

The Canadian Champion

When Your Sweet Tooth Says
CANDY
Your Wisdom Tooth Says
BARNARDS

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VOLUME 82

MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1941

No. 2

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Piano Tuning and Repairing
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WANTED All kinds of Poultry, live
or dressed, also Hides
Wool and Feathers, old or new. High-
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Market 42, Randall & Morley's Meat
Market 145, or Wilson's Meat Market
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(All Trains Run on Standard Time)
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
—GOING EAST—
7:30 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—7:30 a.m., flag, 2:07 p.m.,
8:55 p.m. flag.
Going West—9:27 a.m. flag, 6:16 p.m.

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

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Successors to Oster & Worth
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Designs on Request.
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C. R. TURNER
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All Sizes — Any Quantity
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**Monuments, Markers and
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Prices Moderate—Work Guaranteed
D. R. HUTCHEON, Proprietor

**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	6	7	9
2 Oakville	Tuesday	7	4	9	24	5	6	8
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	8	5	7	25	3	5	7
4 Acton	Thursday	9	6	8	26	4	6	8
5 Burlington	Sunday	6	3	5	23	8	4	6

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—L. B. Knight Milton; J. John Chambers
Oakville; J. R. O. Thompson, Georgetown; 4. R. T. Thorford Acton; 6. W. C.
Bickford, 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 1st 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 Octo-
ber, 10 a.m.
By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace

HOMEcoming
By R. H. WILKINSON
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

WE KNEW very little about
Uncle Wilbur. And by the
same token we knew all
about him.
You see, it was like this: Uncle
Wilbur ran away when he was a
boy. I believe his aspirations were
along the cowboy line. His father
and mother tried to find him, but
were unsuccessful. Wilbur was an
only child, and I broke them all up.
About a year after Wilbur went
away, his father died. And six
months later his mother died, too.
Folks said it was from broken
hearts.

It so happened that I was the
nearest living relative, and by the
time I had grown up and married
Sally, Uncle Wilbur was only a leg-
end. All the facts concerning his
disappearance were told to me by
my own mother and father, now both
dead. For I was but a babe in
arms when Uncle Wilbur decamped
for the western plains.

It was, therefore, a surprise when
one day a letter arrived from El
Paso, Texas, signed by Uncle
Wilbur. It was a lengthy epistle, and
from its contents we learned the
following facts: Uncle Wilbur had
but recently learned of the death of
his father and mother. Since com-
ing West he had served in a variety
of capacities: stable boy, barroom
helper, cowboy, horse wrangler and
a dozen others which have no bear-
ing on his present circumstances.
Some twelve years ago he had turned
prospector. Suffice it to say that
Uncle Wilbur had, to quote his own
phrasing, "struck it rich."

He was now, we gleaned, a re-
tired rancher, a man of no small
wealth. Investigation had revealed
that we were his only living rela-



He seemed shrunken and bent and dried up.

tives. In fact, he seemed to be in
possession of all the facts concern-
ing the departure of our family from
this earth, and of my own dire finan-
cial circumstances.

He expressed a desire to return
to the land of his nativity, to spend
his declining years with his only
blood relative now existing. Delicately
he touched upon the condition
of our finances, the facts about which
which he seemed only too well
aware, and advised that he was
crediting to our account at the bank
a sum of money, which was to be
used at our discretion and for what-
ever purpose we saw fit. In con-
clusion Uncle Wilbur stated that he
would arrive about the first of the
following month, and trusted his
advent would not inconvenience us.

Directly following the reading of
this letter I called my bank, and
was staggered by the amount of
money which Uncle Wilbur had cred-
ited to my balance.

For a time Sally and I were un-
decided. We discussed the thing
from many angles and at length de-
cided that the least we could do was
to prepare a hearty welcome for
the old man. His munificence had
started us. We hardly knew whether
the money was to be used for our
own needs, or for the purpose of
preparing an elaborate homecom-
ing.

The more we thought and talked
about the proposed visit of Uncle
Wilbur, the more delighted we be-
came with the prospect. He was our
only living relative, a fact which
had, up to the present time, been
more or less a source of annoyance.
Those young married couples with
whom we most associated were for-
ever dwelling upon the achieve-
ments of their relatives, near and
distant.

We therefore made haste to ap-
praise our friends of Uncle Wilbur's
planned visit, and covered our con-
fusion nobly when asked why he
had kept secret his knowledge of his
existence. We pictured him as
tall, powerful man; a sun-tanned
and virile-looking westerner; a man
of fabulous wealth, a man of distinc-
tion and bearing. We exaggerated
and elaborated and secretly prayed
that Uncle Wilbur would be, in ap-
pearance at any rate, everything that
we had portrayed.
Sally had written to Uncle Wilbur
that we would be delighted to have
him visit us, to make his home with
us as long as he liked. We drew
unostentatiously on the money he
had deposited to our credit. We added
a new wing to the house, which was
fixed up into an attractive suite for
Uncle Wilbur's own use. We remod-
eled the interior of our own home
and purchased new furniture.
Our friends were thus convinced
of Uncle Wilbur's existence. They
promised to be on hand to add their
welcome. They were as pleased as
we with the prospect, and sided us

no end in painting Uncle Wilbur as
the distinguished personage we
thought him to be.
A letter arrived from Uncle Wilbur
a week before his expected ar-
rival. He would, he said, be delayed
because of business reasons. He
thanked us for our eagerness to have
him with us, and declared he was
looking forward to the day when once
more he would be united with the
last surviving members of his fam-
ily. The letter contained a check of
no small amount which he directed
us to feel free to use for our personal
needs.

The delay gave us further time to
complete preparations. Moreover,
the postponement and the check
served to increase our interest and
form a clear mental picture of the
man who, it appeared, was to be-
come our benefactor.
For a month, we heard no fur-
ther word from Uncle Wilbur. And
when another week had passed we
began to despair of his coming. Our
friends began to talk and wonder
and suggest among themselves that
our Uncle Wilbur was "mythical"
after all. Sally wrote again, but re-
ceived no answer. And as the weeks
dragged by we spoke of Uncle Wilbur
less often when folks were about
for fear of hearing a soft but clear
snicker in some remote corner of
the room.

It was nearly half when next we
heard of Uncle Wilbur. A knock
sounded on our door one evening,
and upon opening it I discovered
there a small man with a gray
beard. The beard was stained with
tobacco juice. The face of him
was wizened and leathery looking.
His eyes were red and watery. He
seemed shrunken and bent and
dried up. I would have closed his
door on him, had he not thrust him-
self inside and said he had word
for us from Uncle Wilbur.

There was a dirtiness about the
little man that provoked our dis-
gust, though we listened to his tale
and then sent him away.
He told us that he came from Uncle
Wilbur to deliver a message,
which message he presented me in
rather a bulky envelope. As we
took the watery eyes of him darted
about the room and I saw on his
face a look which would have
aroused in me a feeling of pity, had
it been a less despicable counte-
nance.

The little man departed at last,
having told us but vaguely about
Uncle Wilbur, confirming only the
facts about him we already knew.
As soon as he had gone we opened
the package and found it con-
taining the last will and testament of
our dear old uncle. He had be-
queathed us his entire fortune,
which was greater than we had at
first supposed. A brief note ac-
companying the testament, written in
Uncle Wilbur's curious hand, stat-
ing that he was at death's door. He
had learned, he said, of our plans
for his reception and of the picture
we had conjured in our minds of his
personal appearance. He hoped we
would carry that memory with us
always.

On the day following the body of
a man was recovered from the river
below the mill. The man was small
and bearded and dirty looking. No
papers of identification were on his
person, though we recognized him
as our visitor of the night previous.
And in memory of our distinguished
uncle we saw that the poor chap had
a proper burial.

And that was the last we ever
heard of Uncle Wilbur.

**National Forest Rangers
Have Numerous Duties**
Deep in primeval wilderness of
Olympic National Park, a
Park Service ranger makes a read-
ing of weather recording instru-
ments, at one of the stations scat-
tered about the park's 835,000 acres.
The information he obtains he re-
dis backs to park headquarters. This
is but one of the many duties a
park ranger must perform, as on
horseback or on foot, he makes his
and oftentimes lonely patrols of the
park area.
Park rangers usually are college
graduates in forestry, biology or
botany; obtain their appointments
through exceedingly stiff civil ser-
vice examinations, and while on duty
are subject to call 24 hours a day.
During the forest fire danger sea-
son, the ranger carries a "smoke-
chaser" pack that includes a map,
compass, first-aid kit, hand pump,
fire tools and two days' emergency
rations. He carries this outfit on
his back while on patrols ranging
from 5 to 20 miles a day.
The ranger acts as guide, coun-
seller and friend to visitors to the
national park, while at other times
his portable short-wave radio is
often his only means of communi-
cation with park headquarters. He
must be prepared to repair tele-
phone lines in the wilderness, some-
times damaged by storms and fall-
ing trees. While on the trail the
ranger is his own cook. Hotcakes,
bacon and eggs are standard fare,
rarely fresh meat or vegetables.
And at night, he beds down, his
horse tethered nearby in some
mountain meadow or beside a
stream. He never uses his saddle
for a pillow; rolled up jeans are
more comfortable. But the saddle
makes a good wind-break.

Into His Hands!
When in your hard fight, in your
tiresome drudgery, or in your ter-
rible temptation you catch the
suggestion of your being and give yourself
to God, and so give Him the chance
to give Himself to you, your life,
a living stone, is taken up and set
into the growing wall... Where-
ever souls are being tried and rip-
ened, in whatever commonplace and
humble ways, there God is heav-
ing out the pillars of His temple.
Oh, if the stone can only have some
vision of the temple of which it is
to lie a part forever! What patience
must fill it as it feels the blows of
the hammer and knows that suc-
cess for it is simply to let itself be
sought into what shape the
Master wills!—Phillips Brooks.

Drunken Drivers Increase
According to the safety council's
statistics, the number of drunken
drivers involved in fatal accidents
throughout the country increased
from 7 per cent in 1933 to 11 per
cent in 1939. And the number of
drinking pedestrians in such acci-
dents increased from 8 per cent in
1933 to 15 per cent in 1939. In
one of every five fatal accidents in 1939,
driver or pedestrian had been drink-
ing. One in seven pedestrians and
one in nine drivers involved in fatal
accidents had been drinking. One
in three fatal accidents at night in-
volved drinking by driver or pe-
destrian.

Cunningham Comet
Hubert O. Jenkins, instructor in
physics and astronomy at the Sacra-
mento Junior college, says the
Cunningham comet was discovered
by Leland Cunningham on Septem-
ber 5, 1940. It became barely vis-
ible to the naked eye as it passed
the constellation Lyra the latter
part of November, and grew larger
as it traveled south through the con-
stellation Aquila, but was difficult
to see since it was nearing the hori-
zon where haze and the sun's rays
interfered. It reached perihelion
(its point nearest the sun) on abou-
January 20 but could be seen here
those in the southern hemisphere
will have a better chance to observe
it.

SAFEGUARD FINE CAKE
INGREDIENTS
Get lighter texture,
more delicious flavor
with
MAGIC
BAKING POWDER

**Humming Bird Can Stand
Still in Air, Seconds**
The only creature that can stand
still in the air with about 55 wing-
strokes a second, take off from a
perch in seven-hundredths of a sec-
ond, and fly backwards is the ruby-
throated humming bird. Although
its apparent maneuvers in reverse
have been disputed repeatedly, re-
cent photographs have established
proof of this flight phenomenon.
The Smithsonian institution re-
cently put the humming bird under
a microscope, so to speak, when the
organization's Dr. Winsor M. Tyler
went into gardens, woodlands, and
other habitats to study this tiny
creature. The adult is about the
size of a small thumb and at birth
no larger than a black-eyed pea.
The babies are nature's nudist col-
ony, being born completely naked.
Although blind at birth, they grow so
fast that in less than two weeks
they possess all their faculties, are
almost as large as their parents and
leave the nest.

The Smithsonian institution also
discovered that humming birds are
the Stuka bombers of Nature—they
attack much larger birds in a form
of "dive bombing." Their unusual
streaked throat enables them to
win victories over relatively power-
ful winged creatures, the hummers
attacking their foes in "blitzkriegs."
And yet, despite such valor and vic-
tory in flight battles, the hummers,
themselves, may become completely
ensnared in a spider's web, hope-
lessly and for brief remaining pe-
riods. Flights northward are timed
with clocklike precision. They often
arrive the very day their favorite
flowers appear.

The humming bird, recent scien-
tific studies reveal, is a confirmed
bachelor. The males and females
migrate separately and remain
separate except for brief mating pe-
riods. Flights northward are timed
with clocklike precision. They often
arrive the very day their favorite
flowers appear.

**Births to Poorer People
Not Alarming to Nation**
There is no cause for alarm over
the fact that the so-called under-
privileged economic classes in the
United States are producing a large
proportion of the babies, accord-
ing to Dr. Constantine Panunzio, as-
sistant professor of sociology at the
University of California at Los An-
geles, an expert on population
trends.
The Westwood professor recalls
the birth figures of 1929, a prosper-
ity year, when fully one-third of the
2,000,000 babies born came from
families whose total income was
less than \$750 per year; and the fig-
ures of 1930-35 when 55 per cent of
the natural increase was contrib-
uted by those in agriculture—prin-
cipally low-paid agricultural workers.
"Low income, unskilled occupa-
tion and low educational status do
not necessarily mean biological or
other kinds of inferiority," Dr. Pa-
nunzio says. "The common people
of the nation have at all times con-
tributed a large proportion of the
leadership of the country."
"Unless we are willing to claim
or admit that the population of this
country is as a whole an inferior
type or that its leadership is poor,
we are forced to conclude that the
lowly classes are contributing much
to the population. In fact, if it were
not for them the professional and
other so-called upper classes would
become a constantly diminishing
segment of the population."

**Your Life's Your
Own**
By **BETSY SHARPLESS**
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"If YOU can get an interview
with Harmon, you're on the pay-
roll. Nobody can get him. He won't
talk. I've given you a tough job, but
it's only people who can do tough
jobs who win out these days. This
bird Harmon says a man's private
life is his own. You gotta show him
it isn't."
She turned away without a word,
already making plans to get to Har-
mon.

For the next three days Betty
Duane spent most of her time at
Harmon's office, trying to cajole
somebody into letting her past the
barriers that led to his private do-
main. But to no avail. Harmon, the
unhappy fellow, intended to maintain
his aloofness.
His rise to prominence had been
quick and spectacular. Two months
ago he was just a highly intelligent,
thoroughly ambitious young lawyer,
with political ambitions. Then, be-
cause of his work on a state invest-
igating committee, appointed by
the governor, he had suddenly be-
come one of the most famous char-
acters in the city where he lived.
Whether it was modesty or affecta-
tion Betty did not know. But Har-
mon refused any sort of personal in-
terview.
Betty was discouraged the third
day after the start of her attempt
to see Harmon. She decided to give
herself an afternoon off. Perhaps
an afternoon off would make her
feel more confident.
So she ran in to see a young mar-
ried friend. And Celia, as luck and
coincidence would have it, was in
quite a flutter of excitement about
Harmon.
"Bob and I are going to dinner
with Aunt Virginia tonight to meet
Charles Harmon. Isn't that fun,
Betty?" she asked.
Betty's heart thumped. She felt
like a starving man with only a pane
of glass between himself and food.

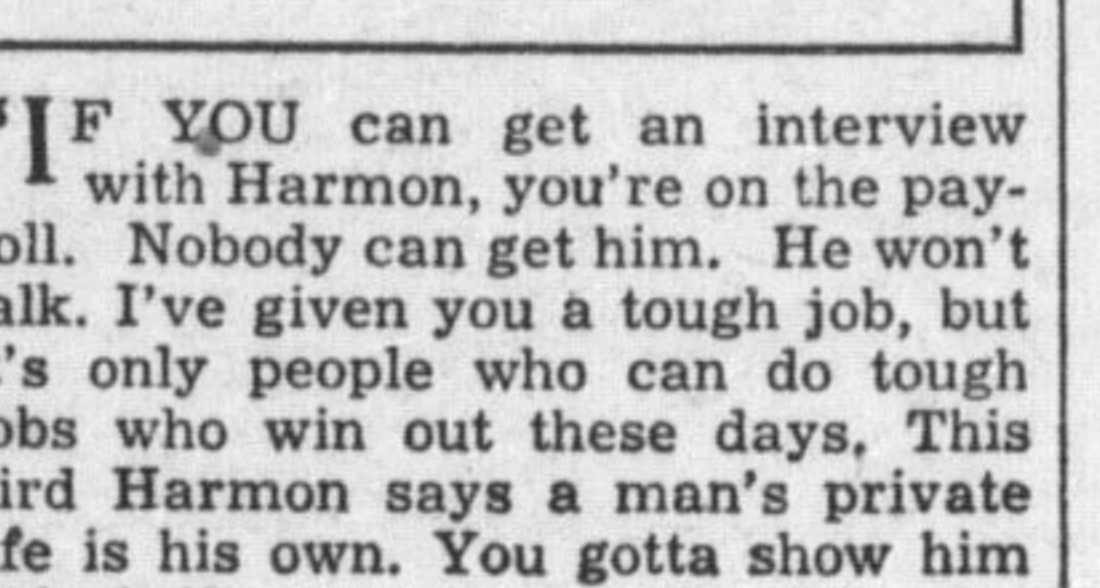
"Oh, Celia," she said, "aren't you
the luckiest girl living. Meet
Charles Harmon! Why, I'd give my
soul to meet him."
Celia looked up in mild surprise.
"Well—I'll telephone Aunt Vir-
ginia. Cousin Mary's got a sore
throat, and I know she feels sicker
than a cat and doesn't want to go
tonight. Maybe Aunt Virginia will
packard drive into the country—for
endless miles into the country—
Meet Charles Harmon! Why, I'd give my
soul to meet him."
Celia looked up in mild surprise.
"Well—I'll telephone Aunt Vir-
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than a cat and doesn't want to go
tonight. Maybe Aunt Virginia will
packard drive into the country—for
endless miles into the country—
Meet Charles Harmon! Why, I'd give my
soul to meet him."

Second, at lunch, Betty dizzy with
suspense and the feeling of success.
Still young and sweet, but not so
demure. Excited, snappy tailored
in dark wool. Charles Harmon
charming—interested.
Third, on Saturday afternoon,
Charles Harmon driving her for
endless miles into the country—for
endless miles into Fairlyland.
Locked in her desk at home was
an interview with Charles Harmon.
It was a swell interview, Betty
knew. It would get her the coveted
place on the Flare's payroll. And,
honestly, until Betty saw Charles
Harmon sitting at the wheel, waiting
for her, as she glanced at him from
the shelter of the door, she had
meant to take it to Perry Smith on
Monday morning.

But when Betty saw him waiting
for her—just a boy, she thought,
waiting for something that would
make him happy; as if she were
everything in the world he wanted.
That was the expression she sur-
prised on his face as she looked at
him from behind the door and then,
as she left its shelter, when he
caught sight of her and sprang to
the ground to help her in beside
him.
In Fairlyland—that is miles and
minutes away from the city, along
a beautiful road that neither of
them saw—"Betty," said Charles
Harmon, "you know how I feel
about you, don't you?"
"I suppose I do," said Betty, seri-
ously, a little troubled. "Because
that is the way I feel about you."
Charles put one hand over her two
smaller ones, and drove adequately
along for minutes and miles with-
out further speech.
Then Betty said: "Charles, I've
written a story about you—an arti-
cle, you know. I've been trying to
get a job as a reporter on the Flare.
They said if I got an interview with
you I could have the job. I Monday.
I wrote the article after that dinner.
I was going to send it inoned
morning. But I decided I wouldn't
as soon as I saw you today—before
you told me."
Charles drew the car up at the
curb. One hand wasn't enough.
"Betty," he said, "I know who you
were. I'm new enough to this game
of being famous to be curious about
it. I peeked out my door to see the
girl they said struck around all the
time trying to interview me. So I
knew you at the dinner that night.
I had a feeling my private life was
my own—didn't want to talk about
myself. But I don't care now. It's
different. I want everybody to know
how—well, how wonderful every-
thing is."
"Oh, Charles," said Betty, "let's
keep it all to ourselves. It's too
sweet. And when you come to
think of it—why be interviewed?
Isn't a man's private life his own?"

For the latest in Painting and Paper-
ing call Milton 129J. I will call person-
ally with 1941 samples of Sunworthy
and Sunstented Wallpapers. Estimates
given.—W. H. CLEMENT, contractor.

TRY
MRS. QUINLIVAN'S
CHEESE
BISCUITS
Recipe for
Baked with Robin Hood Flour



HERE'S where you score a hit with the whole family by making
Cheese Biscuits for supper, or serve them as a special treat for
a party. They taste different, and when you make them with Robin
Hood Flour, they are so light you'll win high praise from your
family and friends. They are light, "zippy" and have the Robin
Hood quality to the last crumb.

Cheese Biscuits—3 cups Robin Hood Flour, 5 level teaspoons baking
powder, 3/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon mustard powder, 5 level
tablespoons butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 1/2 cup grated sharp cheese.
Method—1. Sift flour, measure and sift with dry ingredients. 2. Add
grated cheese to flour and cut in shortening. 3. Add milk, and mix
gently but quickly to soft dough. 4. Turn on floured board, knead
four or five times. Pat smooth for cutting. 5. Cut with biscuit cutter
and bake in very quick oven 450° F. This makes about two dozen
biscuits.

Mrs. John Quinlivan, of Exeter, Ontario, like thousands of Canadian
women, gets a thrill from baking with Robin Hood Flour. "When you
buy Robin Hood," she says, "you get
full value for your money every time.
It goes so far and is so dependable, I
always get a thrill out of taking light,
fragrant bread and cakes from the oven.
You really enjoy baking when you have
Robin Hood Flour."

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dependable Robin Hood Flour. At local
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We know a man who travels across
Canada several times a year. He meets
and talks with literally hundreds of
people of all classes.
"The more people I meet," says he,
"the clearer it becomes to me that folks
in the main want to be kind and help-
ful. They're a pretty decent lot."
"But for unfl