
OFFICE—In Farmers' Building, Main  
Street, Milton.  
Telephone 70.

## DENTISTRY

**DR. G. A. KING**  
DENTAL SURGEON  
Office in Royal Building, Milton.  
Hours—9 to 5. Telephone 197  
X-RAY Service. Evenings by appointment.

## DR. F. E. BABCOCK

DENTAL SURGEON  
Office over Princess Theatre.  
Night appointments may be arranged.  
X-RAY SERVICE. GAS EXTRACTION.  
Hours 9-5. Tel. 65 W.

## NIELSEN

The Chiropactor  
28th year of practice.  
DRUGLESS THERAPY. X-RAY  
2 to 5 - 7:30 to 9:30 p.m.  
CLOSED EVERY THURSDAY  
Over Dominion Store, GEORGETOWN.  
Phone 150 W.

## T. G. RAMSHAW

Valuator and Auctioneer  
Valuations promptly attended to  
and conducted and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Phone 108 - MILTON

## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

(All Trains Run on Standard Time)  
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY  
—GOING EAST—

7:30 a.m.—Daily, flag.  
1:37 p.m.—Daily.  
8:45 p.m.—Daily except Sunday,  
—GOING WEST—  
9:27 a.m.—Daily, flag.  
6:16 p.m.—Daily.  
12:35 a.m.—Daily except Sunday, flag  
—SUNDAY—  
Going East—7:36 a.m., flag, 1:37 p.m.,  
9:32 p.m. flag.  
Going West—9:27 a.m. flag, 6:16 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY  
—GOING NORTH—  
8:04 a.m. 7:15 p.m.

## POLLOCK & INGHAM

Successors to Cater & Worth

## MONUMENTS

Designs on Request.

GALT, Phone 2048 ONT

## C. R. TURNER

Funeral Director  
and Embalmer

Agent for Dale's Funeral Designs.  
PHONE 68 MILTON.

## F. W. B. FITZGERALD

Insurance and Real Estate

All lines of Insurance Transacted.

Farm and Town Property,  
for sale or rent.

PHONE 53 MILTON

## J. COOKE

CEMENT AND CINDER

BLOCKS

BRICK AND TILE

MANUFACTURED

With up-to-date power machine  
All Sizes - Any Quantity  
3 NEW ST. PHONE 838

BURLINGTON

## W. (Boyne) CLEMENT

Painting and Decorating  
Contractor

Elastic Paint Products  
Sunworthy Wall Papers

Moderate Prices.  
Satisfaction Assured.

Phone 129 W. Main St. M 110

## H. WHEELER

Teacher of

PIANO - VIOLIN

GUITAR

Piano Tuning and Repairing

PHONE 24 MILTON

## S. A. FAY

Plumbing,  
Heating and  
Tinsmithing

PHONE 205

MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT

## INSURANCE

Life, Fire, Automobile, Burglary  
Plate Glass, Accident, Health.

F. D. DEWAR

Phone 72. Residence, Mill Street.

## Barber Becomes Human

### Sour-Pickle Jar on Bet

Some people try to eat more eggs than anyone else at one sitting. Others want to drink the most cups of coffee. Those with a sweet tooth go out to win pie eating contests. There aren't many known cases of anyone trying to become a human sour-pickle jar. But recently Franjo Brikner, a popular Yugoslavian barber, did just that.

The other day, when his shop was full of customers and the kidding waxed fast and furious someone began twitting Franjo about his fondness for the pickled cucumbers.

Franjo admitted that he does have an abnormal fondness for pickles. "I'll bet you a hundred dinars," said one of the customers, "that you can't eat a gallon at one sitting."

Franjo's razor stopped in mid-air. He began to take off his apron. "You're not kidding? You'll really bet?" Franjo asked.

The customer said he surely did mean it. "Done," cried Franjo, "bring on your pickles," and he sat down in the most comfortable chair, a happy look on his face.

So a gallon jar was bought at a nearby shop and Franjo went to work. Someone got a tally sheet and began checking them off as Franjo downed each one with great relish. When 100 had vanished, eyes began to pop. And when the second hundred had slid down Franjo's voracious gullet, there was a worried silence, but he still hadn't reached the bottom of the jar.

Everyone was leaning forward, fascinated at such prowess. Would Franjo make it? Once or twice he seemed to stop. Finally the barber captured the last one in the jar. It went the way of the rest. The score-keeper whistled in amazement. Franjo had won.

## Don Juan Great Lover

### Because of Mixed Glands

When admirers of a great lover, like the celebrated Don Juan of the Sixteenth century, exclaim, "What a man!" they wouldn't say that if they understood him better.

Dr. Gregorio Maranon y Posadillo, eminent physician of Spain and an expert on glands and their effect on physical and mental health, said recently, that Don Juan had mixed-up glands which made him abnormally emotional.

His troubles were not too much masculinity, the doctor said, but he, like many modern lovers, was cursed with glands that were part masculine and part feminine and always in conflict. That is why, the eminent physician stated, the romantic Don Juan can't settle down with one wife and find contentment.

But there is a cure for these romantic heroes, according to the doctor. They can be cured, he said, by artificial injections of gland chemicals that would make them well-behaved members of their own sex and not restless wanderers.

## Wild Cattle Roam Alaska

Huge cattle on Chirikof island, western Alaska, are so wild and belligerent that it is risky to travel on the island without a rifle—and then it is no picnic—according to experiences of those visiting the island.

Scattered bands of bulls, grazing on the outskirts of the main herd of about 600 head of cattle, are difficult to avoid and prone to charge, says the Daily Alaska Empire. W. B. Goss and Adolph Rogers, travellers, who explored the island in 1939 on a photographic expedition, had some narrow escapes, they related.

"They were ferocious looking, making interesting photographic subjects," said Goss. "They looked like Wild West pictures of buffalo."

Goss kept guard with a rifle to drive away the fierce camera subjects if they got too close, while Rogers operated a motion picture camera.

"A couple of times we wished we were near some good trees to climb," said Rogers.

## Preventing Misfits

Paradoxically, industrial education can perform just as valuable a service by leading a boy away from industrial occupations as towards them, says John F. Friese, associate professor of industrial education at the Pennsylvania State college.

"Helping to prevent occupational misfits is economically sound and socially desirable," he explained. "The industrial arts, particularly when the try-out aim is emphasized, assist in vocational guidance through their directing influence on a boy either toward or away from industrial pursuits."

Professor Friese pointed out also that industrial education as taught in the schools is a great social leveler, bringing together boys "from both sides of the track" as active co-workers, and showing all of them how more than half of America's wage earners work.

## Carries Toad for Luck

A. H. Martin, a soldier, carries a toad around in his pocket for good luck. He recently looked at rooms for rent in a California town, and when he left he forgot to take the pet along with him.

When the lady of the house discovered the horned toad, consternation was thrown about the neighborhood. They couldn't identify it, and not knowing whether it was some poisonous reptile, sequestered it until they could learn more about the species.

Everything was cleared up when Martin appeared a few days later and rented the room. He explained matters and the mystery was solved.

## AN HONEST MAN

By JOHN K. DUGHMAN  
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

UNDOUBTEDLY there were others in Public square as broke and hungry as Johnny, but not one on the benches was so hunched up and downcast, so tormented with regret for opportunity tossed carelessly aside. Nor was any as homesick as the youth who had come to conquer Cleveland in a few years and had been conquered in less than a week.

He glanced at the odd bits of humanity about him; at the oft-read, crumpled newspapers on the benches.

The green grass of the park reminded him of the green pastures of his old home back in Wisconsin. If he had only listened to his widowed mother—stayed on the small though profitable farm—beat down the impossible dreams of becoming a millionaire and remembered the sweetness of Dorothy's laughing, teasing lips—the movies three nights a week, with a cool drink and a plate of home-made ice-cream at George's afterwards—hay-wagon parties, barn dances.

What an ass he'd been—passing up everything that made for happiness—Dorothy's eyes, clear and shining; cheeks like June roses; lips sweet and eager for his shy kisses—his mother's loving adoration—his sister's good-natured teasing—the welcome bark of old Rover. Why, the farm was his heritage! And he'd sold it for a mess of pottage.

A smartly attired middle-aged lady, leading a blue-blooded Peke, hurried by as if fearing her pet would be contaminated by the knights of the bench. Johnny half turned his head to gaze at the well-dressed stranger seating himself nearby. When his gaze returned to the sidewalk the lady and her dog had disappeared.

Johnny was far more hungry than he had ever been in his life. He was about to forget his pride, and ask the well dressed stranger for a coin, when his roving eyes opened wide, stared for a moment, then gleamed brightly. Springing to his feet he stretched up hurriedly the black leather purse lying on the pavement.

For several minutes after resuming his seat, Johnny turned the purse over and over in his trembling hands.

It was an expensive affair. He had noticed the lady with the dog carrying it not so long ago. He looked fearfully in the direction the lady had gone—she might have discovered her loss and return.

The heaviness of the purse's contents created considerable hope within Johnny's heart. His tired eyes looked across the street—"Full Course Roast Chicken Dinner, One Dollar." What he could do to a roast chicken!

Praying that he might not be too badly disappointed, Johnny opened the purse, with trembling, clumsy fingers. He was almost afraid to look.

A powder puff first met his gaze. Desperate fingers pushed it aside. His heart seemed to stop as he made the discovery that the purse was devoid of money. Not even a dime nor a penny rewarded his search. For a moment Johnny was tempted to toss the purse in a convenient refuse can. If he had known more about the value of purses he would have hid himself to a pawn shop.

But being a not too worldly wise youth from the country, he remained dejectedly on the bench.

Hope dies hard within the human breast. After his eyes had reverted to the sign across the street, for the five-hundredth time that evening, Johnny opened the purse again. His breath came heavily. His fingers discovered a small compartment he had previously failed to see. His eyes were the size of saucers a moment later. He was holding in the palm of his hand three hand-some rings—the brilliance of their settings dazzled him. He didn't know much about the value of diamonds, but he knew the three rings must be worth much money.

A pawn broker's sign caught his eyes. He rose hastily. A clock in the distance was striking twelve. It was time that he filled the aching void in his midsection with roast chicken.

A lump rose in his throat. The hand on his shoulder seemed to be choking him. He turned his head, to meet stern steel gray eyes. The stranger he had noticed before was at his side.

Desperately Johnny forced his eyes to leave the sign on the other side of the street. He tightened up his belt another notch.

"Let's see those rings."

It took three minutes for Johnny's hand to sway about, find a pocket, and finally emerge with the rings. The stranger appraised them with experienced eyes.

"What are you going to do with them?"

Johnny was so hungry he felt as if he would faint unless he ate soon. "Pawn them, and then eat," he confessed.

The stranger's handsome face became almost sad.

"But that wouldn't be honest, son," he said sorrowfully. "You would be a thief. Those rings would likely bring about your arrest. You can't pawn stuff like this nowadays and get away with it. Being crooked never pays. Look at Lincoln. There was a square guy and look what he got to be. Just think, he once walked twenty miles—maybe it was fifteen—to return six cents—Maybe it was three."

Johnny's stomach thumped at his brain. His eyes returned to the sign across the street. He hoped the chicken was roasted well.

"What would you do with the rings?" he asked the stranger.

"Return them."

"But how?"

Johnny's companion took the purse in his hand. His deft fingers extracted a card.

"Mrs. Will Lexington, Cleveland hotel," he read aloud. "That is where I am stopping. I know Mrs. Lexington well."

Johnny regretfully brought his eyes away from the roast chicken sign. He gave his belt a vicious tug.

"Would you return the purse and the rings for me?" He glanced at his wrinkled clothes and dusty shoes. "They wouldn't let me in a swell hotel."

The stranger hesitated momentarily, then he reached into his pocket. He pressed a twenty dollar bill into Johnny's hand.

"On behalf of Mrs. Lexington I want to reward you for your honesty. I am sure she would want me to do this."

Johnny tried to say he didn't need to be rewarded for doing what was right, but when he had recovered his wits the stranger had gone.

At two-forteen, his stomach swelling with roast chicken, Johnny, on the Chicago express, pulled out of the Union station, bound for Wisconsin and home.

Shortly afterwards a dapper, well dressed man jauntily entered Cohen and Silverman's Superior avenue pawn shop recently.

He shook hands heartily with Moe Cohen, then deposited three rings in the elderly Jew's smooth, white hand.

"My grandmother kicked off, Moe. How much for these babies?"

Moe's dark, velvety eyes sparkled. He reached for his check book.

"One grand," he said.

## Even Bathing Beaches Can Be Safe From Lightning

Engineers will complete a 20-year study of lightning this year. What have they found? They are still uncertain as to what causes the storms but they are able to make any structure safe from lightning damage.

Here is how Dr. K. B. McEachron of the lightning research department of the General Electric company sums up the results:

"We are able today to make any structure safe from lightning damage. Open land, like bathing beaches, also may be made safe with lightning masts, and ammunition dumps, which unfortunately are becoming more important, may be made proof against the bolts."

The theory of lightning now accepted is that moisture in a column of warm, rising air condenses when it reaches the cool upper strata and forms heavy drops. These fall back through the rising column and become great enough that they are shattered into droplets again and the process begins once more.

As the drops are shattered, electricity is generated and stored in clouds—the positive electricity at the top and the negative in the lower part. When sufficient tension is attained a lightning flash results.

Fireballs, however, which many persons insist they have seen, they do not even exist, according to the scientists. The human eye is too uncertain to believe, they say. They add that for centuries everybody "saw" lightning flash down from the sky, but now modern instruments have proved that it strikes up with the greater force.

For every unit of electricity in a thunder cloud, the scientists say, there is a mate of the opposite sign in the earth beneath it. These charges follow the cloud like a shadow and when the tension becomes great enough, the flashes come either up or down.

It is because of this affinity that persons in open spaces are electrocuted so often. The electricity climbs through the person's body until he is saturated with earth current—then he is the jumping off place for the discharge.

Although most persons think of lightning in terms of destruction, Dr. McEachron says that the 20-year study shows it does one good thing for mankind.

"Lightning," he says, "is not a complete waste of natural energy. Thunderstorms are in reality great outdoor nitrogen-fixing plants. They fertilize the soil with 100,000,000 tons of nitric acid a year, thus adding to the fertility of the earth."

## Horseless Carriages

### Used in 19th Century

Swift and svelte today, the automobile has evolved in our time at such a rate that even now the horseless buggy of the nineties is a conspicuous and at times ludicrous rarity. It is no more than natural, then, that still earlier forebears of the modern streamline job should have been wellnigh forgotten, and that the comparative antiquity of the vehicle should be a matter of surprise, writes L. L. Thwing in "Technology Review."

Two self-propelling conveyances here to be discussed will highlight the situation. One of these, the first working model of a steam-driven automobile—long before the first steam engine, as we commonly understand the word—was considered in the Seventeenth century by Ferdinand Verbiest. In the mid-Nineteenth century Siegfried Marcus built, if not indeed the first, one of the ancestors of the full-sized gasoline car, which bore a remarkable resemblance to the automobiles of the Twentieth century. One of his cars is said to have been sent to the United States about 1875 and another is now in the Technisches museum in Vienna. The latter is the oldest gasoline-driven automobile in the world.

Verbiest's success with his model steam car is well authenticated by both direct and circumstantial evidence. As a priest—a Jesuit missionary to China—he was not at liberty to assume the title "engineer," but as a designer and builder of artillery and astronomical instruments he is entitled to be so named.

In 1668, while still in China where these devices and the automobile were constructed, he wrote a book describing them, on which was based the "Astronomia Europaea," published in 1687, a rare book which the writer has been unable to consult.

## People Keeping Diaries

### Inclined to Reminiscence

Do you keep a diary? If your answer is "yes," then why? and what kind of a diary do you keep?

Psychologists are interested in this matter, because the kind of a diary you keep indicates the kind of person you are, they claim.

There is the moody person, who when depressed, refers to his diary to recall happy memories recorded in his book. There is the diarist with a suspicious nature, who trusts no one but who regards a diary as a sort of confidante. Then there is the lonely individual who suffers from an inferiority complex and therefore keeps a diary for company's sake.

Others who keep diaries are lovers, picture-minded maniacs, neurotic people, and others, who are like Charles Darwin, famous scientist, who kept a diary in order to keep his memory refreshed and make a record of his labors.

## Buyers Moving

The problems of retail merchants near the cores of cities, who find their public moving away from them, were delved into by retailers from 27 states at the Second American Retail Federation forum held in Chicago recently.

If merchants want to bring their public back, said Mr. Miles L. Colean, director of the housing survey of the Twentieth Century fund, they must look beyond the shelves in their own stores, think of their city as a whole, study its zoning ordinance, its city planning and cooperate in efforts to rebuild blighted areas—make them fit for families of good income to live in. If slums could be restored, Mr. Colean declared, all would be well, and the time is ripe for their re-development.

## Danish Customs

In Denmark if you wish to do as the Danes do, you must remember several simple rules of etiquette. When you leave the table after a meal, for example, always say, "Thank you for the food," and when you meet your hostess always thank her again for her recent hospitality. Danes expect to be addressed by title, according to O. Evensen, American Express manager in Copenhagen, who advises travelers to put before a Danish name the profession of its owner.

Thus, the conductor becomes Mr. Conductor Jansen; the baker, Mr. Baker Petersen. Men should also remember to raise their hats on entering a shop and to keep them off while there.

## Man's Oldest Food

"Barley has been called man's oldest food," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "Widely grown now, from subtropical lands to regions beyond the Arctic circle, this hardy cereal was cultivated in China, according to ancient records, 20 centuries before Christ. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans knew it, as did the ancient lake dwellers of Switzerland. It even thrives on the roof of the world, 14,000 feet up in the mountains of Tibet and northern India."

## Freeing Industry

A proposal to eliminate the bottleneck of the tool and die section of the aviation industry by deferring next year's automobile models and thereby speeding up America's emergency preparedness program is only one of the many plans now under authoritative consideration in Washington.

America would be glad to ride in 1940 auto models in 1941 if it meant getting more of the 50,000 airplanes into the air which Mr. Roosevelt has set as his maximum defense goal, it is declared here.

3 OUT OF 4 CANADIAN HOUSEWIVES USE MAGIC!  
MAGIC BAKING POWDER  
MADE IN CANADA  
-Praise its Sure Results-

"We didn't know whether or not he was coming..."  
THEN he called us LONG DISTANCE  
... just to show he hadn't forgotten us." And so it goes. Long Distance is the single man's answer to many a problem—and the married man's shortest road home. Always at your service wherever you may be.

60 YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE  
1880 OF CANADA 1940

## The SNAPSHOT GUILD

MAKE YOUR PICTURES POINTED

Make your pictures pointed. In this shot, the sign helps tell the story. Such details often "make" a picture.

WHEN you see an opportunity for a picture, shoot it—but don't always stop there. Think a bit, and see if there isn't a way to improve the shot and make it more pointed. Every good picture has a point—it tells you something when you look at it. The more definite you can make the idea or "story," the better the picture. And often little added details, things that don't occur to you at first glance, yield a much-improved shot.

For example, consider the boys and their wagon-works, as shown above. Chances are, Dad supplied the tools and the idea, and shot a first picture in the backyard. Then, very likely, the "men working" sign down the street suggested a better background—one that would make the picture more effective—so the scene was changed for a second shot. Incidentally, this shot might have been even better if it included the whole sign.

That's the way a lot of good pictures are made. The first picture doesn't have to be the final one. If an idea is good, it's worth repeating later—in a different location, or with different subjects. Oftentimes, in examining a print, you can see points where the picture might be improved—and in a great many cases, it's easy enough to get a second shot.

To make your pictures more pointed, here are some tips. First, show the action clearly, so anybody can tell what is going on. The camera position has a lot to do with this, and sometimes a shift of a foot or so to one side will make a world of difference. Holding the camera higher or lower makes a difference, too.

Second, eliminate things that don't contribute to the picture idea. If there are objects that have no part in telling the story, move them aside, or choose a viewpoint that leaves them out of the picture.

Third, keep the interest within the picture. Let the subjects look at what they're doing. Few pictures demand that the subject look at the camera, or even appear aware of it.

Try these hints, when you're shooting pictures—and when the first shot