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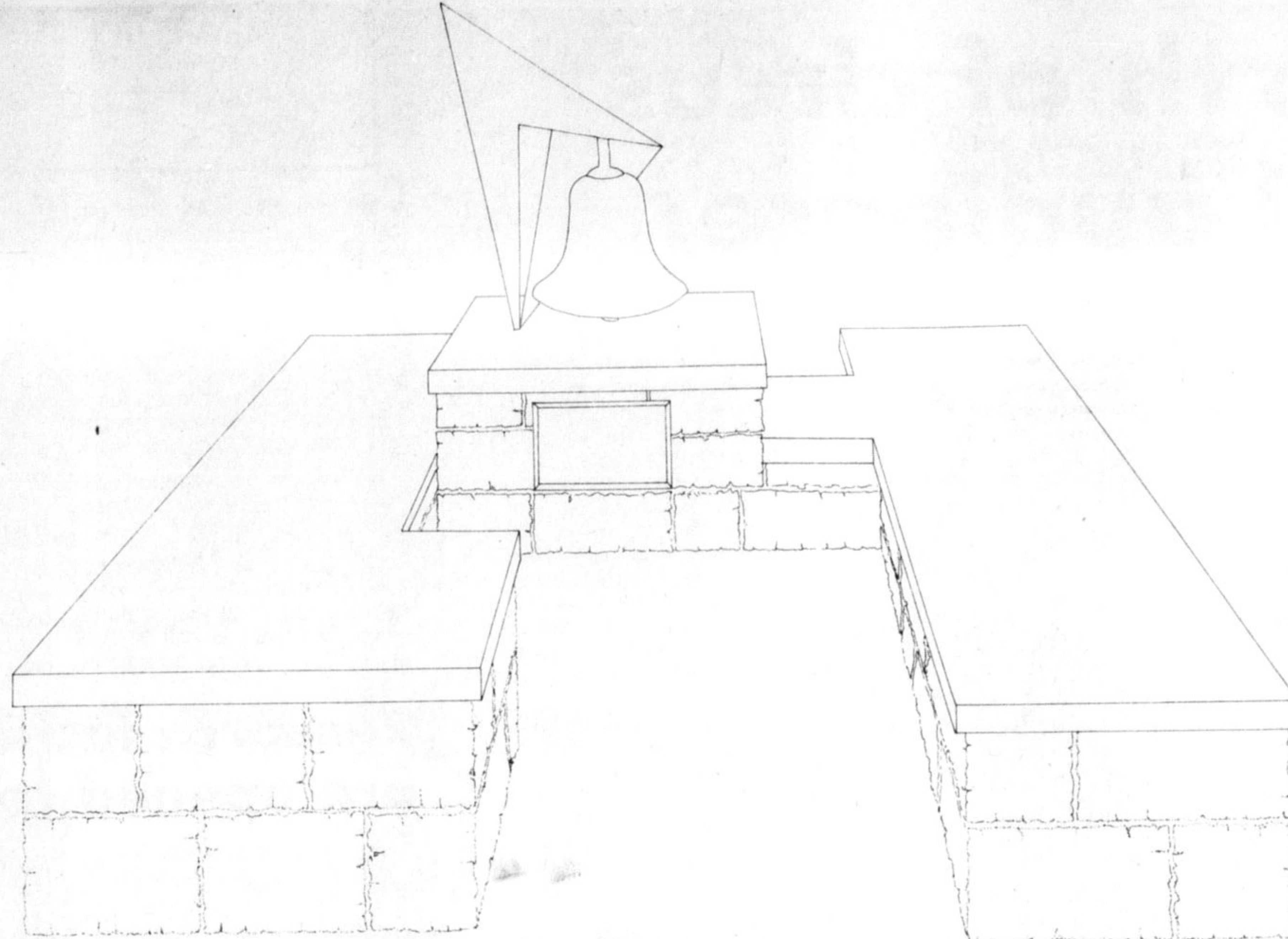
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, July 10, 1952.

"I hope that those who come through these doors will find comfort, security and contentment of mind." Hon. W. A. Goodfellow, Minister of Welfare for Ontario said in declaring Halton Centennial Manor officially open Sunday before a large crowd that weathered a scorching sun to attend the official opening.

Financial settlement by agreement between committees as set up by both Halton and Peel county councils was satisfactorily concluded, it was reported by K. Y. Dick to Halton County Council at its regular monthly meeting held Tuesday. Peel agreed to pay Halton \$46,000 for the jointly owned home at Brampton.

Milton Council met on Monday night for the last time in the present council chambers. On Friday (tomorrow) evening the council will convene in the new council rooms. From 7.30 to 9.30 the new library, police office and council chambers will be open for inspection.

At a meeting on Monday, July 7 of the Board of Education for Trafalgar Township School Area, J. K. Giles tendered his resignation as a member of the board. Since the inception of the township area board in 1945 Mr. Giles has been a faithful member of the board, giving unsparingly of his time.



BRUCE ST. CAIRN: This is a drawing of a proposed cairn, which could be erected at the Bruce St. Public School site, if and when the school is torn down. Halton County Board of Education has not yet decided to demolish the 115-year-old stone structure, but if it gets knocked down, many would like to see a cairn incorporating the old school bell erected on the grounds. This was one of three designs displayed at the school reunion and this one was favored by most of the visitors. It would be built with stones from the school walls and the bell from the rooftop would be held in place with metal from the fire escapes. The cairn would be in the shape of the school.

VOL. 113 - No. 11 MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1972 Second Section

It starts at home

The home and the school have to be a team in preparing students for a rapidly changing society. One can't expect the other to accept the full responsibility.

Recent meetings between parents, high school officials and staff indicated the school can do certain things, but parental discipline, applied in the home atmosphere, is still of prime importance. Milton District High School principal Charles Hunter summed it up well when he said "we have a common job to do, and we won't get it done if we don't work together."

Sitting through those two recent meetings, we came away with the impression the school is doing all it can humanly do to stem the consumption of alcohol and drugs and to keep the students guided toward proper moral conduct. There are some who claim the school is falling down and being too lenient with the students, but some of the responsibility has to rest with the parents.

Current problems are, simply, a reflection of Society 1972. The school is forced to accept what society accepts. The parents have to set the examples. The old song "everybody else is doing it" should not sway those aware and interested parents who stand by those

principles they feel are right, no matter what pressures of the masses are exerted on them.

So long as society is plagued with the problems of drugs, alcohol and loose morals, the school will be plagued with similar problems. It was pointed out that Milton District High School is not alone in these problems—every other school in the country is facing similar challenges too.

Reading an abundance of magazine articles on parenthood and child-rearing, parents may soon be brain-washed into feeling they are "not with it". But we're inclined to feel parents are as much "with it" as always, they just need the courage of their convictions to enforce the rules.

A writer once likened teenagers to apples. The home is the "farmer" who plants, cultivates, feeds and shelters the apples. The school, he said, is only the place where apples go to be "polished" and prepared for market. If the apple farmer falls down on his job and doesn't raise an A-1 crop, the apple polisher can't be expected to wave a magic wand and transform the culls into a highly marketable product.

It all boils down to the fact that education begins and ends in the home. What do you think?

Commenting briefly

Women's Lib supporters will be happy to note the female students outranked the boys in the Grade 13 lists published in last week's Champion. Five girls were among the top seven Ontario Scholars who received Ontario Scholarships for over 80 per cent (with three Susans heading the list) and all five students who obtained a place on the school's first class honors list for having over 75 per cent in their exams were from the distaff side of the line.

A Winnipeg family volunteered to live a 100 per cent Canadian life for three weeks as a project organized by the Financial Post Magazine. The result? "You go to work naked and riding a dogsled, but you save money." The family found transportation, clothing and reading material the biggest problems because there is no such thing as an all-Canadian motor vehicle, Canadian-made clothes just don't compete price-wise, and home-grown literature is pretty sparse. The bright spot came when the family went shopping. By buying all-Canadian groceries and household goods the Kings made some real savings—up to 25 per cent and 50 per cent on some items. Total savings made by buying Canadian—15.8 per cent or \$7.90 on a \$50 grocery bill. Proving it pays to shop Canadian, except for those things

which are not made here. It also illustrates we all have some amount of interdependence on trade with other countries. Trade is a two way street. If we do not buy imported products, other countries won't buy Canadian products.

Seeing the crowds at the circus performance at the arena Saturday put down any worries we had about today's children being jaded by TV and disinterested in seeing the real thing, live and in living color right in their own home town. Of course a circus, whether it's on TV or around the corner, has always been a big attraction for the younger set. And the adults, too.

The complaint is often heard that there is nothing for girls to do in a community. The new girls' softball league operating in Milton is so successful it proves girls are just as anxious as boys to participate in sports. Let's hope a winter program may develop too in basketball, volleyball or other activities.

Cycling is really catching on in Milton and with Main St. ripped up the way it is today, maybe cycling is the answer to the downtown traffic problems.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Don't hold your breath waiting for its publication, but this is the summer I'm going to write a book.

It's the tenth summer in a row that I've been going to write a book, but this year will be different. It's the year in which I'm not going to write a novel.

Other summers I didn't get around to writing a play, or an expose of the educational system, or a series of pungent essays, or an attack on marriage. This year it's the novel.

That doesn't leave too much, does it? Maybe I'll write a "slim" volume of verse. Any dam' fool can write poetry these days.

The secret is to avoid capital letters and punctuation, make your lines all different lengths, toss in a little erotic imagery, and make the end result a visceral experience which nobody understands.

Here, just to show you what I mean. If you don't get a real charge out of it, a profound emotional experience, that is, and haven't a clue what it's about, you're a connoisseur of modern poetry. Oh, one other thing: no rhyme please. We'll just call it

Poem

yesterday in the supermarket a fat lady or maybe she wasn't really a lady ran over my foot not really ran but walked. I guess it was her buggy

laden with a quarter-ton of cat food and orange juice and tide and glide and wax and snacks and four cases of non-returnable bottles and twelve pounds of pallid meat two bags of spuds 16 cans of chunky soup that ran over my foot (not the soup) driving my seed wart into my metatarsal I wept not because it hurt like hell but for lovable fat ladies and unlovable supermarkets and because I couldn't do a thing.

Now, don't tell me that's not a poem. It was a vivid personal experience which I attempted to convey to the reader. It's got everything. There's sex in it: a secret yearn for fat ladies; the word metatarsal. There's plenty of concrete images. There's symbolism: how about seed wart? a fertility symbol if I ever saw one. There's masochism, social criticism and a deep personal sense of futility and frustration. It's what I would call universal in its appeal.

They won't all be so deep and bitter, of course. There'll be the hearty bucolic touch: The garden ain't hoed

The lawn ain't mowed But I'll be blown If she's going to goad Me into doing any of them.

Then there'll be the fragile, tender little lyric that makes real poetry lovers just wriggle and almost turn themselves inside out. Something like:

I love myself more than anybody but you sorry baby but maybe it's not even true.

Sorry about that rhyme, but sometimes it just comes so automatic-like you can't hold it back.

And of course there'll be some dramatic narrative stuff. I'm working on a sort of epic called The Day I Shot the Black Squirrel Thinking It Was a Black Bear. But it still needs a little polishing in the last twelve cantos.

Maybe you think this is just advance publicity for my book. But I guarantee there'll be something for everyone, though some of it will be pretty strong stuff, and you may have to hide it from your teenage kids. I was thinking particularly of a couple: Down By the Old Gravel Pit, and Let Me Call You Meatead.

But there's also some stuff coming up that is really haunting. One is entitled simply "Puke". It is based on a great storm when I, as junior porter, did great things with a mop after people were sea-sick. It's been haunting me ever since, anyway.

So, there's a delectable foretaste of my summer project. I can hardly wait to get started. Except that I have a golf date, then I'm going swimming, then there's a barbecue, and somehow after a day like that, the Muse and I are both ready for the sack.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, July 13, 1922.

Paris, stirred by a 40,000,000 franc fire that consumed a big department store, is considering the equipment of airplanes with fire extinguishing bombs. These would be filled with a gas that chokes out the flames without being injurious to the neighboring populations.

Oakville and Burlington are enforcing the laws applying to motor cars. Police Magistrates Speers and Barr have fined a number of offenders for speeding, insufficient light, etc. Some examples should be made in Milton too.

Three Inland Revenue officers from Hamilton were in town on Monday. It was understood that they were trying to locate an illicit still somewhere in this neighborhood, but, if so, they appear to have failed. Nobody has been prosecuted.

The largest fee ever earned by a lawyer is the ten thousand guineas which Barrington Ward, K.C. will receive for going to Egypt to defend a wealthy Albanian accused of attempting to poison Lord Allenby.

A number of pupils wishing to attend Milton High School want board and room for the next term, September to December. Anyone willing to accept one or two pupils will kindly communicate with Fred D. Dewar, Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stewart have gone to Muskoka for three weeks.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, July 11, 1872.

Constantinople has a newspaper printed in the English language.

A report having been circulated that Kilbride was afflicted with scarlet fever, we are requested to state that no case of either scarlet fever or small-pox has made its appearance in that lively village.

A Social will be given by Mrs. Jeffery in the basement of the Wesleyan Church, Milton next Tuesday.

On Saturday last D. McNab, of Kilbride, sailed per S. S. Antwerp from New York, on his way to Europe to make fall purchases for the firm of which he is a member.

We regret to hear of the destruction by fire on Monday morning, of Mr. Logan, McCann's woollen factory near Milton. The mill had been idle for a short time, but McCann was preparing to resume operations and had a large supply of wool on hand, which was partly covered by insurance.

Rev. James McAlister will preach a sermon to his congregation at Kilbride, next Sunday, July 14, on the subject of temperance and against the drinking usages of the day.

The MAIL of Tuesday announces that C. C. McKindsey is in the field as a ministerial candidate for the Commons.

Exciting history abounds in New Brunswick

Fourth in a Series By Jim Dills

History, revealing and exciting, abounds in New Brunswick where the nation's first settlers made their homes, faced the early hazards of pioneer life and survived to breach the vast, untamed and inhospitable land beyond. Looking out on a narrow neck of land that joins New Brunswick and Nova Scotia stood Fort Beausejour, now a National Historic Park. The isthmus of Chignecto had been settled by the French about 1672 and the Fort was the scene of a confrontation between French and English forces. In 1751 Fort Beausejour consisted of an unsupported wooden palisade with five bastions, a men's barracks and an officers' barracks with clay chimneys, a storehouse, a guard house and a powder magazine.

Construction advanced the fort to more impressive dimensions and it played an interesting role in the French-English battle of 1755. The English captured the fort, provisional articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed and the isthmus passed completely into the hands of the British.

Powder magazine Today the fort is undergoing restoration but even without the work being completed the symmetrical system of advanced trenches built soon after the fort's capture, can be seen around the camp outside the fort. By 1757 a palisaded spur was constructed containing barracks and workshops, now gone, as well as a brick and stone powder magazine whose base still remains.

The fall of Beausejour was not very significant in the struggle between the French and English. The French military garrison captured was not imprisoned. Some repairs to the fort were apparently made at the beginning of the War of 1812 but

seems to have been abandoned soon after the war and by the middle of the century farm buildings had been put up at the site.

The pentagonal shape of the fort can still be traced clearly and one of the stone casemates built after the siege has been restored. North of the fort can be seen the system of entrenchments, raised around the camp at the same period.

Ships by rail Fort Beausejour also includes a museum and plans of the Chignecto Marine Railway indicate how it was planned to transport ships by railway across the narrow neck of land to the St. Lawrence River. The project was well advanced when the capital ran out and it had to be abandoned. A canal in the area was out of the question because of the

high tides which are known in the Bay of Fundy and the difference in elevation with the St. Lawrence. Remnants of that early project are still evident in certain areas.

It was in the areas of the high tides that the Micmac Indians carried out one of their infamous tortures on the French or English captives. They staked their prisoners in the mud flats at low tide and as the sinking sand engulfed them, the tide rose and a double torture was inflicted.

Between Moncton and Sackville you'll come across the Keillor House at Dorchester, restored and refurbished as a centennial project of the Westmorland Historical Society.

Located behind large trees on a grassy knoll with a magnificent view of the broad

Memramcook Valley, Dorchester Island and Shepody Bay, the house of yearly Regency architecture was the home of John Keillor. He came from Yorkshire, England as a boy in 1774 settling with his family. By 1813, married with a family and a man of some wealth, he moved into this large stone house.

Total of nine fireplaces The original heating, of course, was by fireplaces and in the restoration two fireplaces were discovered that had been hidden in later years by false walls. They make a total of nine fireplaces.

From the kitchen a very narrow spiral staircase goes up three storeys to the farm boy's attic bedroom. The stair is an interesting piece of carpentry with a width

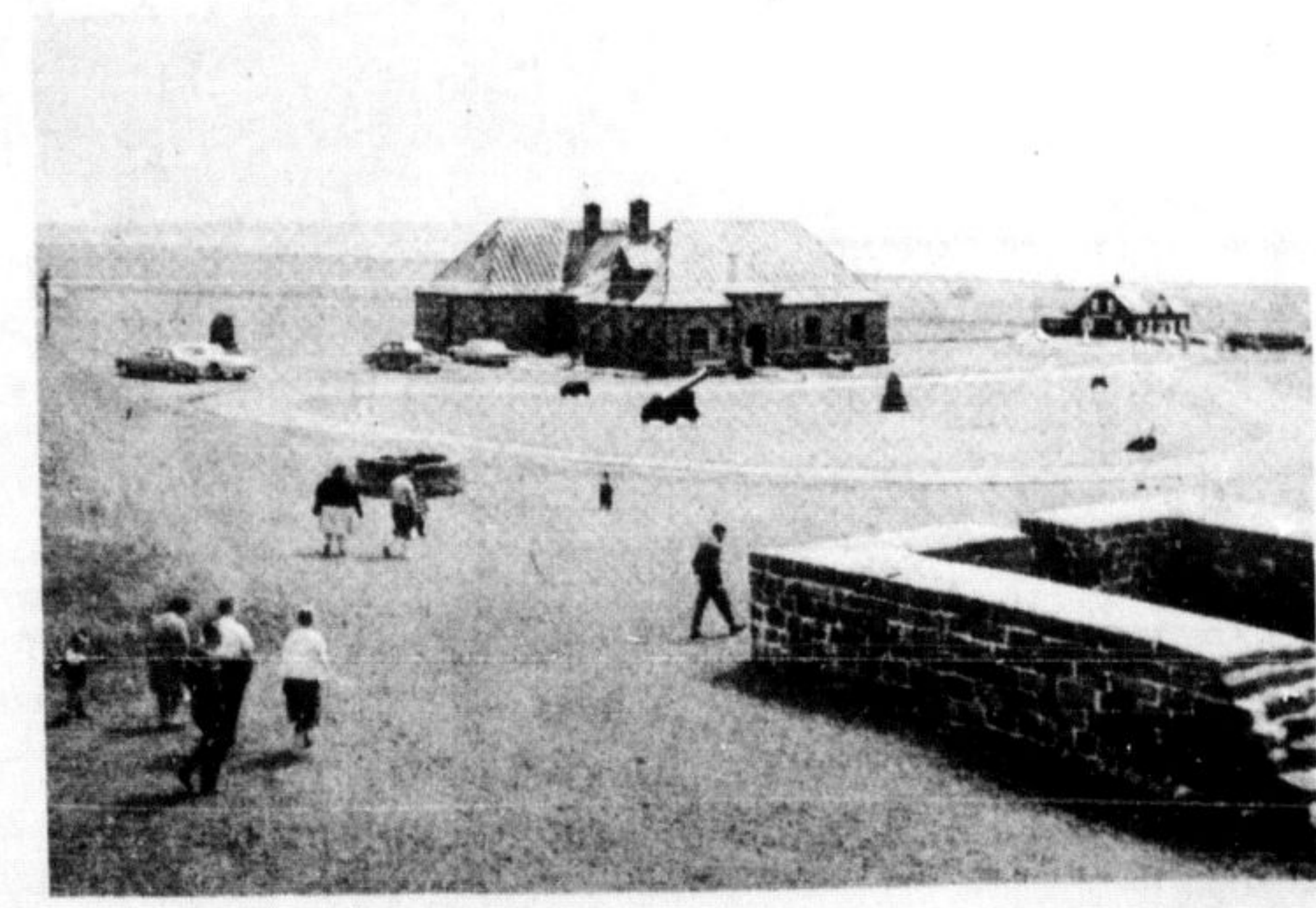
not over two feet. Once a thriving settlement, Dorchester is now more generally known as the site of a penitentiary. It was John Keillor's wife's family that owned the site many years ago on which that penitentiary is located.

History is evident in many part of New Brunswick. Dates in the 1700s are as common as those in the 1800s in this area, indicating the earlier period of settlement.

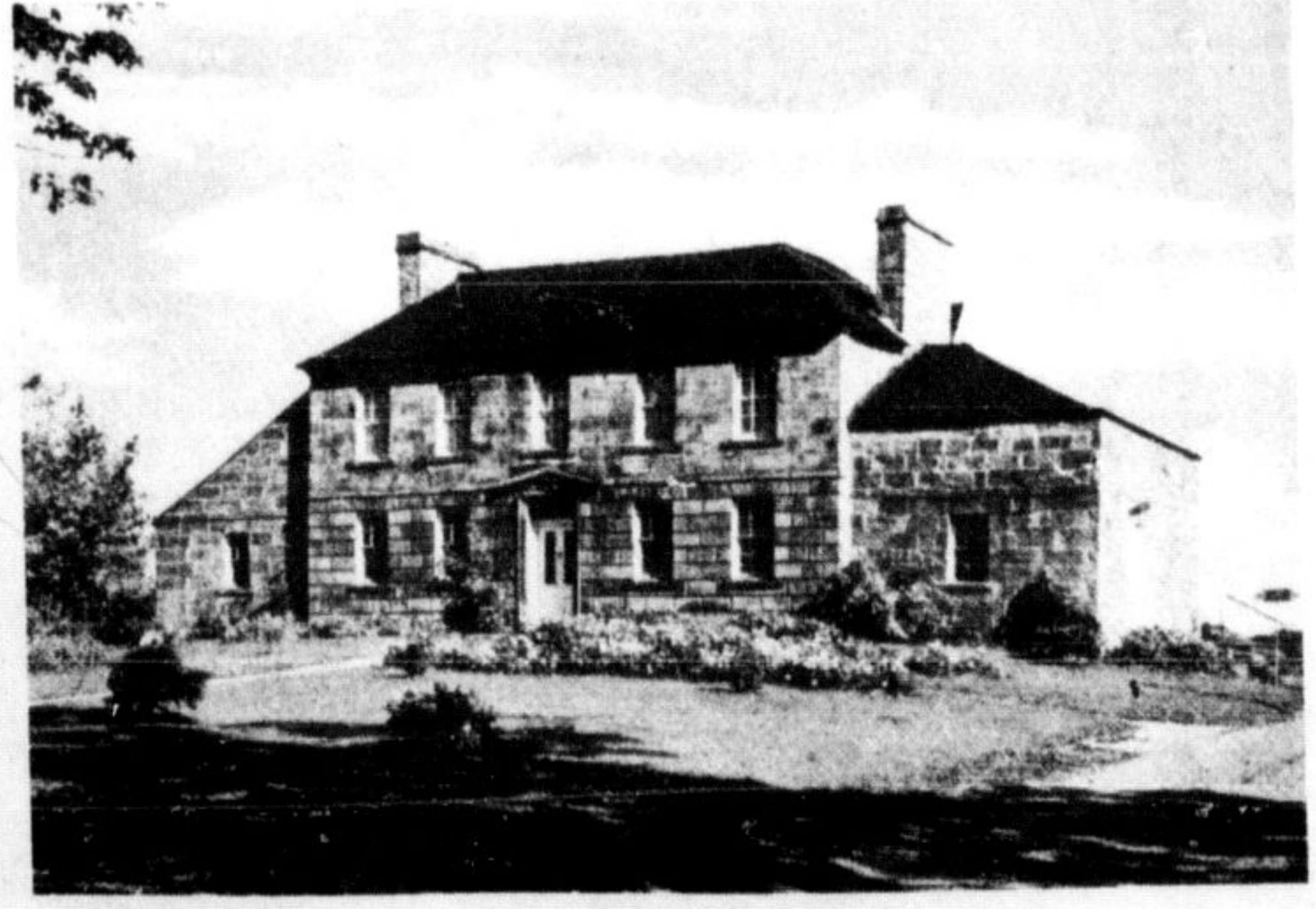
One of the latest tourist gimmicks allowing you to bring back a little history is to make charcoal rubbings of unique plaque or gravestone markers. Tourism New Brunswick has produced a booklet on the subject which you can get by writing them at Box 1030, Fredericton.

Bring back some history A popular art form, they might record for you the inscription on a stone at Lake George United Church Cemetery near Prince William "Annie Lawson was shot by Mr. Valentine" or the one on Bear Island on the St. John River "She came in 1783". There are historic site markers through New Brunswick too, that could be interesting posters in your recreation room. At Saint John there are markers noting a treaty with the Indians circa 1778, the United Empire Loyalists' landing 1783 or the invention of the first steam fog horn.

New Brunswick has deep roots in history. Discovered in 1534 by Jacques Cartier, it was explored by Samuel de Champlain in 1604. Champlain wintered that year on an island near St. Andrews, close by what is today the world's largest lobster packing plant. The province was ceded to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 and became a permanent British possession in 1736. It separated from Nova Scotia and became a province in 1784 as a result of the great influx of United Empire Loyalists.



FORT BEAUSEJOUR, A NATIONAL HISTORIC PARK



KEILLOR HOUSE, DORCHESTER BUILT ABOUT 1813

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION. Published by DILLS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. LTD. 191 Main St. East, Milton, Ontario. Phone 878-2341. Includes logo and subscription information.