

**THIS IS SUCCESS**

This is success: to live beyond deceit. Too big to play the liar or the cheat. Too big to lean when burdens heavy grow. Asking no favor from a friend or foe. Standing to life and all that it may mean. With head erect and hands and conscience clean.

This is success: to live from year to year. Not asking always sunny skies and clear. But wise enough to know and understand. Life never runs exactly as we've planned. Seeking the best, but when the worst is met. Taking the blow without too much regret.

This is success: with all to play the friend. Willing to give and glad at times to lend. Laughing and singing whensoever you may. But walking bravely throughout the passing years. Neither deceived by flattery nor by sneers.

This is success: the love of friends to win. To taste no pleasure that may lead to sin. To take no profit from the hand of shame. But by a fair fight win or lose the game. To get from life such triumphs as you can. But still through good or ill to play the man.

—Edgar A. Guest.

**Twenty Years Ago**

Taken from the Edition of The Canadian Champion March 26th, 1925

Spring ploughing has already been started by Halton Farmers. Fall wheat is looking well, conditions have greatly favored it.

While working at the Atlas Brick Co's. plant last Friday Robert Brush was badly hurt. A large mass of clay which had been loosened by the thaw fell on him. He received a scalp wound which required six stitches and his feet were badly bruised.

About 8 p.m. on Sunday fire broke out in the hay and litter in A. L. Chambers stable, East Mary Street. It made a big blaze but the Fire Brigade had two streams of water playing on it two or three minutes after the alarm was sounded and quickly extinguished it.

**BORN**

TURNER—To Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Turner, Milton, on Saturday, March 21st, 1925, a son, Roy Byron.

**DIED**

PATTERSON—In Trafalgar on Tuesday, March 24th, 1925, William Patterson, in his 86th year.

VANFLEET—In Milton, on Monday, March 23, 1925, Thomas A. Vanfleet, eldest son of Mrs. Robt. VanFleet, and the late Robt. VanFleet, in his 29th year.

**Now "Forty-Eights" For Our Housewives**

Former CWAC Comes Up with a Brand New Idea for Hard-Working Women

EDMONTON (CP)—Regular "forty-eights" for every Canadian housewife is the idea Mrs. J. D. Cardy, a former warrant officer in the Canadian Women's Army Corps brought back to civilian life after her medical discharge from the service.

The thought may seem revolutionary to traditional pre-war Canadian housewives, but smiling, friendly Mrs. Cardy found out the benefits of regular rest and holidays when she was performing the duties of a regimental sergeant major, and she also advocates "forty-eights" for husbands once in a while.

A trained nurse before joining the CWAC in September, 1941, she has found the difficult readjustment to civilian life easier because of a made-to-order objective.

She is preparing a home for her husband, Capt. James D. Cardy, Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, who now is in Britain recovering from illness contracted in service on the continent, but even this work does not fill all her time.

"When I first came out of the service I had to fight against the powerful urge to pack my bags and go on leave each week-end. I think there should be forty-eights for housewives each month," she said.

To other women leaving the service Mrs. Cardy has this advice:

"Realize first of all that you are in for a big change in your mode of living. The first thing that will hit you is the feeling of being alone. In the service you always had company. When you were depressed you could always chase away the feeling by joining the bunch. In civilian life this is not so easy.

"So first make a point of contacting other people as soon as you return to civilian life. Meet as many as you can. Find other interests to take the place of your service interests."

Mrs. Cardy practises what she preaches. She has many interests—she is a curler, knits a good deal and is studying French, a subject she first took up in the CWAC. Her main hobby however, is letter writing and, with her husband overseas, she finds plenty of scope for it.

**TURNABOUT**

BELLEVILLE, Ont. (CP)—The old drop-the-handkerchief routine was carried out on a Belleville street when a sailor passed a group of girls. But it had a new twist—the sailor dropped it, not the girls!

**The Sunday School Lesson**

SUNDAY, MARCH 25th, 1945

**THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY**

Golden Text.—Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. Matt. 21: 9.

Lesson Text.—Matt. 21: 6-16. Time.—Sunday, April 2, A. D. 33. Place.—Jerusalem.

Exposition.—I. Jesus Entering Jerusalem as the Son of David, 6-11. As Jesus drew near Jerusalem He sent two of His disciples on a trying errand. It was a trial of faith. These disciples proved themselves to be disciples indeed, by doing precisely what the Master told them to do (v. 6). This is the supreme test of discipleship (Jno. 15: 14). They found everything just as Jesus said it would be (Luke 19: 32). In putting their own garments off the cold for Jesus to sit upon they proclaimed their own acceptance of Jesus as king (cf. 2 Ki. 9: 13). Thus Jesus entered Jerusalem in literal fulfillment of Zechariah's prophecy (Zech. 9: 9). Those who protest against a literal interpretation of prophecies as yet unfulfilled would do well to note carefully with what minute literalness Christ has fulfilled the prophecies that have been fulfilled. The crowd as well as the disciples proclaim Jesus king. The enthusiasm was tremendous (Jno. 12: 13).

As they turned the corner of the Mount and Jerusalem rose before their view the people began to rejoice and praise God. They sang one of the Messianic psalms (Ps. 118: 25, 26), and uttered like shouts. It seemed out of place to the Pharisees for them to so forget their dignity and get so excited in Christ's service (Luke 19: 39, 40). Unfortunately the enthusiasm of the people for Jesus was short-lived. But as short-lived as their enthusiasm was it was more thorough-going and hearty and less calculating while it lasted than that of many modern professed Christians. It is a beautiful sight to see people throwing the best they have at Jesus' feet to pave the way for the kingdom. But Jesus did not join in the joy (Luke 19: 41-44).

All the city was stirred as Jesus entered. No one causes such a commotion as Jesus in any city which He enters. Wherever He goes there is a shaking up and a questioning and a division. The question the people asked was an important one. It was asked again and again (cf. Luke 5: 21; 7: 49; 9: 9). We do well to ask it too. "Who is this" that so mightily stirs the hearts of men? Who is it that speaks as never man spoke? Who is it that heals the sick and raises the dead? Who is this that sets free slaves of sin? Who is this that claims authority on earth to forgive sins? Who is this that dared to stretch out His hand to suffering thousands and says "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Who is this that lived more than nineteen centuries ago and yet has such a transforming power in the lives of men to-day? Yes, who is this? The multitudes replied: "This is the prophet." But we have a better answer: "This is indeed the Son of God, the Saviour of the World."

II. Jesus Cleansing the Temple as the Son of God, 12-14.

A second time Jesus cleanses the temple (Jno. 2: 12-17). The first cleansing had not proven permanent nor did this, but it expressed the mind of God and of Christ. His mind is just the same to-day. When He looks at the building dedicated to the service of God transformed from a "house of prayer" into a "den of robbers." His anger waves hot. All these things He found in the temple were connected with worship. They were sacrificial animals they were selling and buying. It was money to use for the offering which they were obtaining for the Roman coin. But though ostensibly in the name of God it was really for the sake of private gain. He cleansed the whole thing out. But suddenly there is a different scene; the blind and the lame draw nigh. How swift is the transformation from terrific indignation to the gentlest compassion. We have men to-day who are fearless in their denunciation and mighty in their overthrow of evil entrenched in high places. We have also men full of gentleness and love toward the unfortunates. How seldom are these two opposite factors of moral strength found united in one man. But so it was with Jesus. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell" (Col. 2: 9). And we can be made full of Him (Col. 2: 10, R. V.). The eyes that had blazed a moment before, as He looked upon those who had made His Father's house a den of robbers, now beamed with a gentleness and compassion that never shone in other eyes.

III. Jesus Criticized by the Ecclesiastics and Praised by the Babes and Sucklings, 15, 16.

The chief priests and scribes "were sore displeased." Such are always displeased when anyone gets any praise but themselves, and they are not happy when good is done unless their hands do it. The offending party must be destroyed (cf. Luke 19: 47). Alas this spirit is not dead yet. It is a thoroughly bad leaven. It murdered Christ. Envy lies at the root of it (cf. Jno. 11: 47-50; 12: 19; Ac. 4: 16-18). But while the priests were sore displeased at the children's

**Maybe Noah Laughed at These**

Man—"Are you troubled in your neighborhood with borrowing?" Friend—"Yes, a great deal. My neighbors don't seem to have anything I want."

Guard—"Ten prisoners have broken out sir." Warden—"Did you give the alarm?" Guard—"No, I sent for the doctor. It looked like measles to me."

Husband (irritably)—"That's the second time you've asked what trumps are, dear."

Wife (sweetly)—"Well, you want me to show a little interest in the game, don't you, dear?"

He (on his knees)—"Darling, I love you with all my heart."

She—"Are you in earnest?" He (reproachfully)—"In earnest? Do you think I am bagging my trousers in this way for fun?"

Mistress—"I thought you had given the milkman up, Mary, but I saw you out with him again this evening."

Maid—"Oh, I've chucked him all right Mum. I'm just working' off a week's notice with him."

Always anxious to increase his knowledge, a man visited the insane asylum one time.

Man (to inmate)—"What's your name?"

Inmate—"I'm George Washington."

Man—"But I was told that you were Abraham Lincoln."

Inmate—"Ah, that was by my first wife!"

"I just love fliers," said the sweet young thing, eyeing the insignia of a handsome major.

"But I'm not a flier," said the officer. "This insignia is the Caduceus of the Medical Corps. It's the winged staff of Mercury with two serpents twined around it."

"Well," she replied amiably, "I love wings anyway—even on snakes."

Kind Lady—"How would you like a nice chop?"

Tramp—"Dat all depends lady. Is it lamb, pork, or wood?"

"You have a nice collection of books, but you should have more shelves."

"I know, but nobody seems to send me shelves."

I heard two girls talking in a bus, and one said, "Do you think Pansy can keep a secret?"

"Oh, yes," the other one said. "She never tells who told her!"

The Sunday School teacher was telling the class a Bible story. Elijah built an altar and piled wood on it," he said; "then he cut up the bullock in pieces and laid them on top. Next, he ordered the people to fill four barrels with water and pour it on the altar. Now, can any boy tell me why all this was poured over the bullock on the altar?"

Up spoke a bright boy. "To make lots of gravy," he said.

**PRE-GARDENING PREPARATION**

At this season of the year John Citizen becomes interested in seed catalogues and garden plans. It's an old Ontario custom. According to K. E. Kidd, of the Royal Ontario Museum, dreams concerned with gardening are also in the minds of our neighbours, the Iroquois Indians. According to their legends this is the season when a strange little race of agricultural spirits hurries westward to plant gardens on the other side of the earth. There they grow giant corn, squash and beans equal to, or exceeding, those promised in our seed catalogues.

The little spirit people, known by the Indians as "Bushy Heads" or "Husk Faces," are harbingers of spring. On their westward journey they like to visit the Indians, dance with them and eat popcorn. To make such occasions seem more real, the Iroquois people make masks of corn husks after the alleged likeness of the little spirits. These they wear at the springtime ceremonies.

Mr. Kidd has arranged a new exhibit in the Museum showing excellent specimens of Iroquois masks. Perhaps there's an idea in this display for the Ontario gardener. It may start a new fad. If you don't recognise your neighbour getting out his garden tools next door, look sharply, he may be wearing a "Husk Face" mask for luck.

praise, Jesus was greatly pleased with it.

It is a shocking revelation regarding the pride of men that God has to turn away from such: to obtain His satisfaction and testimony from "babes". Men of talent and high training are frequently useless to God because of their self-sufficiency and pride. God proves His independence of such highly endowed people by employing despised means. Our Lord quoted Ps. 8: 2. Both the Old and New Testaments reveal God's scorn of the pride of sinful man. It has always been and it is so to-day. Praise is due to God (Rev. 5: 9; Ps. 150: 147: 1).



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