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Arsenic anyone?

Imagine it's a boiling hot summer afternoon.

The August heat haze is so thick it can be felt against the skin.

You remember that bottle of "fresh Halton Hills stream water" you purchased from the Mil-Hal Hills Bottling Co.

As you pour it into a glass crammed with ice cubes, you notice the contents' label printed on the side of the bottle and are struck with amazement.

This product contains: Arsenic, Cyanide, Lead, Mercury, Barium, Cadmiym, Chloride, Phosphorous, Sulphate, Sulphide, Chromium, Hydrogen Sulphide, Phenolic Compounds, Tin, Zinc, Copper, and Aluminum.

If the Mil-Hal Bottling Co. was a fly-by-night operation and they their "fresh Halton Hills stream water" from one of the Region's many creeks that flow into sanitary sewers, the above contents might be just what you could expect to find in your glass.

The Region's public works department is currently trying to set limits on the chemicals named above in hopes of bringing them within acceptable levels.

It should be noted that all the above chemicals and poisons are accepted to be in sewage water

being treated right now and that the problem is just how much of these substances are "legal" before fines are levied against transgressors.

Some of the limits being suggested are: one milligram of arsenic per litre, two milligrams of cyanide per litre; 1,500 milligrams of chloride per litre; and 1,500 milligrams of sulphate per litre as the list goes on.

And just to add a little"kick" to that drink, how about this little paragraph on what is and isn't acceptable in our water.

"Radioactive materials except as may be permitted under the Atomic Energy Control Act, R.S.C. 1970 and the amendments thereto and regulations thereunder."

Oh! The Region also thinks that more than 100 milligrams per litre of solvents extracted from animal or vegetable matter is a no-no.

These and many more restrictions on what are acceptable levels of contaminents in sewage water will be going to the Region council in the form of a bylaw soon.

Until then, it may be wise to heed the warning of so many travel agents: Don't drink the water!



Officeat

with ROD LAMB

Need to believe



l get rather depressed talking to my

Wherever I look, with whoever I speak, I find a greater degree of mediocrity in thought, a deterioration in morals and a loss of destiny.

This is not common to Milton but to western society.

The very progress and security which our fathers built for us following the Second World War, is inadvertently eroding our character.

No more does everyone seek to build a better world. Rather, people look at the world and see what it can do for them. I live in an area ruled by the dollar. Money means everything. And yet, because the value of that dollar has dec-

lined, it has lost meaning. No longer does a raise spell a change in living standards, unless it is a major one. Government taxes and inflation are wreaking havoc. People are not as willing

to work for the future. They want every-

This is most alarming in my generation and the one following. Live for today is their creed. Let tomorrow take care of itself.

It has been my experience that unless · you are working hard for the future, the present is not enjoyable. Man needs to toil. But he needs the

confidence his labor will be rewarded, not for himself, then for his children. I question whether my labor is going to yield the kind of world I want my children

to inherit. Can I, in this rapidly changing community, assure myself, I will be able to

pass onto my children the kind of world I would be proud? I don't think so. Everywhere I look, I see the signs of

decay; not so much in things physical, but, in matters mental which pertain to the way men think.

I am not excited about the goals which man today is setting for himself and his

children. They are lifeless.

Sugar and Spice our odd weather

A two-car house in suburbia with a steady job is not the dream it once was. With this loss in faith in things material forsee an increasing turn back to the

For there, there is belief in eternal life and the hope that good will prevail. An example is Pope John Paul II's recent visit to his native Poland.

An estimated 1.5 million people turned out to attend his final mass before returning to Rome, Italy.

That number of people in one place for one event for one reason, is staggering And it is the more incredible because it

occurred in a Communist country which does not condone religion or encourage it The fact that number of people turned out, is indicative of people turning towards

the church for guidance. Because, when man loses faith in himself, he turns to his gods, whoever they

For man is an imperfect creature and needs a belief in something greater than

From the August 15, 1929, issue Mayor and Mrs. E. Syer who have been spending their vacation at their summer cottage near Lake Huron, returned home

Some of the sidewalks in town are badly in need of repair.

visited their parents here recently. About 50 Miltonians spent Sunday at Burlington Beach where a record crowd of bathers enjoyed themselves, swimming in

Lake Ontario. Mrs. A. Robinson, Pine St., has returned home after visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. Thomson, Guelph. While there, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Mabel Robinson, Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Thomson and son, Robert, motored to Coldwater and visited Mrs.

The Hamilton Salvation Army Band will be in Milton on Saturday evening next. Aug. 17th, to hold open-air meetings.

Mrs. N. A. Sinclair has returned from an enjoyable vacation in Wasaga Beach Hugh Sinclair of Philadelphia, Pa., is

A fresh coat of paint has improved the

From the August 18, 1904 issue James Harold Bavide of Toronto, a first

Dr. and Mrs. J.F. McPherson and their two children of North Tonawanda, New York, and Dr. Mr. and Mrs. Potter of Niagara Falls South, N.Y., are touring Ontario in automobiles. They were in Milton yesterday and are visiting Dr. MacPherson's relatives and friends in

Some persons entered the back porch of Mrs. Steven's residence Main St., one night last week and took a laundry bag containing tablecloths, sheets, pillow slips, towels and other articles including

Last Monday night, someone entered the back yard of Wm. Andres and stripped the clothes line taking away everything that was on it.

BIA favors people

One good aspect of the Business Improvement Area (BIA) proposal to change the downtown to a semi-mall, is that it will bring an end to a pasttime which has been going on for years.

That is street racing.

Every Saturday night and many other nights especially in summer, cars that display noisy exhausts and altered suspensions, rumble up and down Main St.

Most of these chariots are torpedoed by young men out to show off and display their muscle through their machines.

It is trait common to most communities. But Milton has long had a tradition.

Journalists who have had to perform their tour of duty here for other papers, used to say the only exciting thing that happened in

Milton was the street-racing Saturday nights.

Just ask any Main St. resident. They will tell you that the roar of exhausts can be heard far into the

This kind of noise could be transferred to the side streets if the BIA proposal goes through. Curves in the road and narrowing the width of the street will constrict vehicles in favor of people.

"Sleeping policemen" — which are bumps in the road — would effectively lower the speed limit to 15 miles an hour. Any hotrodder who went faster would stand a good chance of losing his suspen-

Whatever shape the BIA proposal takes, the emphasis of the downtown will be on people, not

New energy source

A St. Thomas man has proven the feasibility of using waste products as an energy source. Assisted by government funds, he has tapped an old dumping ground, long since filled in and covered, to provide a big supply of methane gas. And that gas has been heating a 20 x 39 foot greenhouse for some time. He says the supply of gas from that one dump will last the present operation for 15 to 20 years.

Installation costs of such a heat source are high, says the green house owner, but after installation the fuel itself costs nothing. Oilfired heating units cost their operators in the range of \$25,000 per acre per year. In addition, of course, the burning off of the trapped methane may well prevent a tragedy in the future when uninformed developers try to use the dump site for housing.

Despite some public discussion on the use of waste product gases as fuel sources, we have read of very few other practical applications of the proven theory. Some years ago the Hon. Alvin Hamilton, former minister of Agriculture in the Diefenbaker government, was reported to have invested in a plant to produce

methane from animal manure out in Saskatchewan.

It sounded like a tremendous idea, for the extraction of the gas left the fertilizing qualities of the manure undimished-and odor-

less into the bargain. Certainly the process of extracting methane from municipal dumps should fill more than one urgent requirement, for our larger cities are trying in vain to find land into which they may dump their wastes. If a fuel potential can offset the nuisance value of garbage we should be doing all we

can to promote the plan. Wingham Advance-Times

During the five years period from 1972 to 1976, 944 children under 15 years of age died in accidents involving fire in Canada.

Instruct children to keep bedroom doors closed at night. It takes a fire from 10 to 15 minutes to burn through a wooden door, delaying the spread of fire and allowing more time to escape. Above all, impress upon them that once they have made their escape, never go back inside.

in print. I may be looking through drawers for my longjohns. That would be typical of the weather in this Canada of ours.

But as I write, holed up in my study with

Hot nuff fer ya? By the time this appears

with BILL SMILEY

the drapes drawn and the fan blowing, we're well into the second week of one of those scorching summer sessions that we masochists in this country endure and even enjoy, in a perverted way. We suffer, but we suffer with a certain

pride. One wilted citizen will say to another dripping one, "Ain't it a corker?" And the other will respond, almost joyously. "Never seen the beat of it."

On the streets of our towns and cities, we duck from one air-conditioned haven to another, catching our death of cold in the process. Smart people take a heavy sweater to the supermarket so they won' freeze their extremities, and peel right down to those extremities as soon as they get back into the street.

What a crazy way to live. Six months ago, and six months from now, we'll be doing the opposite, ducking from one overheated place to another, and bragging about the cold.

I wonder if there is another nation in the world that talks as much about the weather as does ours. I doubt it. Perhaps it is because we are rather shy and inarticulate when it comes to opening a conversation.

As a result, we commence with, "Cold nuff fer ya?", or, "Hot nuff fer ya?", and can nearly always be certain that the person spoken to, even a complete stranger, as long as he's a Canadian, will respond with something like, "Real brute, izzen it?" This retort covers extreme days in either winter or summer.

If an immigrant, unfamiliar with our opening gambits, makes a sensible remark about the weather, such as "My, it is unpleasantly warm today, is it not?", we go right on the defensive with, "Ah, this is

just right. Wait'll the real heat wave hits. It'll slaughter ya."

Or if a similarly untutored foreigner,

just trying to be pleasant, says in February, "Mein Gott, zis is a cold country in vinter, hein?", we snarl, "Nah, she's mild this year. Ya shoulda been here last winter. Forty below for three weeks straight." Yes, there is a certain arrogance in Canadians when it comes to our weather. No-

body much likes rain and wind. But when it

comes to hot and cold, we are fascinated by temperatures. We exchange weather reports. We remember winters and summers as far back as 30 years. If some unusually urbane Canadian ventures to utter a, "Nice day, eh?", we usually come back with a yabbut. "Yabbut

there's a big blizzard comin' in from the

West." Or. "Yabbut it's supposed to rain

all next week." Canadians know, without being told, that if a winter week has been sunny and sparkling, it's going to snow and blow on the weekend. They are positive that, if the summer has been ideal, warm and dry and delightful so far, it will be cold and wet

when it's their turn to go on holidays. The weather is so much a part of our national psyche that it's a wonder it hasn't crept into politics. On second thought, it has. Elections are carefully geared so that they don't occur in midsummer, when nobody gives a damn about politics, nor in mid-winter, when it's too cold to get out to

One of these days, so enthralled are we with the weather, that we'll probably have couple of guys running for prime minister who are weather forecasters. And the ones who gives us the most horrendous forecasts will win in a walk.

I am not sneering at my fellow Canadians' obsession with the weather. I am as bad as the next. There's nothing I enjoy more, on a winter day, than blustering in

from the cold, tearing off my boots and overcoat, and asking all and sundry, "Did you ever see such a rotten winter?" And sure enough, someone will retort, "Yabbut we had two feet more snow this time last

In summer, I sizzle around the golf course (my body, not my score) and whine with the best of them, "Isn't this brutal? My lawn is baked black. It was 98 in our bedroom last night." And one of the foursome will come back with, "Yabbut remember last summer, when we hadda play in rubber boots and mackinaws?" You can't win.

One of the few Canadians who doesn't care about the weather is my wife. When we had babies, she'd pop into the office in the middle of a blizzard. "What in the Sam Hill are you doing out on a day like this?"

And I'd discover that she'd thought the baby needed some fresh air, and pushed the carriage through the snow for half a

Her indifference to our great national conversation piece infuriates me. We had a bitter quarrel just this week. I'd been out in the car, and told her the guy on the radio said it was 96 downtown. She said she didn't believe him. With a touch of warmth, I repeated what the guy on the radio had said. Ninety-six degrees.

"It couldn't be."

"Why not?"

"Because it doesn't feel that hot. And what does it matter, anyway?"

You can see why I blew my top. Matter? What could be more important?

There is no single element in this country that is more important to us Canadians than our love-hate relationship with the weather. In fact, it may be the only thing that will hold this country together, when all the referendums have

of community interest. Mr. Morrow said the claim was not representative of the general public and the report was biased against regional governments. Milton Mayor Don Gordon ordered the flags at town hall flown at half-staff following the death of Pope Paul VI. Many

followed suit.

Turning the Pages

of the Past

One year ago

From the August 16, 1978, issue

Emergency polio vaccinations were

restricted to persons 18 years of age and

under, it was announced by Dr. Joseph

Chamberlain, Halton's Medical Officer of

Health. The vaccinations were in demand

following a reported outbreak of polio in

Oxford County, just outside Woodstock.

The supply of vaccine ran short, however.

Milton evangelist Rev. Ken Campbell

ended a 15-day hunger strike after he

received an "appropriate response" from

Education Minister Tom Wells. Rev.

Campbell was protesting the Ministry's

involvement in a \$300,000 research project

which included the appointment of Laurier

LaPierre as commissioner. Mr. LaPierre,

a former CBC broadcaster, was earning an

annual salary of \$90,000 as commissioner.

highly critical of a report by Liberal

MPP's. The report said there was general

public dissatisfaction with regional

governments because of the cost and lack

private businesses and industries in town

Regional Chairman Ric Morrow was

20 years ago

From the August 13, 1959, issue Construction of the new \$500,000 I.G.A. Supermarket would begin "very shortly" said Mike Ledwith of Ledwith's Food Markets Ltd. Mr. Ledwith said construction would begin soon after he signed the

Nassagaweya got a new, \$160,000 eightroom school near Brookville, it was announced. The school would draw pupils from the entire township, except for Campbellville. The school was expected to be ready for use by the fall of 1960.

An application for a six-lot subdivision was turned down by Milton Council because it would further aggravate an imbalance between industrial and residential assessment. The site was the north of Woodward Ave., and east of Martin St

The developer was Brian Best. Milton's pee-wee all-star baseball team defeated Acton 12-7, winning the chance to enter the Ontario Baseball Association

playdowns. Expropriation proceedings began to give the town the ability to extend Parkway Dr. across the Sixteen Mile Creek to meet with Commercial St., also to be extended. New subdivisions in the area were the reason for the road extensions.

A 17-year-old Clifford, Ont., youth was rushed to hospital after the motorcycle he was driving collided with a transport truck on Highway 25 near Base Line.

50 years ago

Mr. and Mrs. Cairns Agnew, Stouffville,

Robinson's brother.

visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Sinelair

appearance of the C.P.R. station here.

75 years ago

year student at the School of Practical Science, drowned at Bronte yesterday. He swam to the rescue of a young lady who was in a boat and had no oars. He gave her an oar, turned to swim back to shore and sank. He was a good swimmer and is supposed to have taken cramps.

stovepipes and many useful articles. Dr. Walters returned on Saturday night from fishing trip to Georgian Bay, and brought with him some large fish. maskalonge, pickerel, black bass and pike which he caught near the mouth of the French River. Rev. Mr. Fasken was his

fishing companion.