

Editorial Page

Trade Fair a Success

Beyond a doubt Milton's first Trade Fair can be described as a success. From the preparations of the exhibits there was a concerted effort to contribute to the success of the Fair as exhibitors bent every effort to make the show attractive.

Milton's industry and commerce was truly on parade with goods valued at \$125,000. in the showcase of the 32 exhibitors.

Milton's people joined by those of the district contributed to the success of the event by attending and taking the time to see what Milton's stores and industry have to offer. There were many exclamations of surprise as residents noted that a merchant carried a well-known line of products they had thought were not available in Milton. There was similar surprise at the number

of industries the town has engaged in various lines of work.

Exhibitors were generally enthusiastic about the interest shown in their displays and felt well repaid for the nights of effort and planning that had made the Trade Fair attractive and interesting.

It was the Chamber of Commerce's first Trade Fair. That it will be repeated seems unquestioned if the enthusiasm prevalent now can be sustained. Its success was due largely to the co-ordination of the chamber through its manager Ross Pearen. Ross spent many hours looking after the necessary details that make any event successful.

President Art Desjardine and his Chamber of Commerce executive along with all the exhibitors, and volunteers who assisted, can take well-deserved congratulations on Milton Chamber's first Trade Fair.

Need a New Name

If this keeps on we may be forced to find a new word for what we are. Mr. Khrushchev repeatedly uses the word "capitalism" when he refers to the United States and the rest of the Western world. On one score that may be accurate enough. The dictionary definition is the dominance of private capitalists. Whether even the United States can fit such a description today is arguable on fact. There is many a businessman struggling to keep going after paying his taxes and satisfying his labor union who would question his dominance. But at least these countries do believe in free individual enterprise.

Mr. Khrushchev, however, is using the word in contrast to communism and this is where he and many others make the mistake.

The antithesis of communism is not capitalism but freedom. That is not said as a moral condemnation of communism. It is the abuse of communism by those who have used it to wield power rather than the theory which has filled the world with horror and is preventing peaceful co-existence. Communism cannot be accompanied by certain freedoms and securities which we hold inalienable and beyond the power of government to remove. A Communist state must have the right to seize property. It must have the right to silence an individual whenever that individual disagrees too strongly with the powers that be. It cannot risk free elections when such free elections could eliminate overnight, not only the men in power, but everything they stand for. —Hamilton Spectator.

A Problem Trend

The money market is indeed a confusing and complex one. We pose as no economics expert but we were concerned about a new trend that may be developing quite innocently.

The new Savings Bond issue, at approximately 5%, looks niggardly until a second glance reveals a new "gimmick" with an appeal for the larger investor who purchases \$20,000.

By the device of redemption at a premium of \$3 a hundred the government has introduced a tax free inducement. Since most Canadian bonds today are selling at a discount this is not unique. But the premium redemption makes it stand out as a particu-

larly attractive feature. For every \$20,000 worth of bonds the purchaser receives a tax free present of \$600.

The total cost to the treasury in terms of modern budgets is not large. At most it will probably mean an exemption on \$10 millions of income. But the principle is open to question. That \$10 millions means a loss in revenue that must be made up some day by the taxes of those not fortunate enough to hold this particular savings bond issue at maturity. The discriminatory feature was one of the major objections to Canada's last experiment with tax free bonds 40 years ago. It is to be hoped that, in its desperation for money to meet its huge spending program, Ottawa does not fall into bad habits.

Hate to See 100

The rapid expansion in the Thompson newspaper chain has long been a confusing trend to those in the publishing business. A Montreal report that quotes Roy H. Thompson as saying he hopes to own 100 newspapers is still more confusing.

What particular pleasure anyone may get from owning newspapers, the names of which he can't possibly remember, is mystifying. The chain presently includes 70 in the United States, Canada, England and Scotland.

Mr. Thompson on other occasions has been reported as saying he is interested in any newspaper that can make a profit.

To any publisher interested in staying in the business, the task of making a profit is important. But there are other reasons too, like a desire to render community service and an interest in people generally.

The papers the firm purchases always announce the sale with an emphasis on the fact that every publication is autonomous. It is rarely long however, before they all adopt that uniform appearance that can be recognized in Guelph or Oakville, Brampton or Galt.

We'll be sorry to see one man's firm owning 100 newspapers. We don't think it will be good for Canadian journalism or initiative.

There's always a tinge of regret when we hear that another paper in the district has "gone Thompson". And we've got quite a circle of them around here now in Orangeville, Georgetown, Brampton, Oakville, Guelph and Galt to name a few.

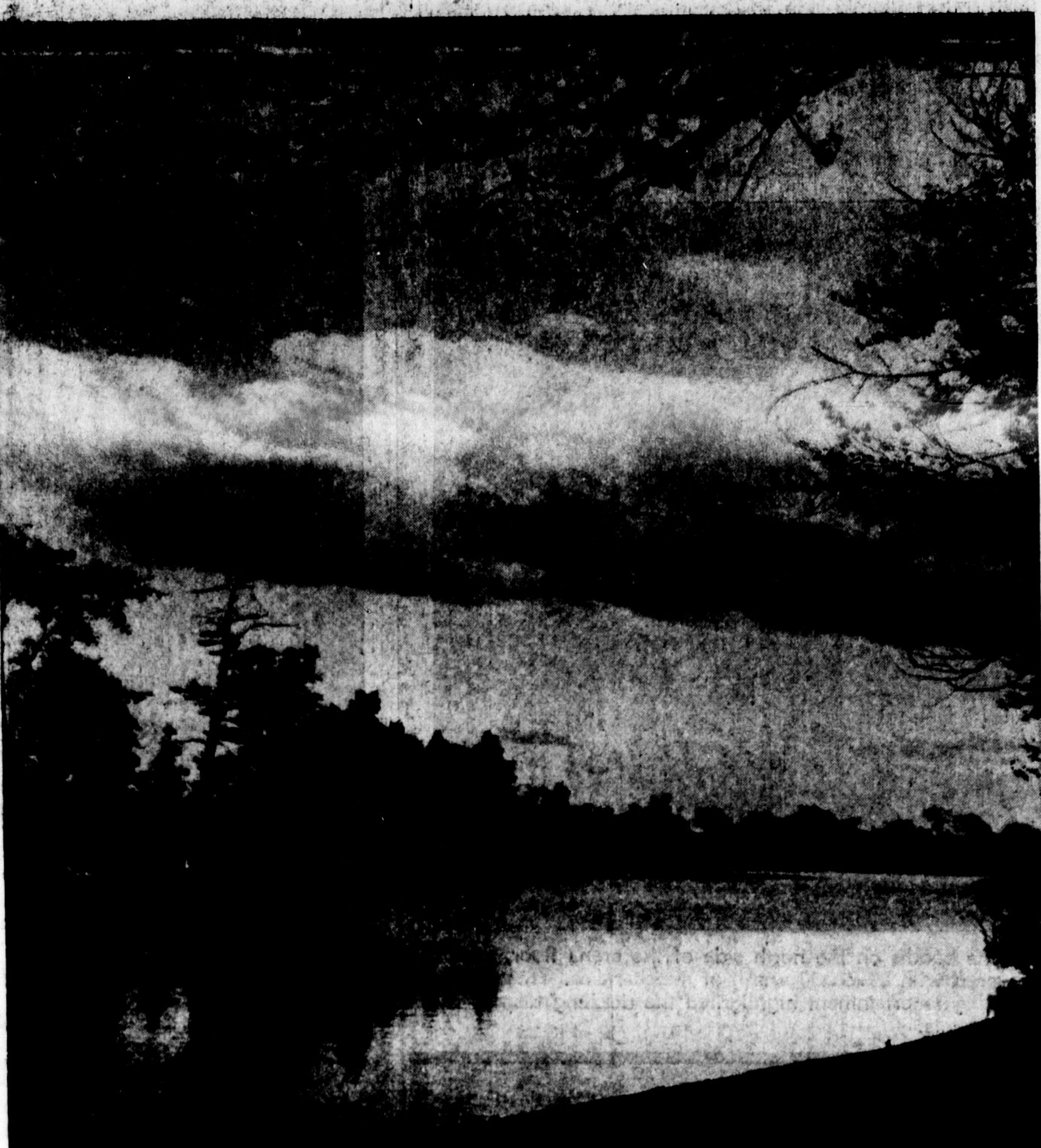
We never wish a publisher anything but good but we won't be happy if Mr. Thompson gets his 100 newspapers. Kind of hope two of them aren't ours.

A Continuing Need

In Toronto in 1920, there were 2,256 cases of diphtheria, and 224 deaths. Once toxoid was put into general use, this killer began to vanish, and in 1934, Toronto had its first year without a diphtheria death—first city of over 500,000 population in the world to achieve this miracle. There were no diphtheria cases in Toronto in 1958.

The fact that diphtheria has become so rare is no reason to neglect immunization.

Canada's 17th National Immunization Week, sponsored by the Health League of Canada, is emphasizing the importance of immunization in eliminating diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, smallpox and poliomyelitis.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

"Hints of Autumn"

... Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● WEEKENDS are gathering the activity momentum that usually accompanies the fall September days. Last weekend of course was Milton's Trade Fair, a chicken barbecue at Grace Anglican church, a baseball game in Campbellville and Milton, the annual Acton Fall Fair and probably a list of other activities that I haven't recalled.

● THE TRADE FAIR proved quite an interesting event. It is certainly one opportunity to meet a great many people and I'm sure it was interesting for most to see so much displayed in one convenient location. Part of the surprise was the number of goods that are available in Milton stores. Everything from food to appliances was on display. Several visitors expressed surprise to me, too, about the number of industries Milton really has and the variety of goods they produce.

● GETTING ready for a Trade Fair, on the part of the exhibitors, is quite a chore too, but I'm sure all felt repaid with the interest shown by those who visited the event. Exhibits were to be ready on Wednesday for the Thursday opening and every night from the previous Saturday, exhibitors were busily preparing. The arena was truly a hive of activity.

● ACTON FAIR had perfect

weather on Saturday and drew a good crowd of Miltonians too. The Aberdeen Angus Regional Show attracted a large entry of that breed and officials claimed they had over 600 birds in the poultry section for the largest entry ever there.

● RON RUPERT tells me he gained a recruit from our last mention of the Safety Council, and she is giving tremendous help as they prepare for Safety Week and their exhibit at Milton Fall Fair. It's good to see more help for community service groups.

● MILTON Intermediates staged a thriller on the weekend as they met Zurich in the first game of the Ontario Finals. While they claimed a win, it was only after a late inning tie and thrilling breakthrough. The provincial pennant may be here yet.

● THE NEW grandstand in the Agricultural Grounds is quite an imposing and sturdy structure. Talking with Allan Dixon last week and he said everything would be in good shape for the big event if the volunteers turned out this week. He pointed out that adequate lighting had been installed on the new grandstand to make night events quite possible there.

● I'M ALWAYS glad to see Letters to the Editor because they

indicate an interest and tendency away from the apathetic. There's one problem in handling them, though, and that is the length. Received one this week that would take at least 34 inches or about two solid columns of type. I'm sure the writer could have expressed his sentiments in fewer words and more effectively. In a paper the size of this one, such length just can't be accommodated. Please write but please be brief.

● OFTEN WONDERED just what happened to the parking meters and the Parking Authority here. Perhaps I've missed it some place but I haven't heard of any off-street parking plan yet. Hope the meters don't come before that, either.

● ONTARIO STREET is now open for traffic again after being closed while a new cement retaining wall was built to level out the railway crossing. Probably the filling will be done when time for paving the street approaches.

● MILTON LEGION members certainly got a rude shock when they went to the cemetery to prepare for Decoration Day. They found of the 125 crosses marking veterans' graves, that 10 were broken, one had been sawed off and two complete crosses were missing, including the bronze plaques. Discouraging, isn't it.

Sugar and Spice....

BY BILL SMILEY

It seems to me that about this time last year, I wrote a tender, lyrical column, practically an ode, about September. The golden, lingering days; the cool, haunting evenings; the farewell fling at the trout; the last, crisp game of golf; old Mother Nature lying, voluptuous, amid the fruits of her labor. Yes, September is the most delightful month of the year. I burred.

Well, I take it all back. You can take September, and if the ladies will leave the room for a moment, I'll tell you exactly what you can do with it.

This September has scarred me for life, and has also clipped a few years from my allotted span of same. What happened? I got caught with my pipes down.

On September 9th, it was 90 degrees in our upstairs, and we all lay around on our beds, naked as newts, gasping and calling for water. On September 14th, it was 44 in our upstairs. The kids lay moaning with cold under heaps of blankets. Downstairs Playboy howled with chill. And in our bed, the Old Lady and I, swaddled in flannellette pyjamas, clutched each other, a hot water bottle, and the hope that a miracle would happen and the heat wave would be back in the morning.

September is an irresponsible, teacherous harlot of a month, with a big, phoney, warm smile that hides a heart of solid cold.

Oh, it isn't as though I didn't realize that fall and the cool we-

ther were on the way. Sundays, as I lay on the lawn, several times my mind had drifted around to the backyard, where my furnace pipes lay, soaking up the sun. I'd even contacted the repair man to come and take on that dragon in my cellar, that emits sparks and roars when approached. My stoker that is.

I had even, while fighting the heat wave with a refreshing drink, said to myself grimly: "Must get at the cellar and get last winter's ashes out so I can get the coal in early this year. Don't want the coal truck driving over the lawn when it's all soft from those fall rains. Better get that broken window in the living room fixed, too. Things are going to be different this year."

So you see, it isn't as though I wasn't fairly well prepared. But I didn't expect my old sweetheart September to put me over a barrel, pull the rug from under my feet, lower the boom on me, and stab me in the back, all in one fell swoop.

I thought the Old Lady was going to commit either suicide or murder, that first morning after the mercury had taken its swan dive. I explained to her that everything was practically ready to turn on the heat, that all I had to do was get the pipes cleaned and put up, get the man to fix the furnace, and get all the cellar cleaned up and the coal in, and we'd be in business.

"Which hotel," she enquired, her breath wreathing into the kit-

chen air like cigar smoke, "are we going to stay in until then?" We have two hotels in town so I was in a quandary. Not to mention a pickle.

I did everything in my power to cheer up that old gang of mine. Songs, witty sayings, funny faces. Philosophy, like "you should be glad you don't have to suffer like the folks in Russia." I rushed out and borrowed two electric heaters. I turned on all burners and the oven in the electric stove. I even turned on all the lights in the house.

It was hopeless. They just sat there, hands tucked in their armpits, looking like three penguins and a seal pup sitting on an ice floe. I went to work with my tail between my legs and the bats of panic in my belfry. It was worse at lunch hour. While I bustled around, getting hot soup, the kids rubbed their hands together and told about how warm it had been in school, and my wife dragged from me the confession that we had a fire on at the office.

I won't go into all the sordid details: how I pleaded with people to put up my pipes; how I begged the harassed esal merchant to get me a couple of bags down to the house; how I rigged up a makeshift to get the furnace going. It's all too humiliating.

That's why, if you ever hear me singing any peanons of praise to September, ever again, I want you to push me, gently but firmly, in front of a speeding hot-rod.

The Turning Point

BY J. M. STARR

Several years ago now I took up one of the happiest hobbies one can indulge in. It came to me quite by chance. I couldn't resist offering a few pointers to a child who was occupied with a giant box of water colors and a well-used brush. She was so obviously delighted with the few dashes of color I added to her scene that I purchased a little box of my own that very day.

Fascinated with the results produced, I experimented still further with oils. I have never looked back. Painting has everything to offer as a hobby. Your mind is impregnated with a deep new awareness of the beauty of color and form around you.

You notice for the first time the intricate structure of one tiny leaf, the many colors of the spectrum that make up the "white" snow, the varied planes of the human face, the myriad of shades, tones and reflected lights that comprise a distant horizon.

Now have you ever really noticed the color of a shadow? Is it blue—or purple—or perhaps it is just light grey.

Old people, ill people, introverts and extroverts, farmers and doctors, homemakers and teachers, people from all walks of life are turning more and more to this rewarding hobby.

If you have a dollar to invest in your personal happiness, treat yourself to a little box of water colors, a brush or two and some art paper.

Painting can be your turning point toward a far greater happiness.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, September 23, 1909.

Mr. and Miss Livingston gave a corn roast to about 50 of their friends, old and young, at Livingston Park. The corn was roasted over an open fire and eaten as soon as done. The guests were also treated to melons and ice cream. The night was fine and warm, the park was illuminated and the scene was very pretty. All enjoyed themselves greatly.

On Friday, the Hon. W. J. Hanna, provincial secretary, and Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, inspected land near Oakville which is under consideration for the site of the Central Prison. There has been considerable delay in securing the land which contains the necessary constituents of quarry and arable soil.

Cecil Earl won 27 first and five second prizes with his chickens at Brampton Fair yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Chisholm have come home from their summer residence at Burlington.

The woodwork at the court house is being painted. The work is being done by prisoners who are experts with the brush and is well done.

G. H. Wrigglesworth left yesterday evening for the Calgary branch of the Merchants' Bank to which he has been transferred.

A new camp, Canadian Order Woodmen of the World, was instituted here recently. About a score and a half propositions were presented to form the new camp, all of whom are stalwart and enterprising citizens of the town. After the candidates received the most impressive initiation ceremony, the general business, election and installation of officers followed.

Milton fruit owners are complaining that their trees and vines are being robbed by boys. The constables are on the alert and anyone caught will be prosecuted and punished severely.

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, September 21, 1939.

Canadian Active Service Force enlistments from Milton: H. Bousfield, CASC; F. Brush, RE; Jack Brush, 48th; John Collis, Lorne Scots; S. Lambert, CASC; Les Collis, PPCLI; W. C. Cross, Lorne Scots; Dr. F. M. Lott, CDC; George Smillie Jr., RE; L. Stephens, Lorne Scots; J. W. Turner, Lorne Scots; F. W. B. Fitzgerald, CDS.

The I.O.D.E. will supply wool for the knitting of socks for our soldier boys. The wool can be had from Mrs. P. W. Cooke, Mrs. Frank Thompson, Mrs. Goodchild and Miss Ellen Little.

On Wednesday, unnoticed by his parents, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mitchell shoved a celluloid comb in front of the kitchen stove which almost immediately burst into flames and burned the child about the head and face. He was rushed to the office of Dr. Bruce Freed for treatment.

R. W. Bell, graduate optometrist, has opened one of the best equipped and modern optical parlors in Ontario.

A large sum of money and 50 articles of clothing were donated by Milton residents at a special meeting of the local chapter I.O. D.E. Donations received will go to school children evacuated from the large cities in Britain. The meeting was in charge of Mrs. M. E. Gowland, convener of the war committee.

Mrs. T. C. Dales and Mrs. M. T. Harris returned last week from a very pleasant trip to Bruce Peninsula. The trip included Beaverton, Barrie, Midhurst Provincial Park, Meaford, Owen Sound, Wiarton, Lion's Head and Tobermory.

On Friday afternoon, a going away shower was given by neighbors and friends in honor of Miss Marjorie Hadley. Marjorie has been enrolled in Trinity College, having been successful in obtaining her senior matriculation at Milton high school.

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