When Your Sweet Tooth Says
CANDY
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BARNARDS

The Canadian Champion

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TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

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—GOING EAST—
7.36 a.m.—Daily, flag.
2.07 p.m.—Daily.
8.45 p.m.—Daily except Sunday.
—GOING WEST—
9.27 a.m.—Daily, flag.
6.16 p.m.—Daily.
12.38 a.m.—Daily except Sunday, flag
—SUNDAY—
Going East—7.36 a.m., flag, 2.07 p.m., 9.32 p.m. flag.
Going West—9.27 a.m. flag, 6.16 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY
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COUNTY OF HALTON

1941 - LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR - 1941

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov	Jan. 1942
1 Milton	Friday	10	7	9	27	5	7	9
2 Oakville..	Tuesday	7	4	6	24	9	4	6
3 Georgetown ...	Wednesday	8	5	7	25	3	5	7
4 Acton	Thursday ..	9	6	8	26	4	6	8
5 Burlington....	Monday	6	3	5	23	8	3	5

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

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. B. Knight Milton; 2. John Chambres Oakville; 3. E. C. Thompson, Georgetown; 4. E. T. Thatford Acton; 5. W. C. Biddiford, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury 3rd June and 2nd December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 1st of April and 7th of October, 10 a.m. and so often at other times as may be required for the dispatch of business.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 13th January, 7th April, 7th July, 6th October, 10 a.m.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace

Mass Production of Guns Serious Problem to U. S.

At present it is reported that Russia has more than 2,000,000 semi-automatic rifles on hand and is manufacturing 5,000 daily. Semi-automatics were being manufacture at the great Skoda ammunition plant in Czechoslovakia at the time the Germans took over that country and there is no information available as to how many of these rifles Germany now has on hand.

The United States army department has for the past six years been trying to manufacture a semi-automatic rifle known as the Garand or M.I.

The rifle was designed by John C. Garand, a French-Canadian from Montreal who is employed by the United States Arsenal at Springfield, Mass.

The problem of mass production has become so serious that many United States newspapers are loudly voicing public opinion. General Motors have appointed a defense council and one of their problems is to see if a remedy can be found to solve mass production. At the present time the United States is producing about 200 of these rifles per day.

The Garand rifle has an average effective fire power of about 17 shots per minute or a little over double the fire power of the present rifles in use, which means that an army equipped with these semi-automatics would have a 100 per cent advantage.

During the past 5½ years, J. D. Pedersen, Remington Arms designer and production manager, of New York city, one of the world's outstanding small arms designers and mass production engineers, designed a semi-automatic rifle which has an average effective fire power of 30 shots per minute and has been designed so that it can be manufactured in mass production of thousands of rifles per day and at a great deal less cost than the Garand.

Movie Industry Studies Pretty Girl Paradox

Hollywood is going to do something about its oddest paradox—the fact that there is a shortage of female stars although hundreds of pretty and talented girls come to the film capital annually and are never given a tumble.

Raoul Walsh, one of the town's leading directors, recently decided that something should be done about it for the good of the industry and is reviving the old tradition of selecting "the 13 baby stars" of the year. That Director Walsh isn't stumbling in the dark on a plan to find new faces is evident from the results of the old custom once carried out annually by film publicity men.

They called their selections "wampus baby stars" and from their number came some of the greatest stellar names in the history of Hollywood. Clara Bow, Mary Astor, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Jean Arthur, Lupe Velez and Loretta Young are just a few of the actresses who used their wampus selections as a springboard to fame.

"Girls like these have become great assets to the motion picture industry," Walsh declares, "but someone had to give them the opportunity of being discovered. Now you know and I know and everybody knows that there are many girls potentially as good but who haven't got a chance in the world to prove it. We hope to give them that chance by bringing them to the attention of the right people."

Kentucky's Newest State Park

Kentucky's newest state park, which will contain replicas of the courthouse, jail and meeting house that figured in Constitutional conventions and the founding of the state at Danville, between 1784 and 1792, is in process of construction, work having been started late in October, 1940, with completion assured in time for the park to be used in the sesquicentennial celebration, in 1942, of Kentucky's statehood. In Kentucky, the very attractive quarterly published by the Kentucky department of conservation, states that the three buildings will be constructed of logs, with native stone chimneys. The jail, or gaol, will be located between the courthouse and the old Presbyterian meeting house. The courthouse, Kentucky history teaches, was the scene of eight conventions prior to the 1792 convention which formulated the fourteenth state's first constitution. The earlier meetings were held to determine whether the Virginia district, or county, of Kentucky should become an integral part of Virginia or withdraw from the mother commonwealth as an independent state. Here it was debated whether, should Kentucky withdraw, she should join the Union or affiliate with Spain.

Alexander Bell Honored

America honors the inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, with the 10-cent stamp, fifth of the inventors group and final issue of the Famous Americans series. Although his invention of the telephone brought him fame and wealth, transmission of speech by electricity was not Bell's life work. He devoted most of his time to teaching deaf mutes to speak. His wife was one of his pupils. Bell's grandfather was an instructor in speech, his father invented a universal phonetic alphabet, which was devised to allow a person to reproduce sounds of any language. As a lad, Bell and his brother "invented" a mechanical speaking head, which attained a screeching "mama" before being abandoned.

Slippery

By JANIS PARKER
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

LEE'S frequent sighs, her pallor, the worried look of her shadowed eyes, bespoke some problem.

"Why so pensive?" I asked the question in the furtive hope that she might deny the mood and snap out of it. But there was no answer.

Maybe, I thought, there was cause enough for Lee's dejection, for despite her beauty and background she had had fierce luck with men. Jim Bradshaw, who had about convinced her that a vine-covered cottage was preferable to a penthouse, had awakened one sleety morning to find his brawny wrists braceleted with ornaments of the law. Lee had doubtless forgotten him, Jim of the crinkly hair and laughing eyes, but a mark remained.

"What's up for tonight, Lee?"

"I'm stepping out with Slippery." She turned from the treacherous river, smiling.

If Jim had left a mark, Slippery, Lee's new beau, I mused cynically, would leave a blot. So this was the cause of her pallor! Any woman would worry about winning Slippery, I agreed, and should he be won she'd have more worries. For it seemed obvious that Slippery was not a one-woman man, unless it was one woman at a time.

To me he had always seemed a creepy sort of person. Why did dainty, elf-like Lee get involved with such undesirable men? First Jim, held for the murder of Dorine Darbey, fiery-haired dancer; now Slippery, suave to a suspicious degree.

The doorbell rang with his special buzz. Lee leapt to answer it, radiance flooding her face. He patted her cheek condescendingly and sauntered over to me.

He glanced at his wrist-watch and addressed me. "You're giving us the pleasure of your company, I hope?"

"Indeed she is!" Lee tucked her arm through mine. "Only once in a lifetime does she leave that forsaken swamp she calls the country!"

"Isn't she the most beautiful thing you've ever seen?" asked Slippery, yet his glinting eyes were pinned long and searchingly on me.

We went in Lee's car. Slippery flipped an airy hand. "You ought to see my car," he gloated. "Special job. But there was a little something or other out of kilter with it, tonight."

Pulling up at a night club, Slippery, amazed, discovered his wallet was in the suit of clothes he had discarded before joining us.

"What do you know about that?" he clapped his hand to where the wallet should have been. "Bought five new suits today and left my wallet in an old one at home! Wouldn't that jar you!"

"It would me," I agreed.

Lee, automatically opening her own bag, smiled forgivingly into his shifty eyes.

"What would you do without me?" she asked.

"Sweetheart!" he rejoined, which was ample reward for Lee.

The floor-show strutted from behind a dazzling curtain, hips swaying, glances darting appraisingly over the tables. Slippery referred to various ones as "some baby." Lee looked uncertain, then she brightened and told me what a perfect kid he was.

When they danced Lee floated dreamily in his arms. I watched and wondered. Perhaps it was explainable enough. Lee had loved Jim Bradshaw fully and Jim had been disclosed as the murderer of a popular dancer. Slippery, having been in the offing when stricken Lee rebounded, had received the impact of her misery and, as frequently happens, the gift of her bruised heart.

When they returned, I excused myself and went to the lounge. The riptides of life were too strong for me.

I saw on the front page of that evening's paper a three-column picture of Jim Bradshaw of the crinkly hair and laughing eyes. The same picture had smiled happily at Lee for two years from her dressing-table. I stared glassily at the lines: "Bradshaw's wife, it is rumored, is working to prove his innocence."

A sense of dismay engulfed me. To find Jim had been married in the bargain, might impel Lee's final misstep—elopement with Slippery. Shoving the paper from me, I hurriedly rejoined them. Lee was sitting alone.

"Where's Slippery?"

Lee gestured vaguely, musing over a tangle of thoughts. "Is he coming back?" I finally asked.

Lee murmured blandly, "No."

Her tonelessness, her disinterestedness, smote me. Had he thrown her over?

"Where did he go?"

"Slippery's on his way up the river, and symbolically speaking, across it. I asked him to fetch my wrap. Two plain-clothes men I had engaged to listen in at the adjoining table followed him. Under pressure of my flattering cues Slippery got to bragging about his accomplishments, some of which involved him fatally in the Dorine Darbey affair.

"We'll meet Jim, now," Lee added gently, taking a narrow wedding ring from her bag and slipping it on her finger.

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Machine of 1,000 Cures Amazes Skeptical Judge

An amazed circuit court judge in Indianapolis recently heard testimony about and saw a strange machine which witnesses said could "cure" baldness, locate oil wells and make a long distance diagnosis of Adolf Hitler.

The testimony was presented before Judge Herbert E. Wilson in a suit of Dr. Heil Eugene Crum, Indianapolis, seeking reversal of an order of the state board of medical registration which revoked his license as a "drugless" physician after Crum had advertised claims for the machine.

Testimony was vague on the mechanics of the machine—known as a "coetherator"—but Crum was definite in claims that it could determine the sex of unborn children, eradicate weeds, lengthen legs, fertilize fields, sound for oil and "cure diseases, including cancer and tuberculosis."

He testified he had treated more than 7,000 patients with the machine and had failed in not more than six cases.

The machine is a wooden box with portholes covered with colored paper. It contains an electric light bulb, controlled by a dial, and a tube of chemicals.

Hieronymus said the machine was based on the science of "etheronics," a science of diagnosing human ailments through tuning in on the vibrations of a human. He said he had experimented and found a diagnosis could be made by having the subject place an unexposed photographic negative on his head and concentrate on a symbol in a dark room.

"If the subject concentrates enough the symbol will appear on the negative when it is developed," he said.

Such a diagnosis could be accomplished at long distances, he said, and, as an example, said such a diagnosis could be made even of Adolf Hitler.

Baby Death Rate Drops One-Fifth in Five Years

Each year about 2,000,000 babies are born in the United States. One fact revealed in a report about them is that during the five years from 1934 to 1939 our baby death rate dropped 20 per cent.

Even at that, some 50,000 babies died between the second and twelfth month of their lives and, sad to say, many of them could have been saved. There has been little or no decline in the death rate of babies from one day to one month old, and there are still 75,000 stillbirths every year.

Under the social security act, approximately 800,000 children benefit from the program giving aid to dependent children. Because of the acceptance of responsibility for our children by the government agencies during the depression, some 8,000,000 children are at the present time receiving economic aid in their homes.

Surgeon-General Thomas F. Parran of the U. S. public health service, in his report, states:

"New horizons are ahead of us in the attainment of national health. New knowledge and surer weapons offer us, as parents, real hope for better health of our children and, as citizens, hope for a strong America."

Sweet Potato in Bombs

The southern sweet potato, already being used in starch manufacture, could also be pressed into service as a source of cellulose for manufacturing bombs, hand grenades and other high explosives if America were involved in war.

This was revealed by Gilbert C. Wilson, instructor in chemurgy at North Texas State Teachers' college.

Wilson said yams are used in Germany and Japan for manufacture of slow explosives, and that starch can also be used for manufacture of nitro-starch for shattering explosives such as hand grenades.

Moose Kicks Autoist

If there was anything that Norman McLeod, 60, of Wirral, N. B., least expected to befall him as he sped along the scenic St. John River highway in his car, it was that he would be kicked in the face by a moose. But that's what happened—

As he passed the village of Lower Gagetown a cow moose emerged from the woods suddenly, loomed in front of the car. There was a crash, and the huge animal struck first the hood and then the top of the car, one leg smashing through the windshield and the hoof smacking into the startled driver's face.

'Lazy' Children

The first aids to the so-called "lazy" child are the doctor, dentist, or "oculist," a noted specialist has declared. The "lazy" child, sometimes cannot hear well, or has bad teeth or digestion, or poor eyesight. At least one-fourth of all children have eye-defects. Often the child is too bright and the school lessons so easy they are not interesting. Sometimes the lessons are too dull or else too hard. These also are attributes of the "lazy" child, despite the fact that most parents and teachers think children are lazy when they don't know their lessons.

Partners

By MARION SHERRARD
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

DAN HURLBURY left the smoke-glutted back room of Strutter's small store, closing the door firmly behind him. No longer could he stand the strain of watching Chuck Terry win so much money. He blinked to erase the mental picture of those stacks of silver dollars and crumpled greenbacks.

Chuck laughingly packed the treasure into small tobacco sacks and tied them up in his red bandana handkerchief.

Dan, who was the store clerk, proceeded to make up his grocery orders for early morning delivery. "Half that cash, just half," he murmured yearningly, "would fix Tootsy up."

Whooping cough had left Tootsy with bronchitis. The doctor's voice still hovered insistently around Dan. "That baby will never survive a sunless Montana winter. She must have daily sunbaths—outdoors—naked. California." Then at the consternation in their faces, he added: "Doesn't need to cost a fortune. Five hundred dollars carefully spent . . ."

When he was gone, Emily, pale and jumpy with tedious hours of nursing, said bitterly, "Why didn't he say five thousand and be done with it?"

Suddenly Dan recalled old Tinhorn Tully's greedy, alert face as he watched Chuck gathering up his winnings. All at once he realized that Tinhorn, the most notorious gambler in those parts, would never let a mere cowhand get away with that money. He would certainly rob Chuck on his way back to the ranch.

The next instant a new thought almost knocked him over. Since Chuck had to lose the money anyhow, why shouldn't he, Dan Hurlbury, have it instead of old Tinhorn?

Dan reached under the counter and picked up his revolver, then blew out the lamp and softly closed the front door behind him.

* * *

Ah, hoof beats! Chuck.

"I'd better wear a mask," Dan thought. He took a clean white handkerchief from his pocket (Emily wouldn't let him use the colorful bandanas any more) and easily tore slits in the worn muslin for eye holes. Having tied the mask on, he looked cautiously over the top of the large rock behind which he'd stationed himself. He could see the blazed face of his sorrel bobbing up and down in the darkness. He tightened his grip on the revolver. "I'll just jump out and I'll holler—"

The next instant, just ahead, a masked shadow stepped coolly into the middle of the road. Chuck began to sing all the louder and pretended to slap his pony on the rump. But instead his arm swung a bundle through the darkness into the brush. It hit near the rock where Dan was hiding.

Tinhorn, a leveled pistol in his hand, made Chuck climb down and searched him thoroughly. Finding nothing, he stuck his gun close to Chuck's breast. His tone was menacing. "Where did you cache that roll?"

"Didn't need it so I threw it away." Chuck's voice carried laughter.

There was a moment's silence. "Oh, so when you pretended to slap your pony . . . it did look funny. Ride on."

* * *

Dan stuffed the money under his coat as he entered his own kitchen. Finding Emily and the baby asleep, he counted his treasure. Eleven hundred dollars.

He gasped. What a prize! And nobody would ever know. He divided the money into two packages of tobacco sacks tied together. He went to bed with them under his pillow.

He dozed and one of the lumps under his pillow became a saddlehorn jerking up and down, hurting him. The night was dark and the horse kept stumbling. He knew that his leg had been crushed by a falling horse and that Chuck was carrying him to the doctor through a long night of black torture. He awoke suddenly and found that it was time to get up.

Dan had finished sweeping the store when the door opened and Chuck came in. Bedraggled, dejected, he leaned on the counter.

"Seen Tinhorn this morning, Dan?"

"Not yet."

"You know he lifted my roll last night. I recognized him. I wanted that money to buy a few head of cattle to start out for myself."

Dan hesitated a minute, then resolutely put a hand in each pocket and brought out two packages of stuffed tobacco sacks.

"What? Did Tinhorn give them to you?"

"No. I was behind that rock when you threw the money."

"You knew Tinhorn was on my trail?"

"Thought he was."

"What was you doing there?"

Dan looked him straight in the eye. "I was intending to hold you up and grab your roll myself."

"Haw! haw!—You old slop-headed sagebrush! Don't I know you better'n that? You was there to keep me from bein' held up and robbed." Chuck picked up one of the packages.

"The other's yours, old partner."

For the latest in Painting and Papering call Milton 129j. I will call personally with 1941 samples of Sunworthy and Suntested Wallpapers. Estimates given.—W. H. CLEMENT, contractor.

"What does the book mean where it says—'the wise man practices thrift,' Daddy?"

"Well, thrift should be planned saving with definite objectives. For instance, I've got a Savings Account in The Bank of Toronto. Every month I put some money in it. When you're old enough to go to college it will help pay your fees."

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