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BARNARDS

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VOLUME 82

MILTON, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1941

No. 12

CANADIAN CHAMPION

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—\$2.50 a year, \$2.00 paid in advance.
To SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except as this option is given to the proprietor. A post office notice of discontinuance will be inserted in the issue following, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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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.
12:35 a.m.—Daily except Sunday, flag

—SUNDAY—
Going East—7:30 a.m., flag, 2:07 p.m., 8:32 p.m. flag.
Going West—9:27 a.m., flag, 6:16 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

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8:04 a.m. 7:15 p.m.

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Discovery of 'Kaolin'

Made Through White Clay

The discovery of kaolin which has helped so materially in porcelain making, is one of the romantic stories connected with the industry. Hair powder at that time was in general use. This story is told that a rich ironmaster while riding noticed that his horse's feet were covered with a white clay. This clay was found to be a good substitute for the flour used on wigs. Bottinger, finding it much heavier than the flour, was curious to know the ingredients. On analysis of it, much to his surprise, he found it contained the properties necessary to complete his discovery of porcelain to make the white clay known as kaolin. Whether or not the manner of its discovery is according to fact, the credit must be given to Johann Frederick Bottinger for producing hard paste porcelain at the Meissen works, which became one of the most celebrated factories in Europe.

Porcelain manufacture was begun in Meissen in 1710. The factory continued under Boettger's guidance until his death in 1719. However, the real development of the factory came under the direction of J. G. Herold from 1720-40, when he introduced painting in the decoration. In 1731, he obtained the help of the excellent sculptor, J. J. Kändler, who made a marked improvement in form. The factory continued under various directors and patrons until 1813, the date that marks the end of the collectors' interest in the factory. Many changes have been made since then and some of the old designs have been reproduced but they do not compare with the old.

Government Currency of 1775 Worth Nothing Now

Continental currency is the term applied to the 40 issues of bills of credit or paper money put out by authority of the Continental Congress from June 22, 1775, to November 29, 1779. In all, this currency amounted to a face value of \$250,000,000.

The bills were promises to pay, based upon the pledge of congress to redeem them in "Spanish milled dollars, or the value thereof in gold or silver." No date for redemption was given.

The reason for their issuance was that the congress had no fiscal powers and no authority to levy taxes. There was, moreover, not enough faith in the prospect of the revolution being successful for the congress to be able to borrow much money. The notes, being unsecured by any real value, quickly depreciated and at the beginning of 1779 they were able to pass for only one-eighth of their face. At the end of the year their ratio to specie was 38 to 1. In 1780 the congress itself recognized its inability to maintain their value, and provided for their acceptance in place of silver at a rate of 40 to 1. In 1781 the ratio fell to 100 to 1, and in 1780, by the terms of a funding act of that year, provision was made for redeeming them, up to a certain date, at that ratio. Those which were unredeemed were thereafter without value, and no longer circulated. Large numbers of them are still preserved, but as they have no currency value there is only a collectors' interest in them.

FORBIDDEN TERRITORY

By VIC YARDMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

JEREMY'S father, Damon Slade, who owned the big Bar S cattle ranch, the range of which bordered on the international line, had warned Jeremy repeatedly never to ride into Jurano unless accompanied by one or more Bar S riders. All of which served only to whet Jeremy's imagination and to promise himself that at the first opportunity he would pay Jurano a visit without the protection of Bar S riders, or any other riders. Jeremy was only 19, and had been watched over pretty closely by a doting father. It hadn't occurred to Damon that his son, like other men's sons, must necessarily investigate the world a bit on his own hook.

Jurano was, Jeremy discovered, everything that his father and the Bar S riders had warned him against. Jeremy hitched his sorrel mare to the rail in front of the most pretentious looking saloon and headed for the door. His spurs clinked musically as he came up the steps. He swaggered a bit as he crossed the narrow veranda. He cocked his pearl gray Stetson at a rakish angle as he pushed open the twin doors and stepped inside the barroom. The barroom was practically deserted. A number of waiters were arranging tables preparatory to the evening's business. An orchestra was tuning up on a raised platform a barkeep was swabbing the mahogany.

Jeremy hooked his heel in the brass rail, leaned an elbow on the bar and ordered whisky. By turning his back he prevented the barkeep from seeing the wry expression on his face as he took his first drink.



Jeremy hitched his sorrel mare to the rail.

Things were beginning to reel a little by the time the contents of the glass was consumed, and Jeremy stood swaggingly over to a table for want of something better to do he poured himself another drink and slowly sipped it. It seemed like hours later that Jeremy found himself sitting at the same table with a half-dozen congenial companions, all of whom were uproariously drunk and in good spirits. A small, bellows-looking man was standing on a chair making a speech. Jeremy strained his ears to catch the words. "—Americans are all pigs; pigs and dogs." Jeremy stood up, reeling. He wasn't so drunk, he told himself, but what he could resent such an insult. Grasping the table's edge for support, he struck out and knew dimly that his blow had caught the bellows speaker in the stomach. Down he tumbled, folding up like an envelope.

Jeremy heard roars of applause and laughter. Then someone seized him from behind, thrust him backward. Jeremy couldn't remember exactly what happened after that but when he came to his senses again the barroom was practically deserted. The orchestra was preparing to go home for the night. He looked around and found that he was seated at the same table, and that there was a man with a waxed mustache seated beside him.

Jeremy asked the man, "What's happened? I been here all night?" "Ah, m'sieu, ees feeling better. Perhaps m'sieu had better rest before eet time for the duel." "Duel? What duel?" "M'sieu does not remember. The duel you have promised to fight with M'sieu LaValle is the man you struck while he made zee speech. He ees also zee greatest pistol shot in all the cuntrye about Jurano. I am m'sieu's second."

"Do you mean to say I promised to fight a duel tomorrow at sunrise?" "Exactly, m'sieu." "But, look here! I was drunk. I can't remember." "Ah, but M'sieu LaValle was also drunk. He ees insulted." "Well, let him be insulted. I'm getting out of here." "But no. Eet ees a matter of honor that m'sieu remain." "Surely then, a hand through his hair and tried to think clearly. He remembered hearing stories about men who had refused to fight in duels. There was a name for that type of individual. Great heavens! What had he got himself in for?" The man with the mustache was speaking again. "Ees eet that m'sieu a good shot?" Jeremy thought he detected a note

of anxiety in the man's voice. Things weren't at all clear, but he decided to bluff along as far as he could. "Good shot? Well, maybe I'm a bit rusty now. At the last international shoot, I only came in second."

"Second!" The mustached man's eyes popped open. There was no doubt now about the anxiety of his tones. He stood up. "If m'sieu will but wait, I will make zee arrangements for tomorrow." Then he was gone.

Jeremy slumped forward, resting his head on his hands. He felt weak and sick and lonely. When Jeremy again opened his eyes, the room was dimly illuminated with daylight. He sat up, thankful at last his head was clear. He got to his feet and started for the door. About to descend into the street he saw a group of men approaching. At sight of him they set up a whoop and came running toward the steps.

"Hello, young fellow. Well, we're betting on you. How you feeling?" They were Americans, and they had come to watch him fight his duel! Jeremy suddenly felt weak again, remembering his boast about the international shoot. Without waiting for his reply, two of the Americans picked him up and with shouts of joy set him astride the sorrel. Within a minute's time he found himself the center of a group of riders, galloping toward the outskirts of the town. A mile or so beyond the outskirts they came upon a group of men beneath a cottonwood tree. Jeremy saw the mustached man of the night previous, and a small bellows individual, whom he judged to be LaValle.

At sight of the Americans the mustached man approached, singled out the leader of the Americans, and called him to one side. They were in conference for fully three minutes, at the end of which time the big American returned to where Jeremy was still sitting astride the sorrel.

"Well, young fellow, I guess you're out of luck. The great LaValle is willing to meet you half way. Says he'll apologize for what he said, if you'll apologize for hitting him. You must have said something to Mr. Mustache to scare them off." A great wave of relief surged through the youth. He struggled to maintain an attitude of indifference rather than thanksgiving. . . . Once back in town Jeremy left the Americans and started for home. His one objective now was to put Jurano as far behind him as possible in the quickest possible time.

Back at the saloon the big American and his companions were laughing till the tears rolled down their cheeks. They felt quite sure that they had obeyed old Damon Slade's order and "thrown a scare into his son," and had a good time while doing it. They doubted if young Jeremy Slade would care to visit Jurano again right away on his own hook.

Hollywood Models 'Paint'

Picture of Ideal Husband

Models aren't choosy about what they want in their husbands-to-be—all they ask is that he be an average guy. No Adonis need apply for a matrimonial position with the majority of the members of the Hollywood Model club, a recent poll of their shapely ranks showed, but Pamela Paul, executive secretary, said they did set forth these requirements: Height, five feet 10 inches; weight, 170 pounds.

Can be one-quarter bald, but must have most of his own teeth and average health. Under this comes "we'll make allowances for hangover headaches and nervous indigestion." He must play duffer golf, fair poker, lousy bridge and passable ping-pong or badminton. At least three suits—one not shiny. Grouch before breakfast, but "sweet" afterward; loyal to his friends; indifferent to his enemies; violently partisan in opinions and take his wife for granted! Must be a garden putterer, like home life, kids and dogs, but will be required to get mad at all of them occasionally. Miss Paul said the models were agreed, "is the kind of guy you don't find in Hollywood!" "We ought to know!" chorused Wendy Wood, Normandie Jordan and Florence Lunde, models who said they had been conducting a quiet bit of research on the side in a vain effort to discover their ideal man.

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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	14	7	9
2 Oakville	Tuesday	5	2	4	22	9	4	6
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	6	3	5	23	10	5	7
4 Arosun	Thursday	7	4	6	24	11	6	8
5 Burlington	Monday	8	5	7	25	12	7	9

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. R. Knights Milton; 2. John Chambers Oakville; 3. E. L. Thompson, Georgetown; 4. E. T. Tunford Arosun; 5. W. O. Biddford, 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 at 7:30 of October, 10 a.m. and so often at other times as may be required for the dispatch of business.

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

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

Rocking Children to Sleep

A few years ago amateur experts claimed that the child's emotional development would be injured by such a motherly act as rocking a child to sleep. We now know from thousands of clinical cases, however, that this cuddling is good for both child and parent. Lack of cuddling causes the emotional trouble. The practical difficulty for some parents is time and for many others, a rocking chair. This seems to have gone out of style. A theoretical difficulty is that the child may want to be rocked every night.

Have THE CHAMPION with all the home news follow you on your vacation.

We are always pleased to change the address of regular subscribers or send it to others at 5c. per copy—\$2.00 a year in advance.

Tarpon Undergoing Evolution

Scientists believe the tarpon may be undergoing a strange evolution. An examination of their air bladder has shown a large amount of lung tissue, proving that the fish are not entirely dependent upon their gills for oxygen. This may be the reason why they can change from salt to fresh water and vice versa. The tarpon is the only fish known to have passed through the Canal, 40 miles or so of which is fresh water.

WANTED: All kinds of poultry

Age and sex, and feathers. I have a large and scrap iron, bag of all kinds. Phone Gordon McLeLLan, 42, Randall & Morley 143 or Paddy Wilson 302 or write Moss Zener, 402 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.